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Flanders

Among the many officers who, at the close of the Peninsular war retired on half-pay, was Captain Dutton, of —th regiment. He had lately married the pretty, portionless daughter of a deceased brother-officer ; and filled with romantic visions of rural bliss and "love in a cottage," the pair, who were equally unskilled in the practical details of housekeeping, fancied they could live in affluence, and enjoy all the luxuries of life, on the half pay which formed their sole income.

They took up their abode near a pleasant town in the south of England, and for a time got on pretty well ; but when at the end of the first year a sweet little boy made his appearance, and at the end of the second an equally sweet little girl, they found that nursemaids, baby-linen, doctors, and all the et ceteras appertaining to the introduction and support of these baby-visitors, formed a serious item in their yearly expenditure.

For a while they struggled on without falling into debt ; but at length their giddy feet slipped into that vortex which has engulfed so many, and their affairs began to assume a very gloomy aspect. About this time an adventurer named Smith, with whom Captain Dutton became casually acquainted, and whose plausible manners and appearance completely imposed on the frank, unsuspecting soldier, proposed to him a plan for insuring, as he represented it, a large and rapid fortune. This was to be effected by embarking considerable capital in the manufacture of some new kind of spirit-lamps, which Smith assured the captain would, when once known, supersede the use of candles and oil-lamps throughout the kingdom.

To hear him descant on the marvellous virtues and money-making qualities of his lamp one would be inclined to take him for the lineal descendant of Aladdin, and inheritor of that scampish individual's precious heirloom. Our modern magician, however, candidly confessed that he still wanted the "slave of the lamp," or in other words, ready money, to set the invention agoing ; and he at length succeeded in persuading the unlucky captain to sell out of the army, and invest the price of his commission in this luminous venture. If Captain Dutton had refused to pay the money until he should be able to pronounce correctly the name of the invention, he would have saved his cash, at the expense probably of a semi-dislocation of his jaws ; for the lamp rejoiced in an eight-syllabled title, of which each vocable belonged to a different tongue—the first being Greek, the fourth Syriac, and the last taken from the aboriginal language of New Zealand ; the intervening sounds believed to be respectively akin to Latin, German, Sanscrit and Malay. Notwithstanding, however, this prestige of a name, the lamp was a decided failure : its light was brilliant enough ; but the odor it exhaled in burning was so overpowering, so suggestive of an evil origin so every way abominable, that those adventurous purchasers who tried it once seldom submitted their olfactory nerves to a second ordeal. The sale and manufacture of the lamp and its accompanying spirit were carried on by Mr. Smith alone in one of the chief commercial cities of England, he having kindly arranged to take all the trouble off his partner's hands, and only requiring him to furnish the necessary funds. For some time the accounts of the business transmitted to Captain Dutton were most flourishing, and he and his gentle wife fondly thought they were about to realize a splendid fortune for their little ones ; but at length they began to feel anxious for the arrival of the cent-per-cent. profits which had been promised, but which never came ; and Mr. Smith's letters suddenly ceasing, his partner one morning set off to inspect the scene of operations.

Arrived at L——, he repaired to the street where the manufactory was situated, and found it shut up ! Mr. Smith had gone off to America, considerably in debt to those who had been foolish enough to trust him ; and leaving more rent due on the premises than the remaining stock in trade of the unpronounceable lamp would pay. As to the poor ex-captain, he returned to his family a ruined man.

But strength is often found in the depths of adversity, courage in despair ; and both our hero and his wife set resolutely to work to support themselves and their children. Happily they owed no debts. On selling out, Captain Dutton had honorably paid every farthing he owed in the world before intrusting the remainder of his capital to the unprincipled Smith ; and now this up-
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He wrote a beautiful hand, and while seeking some permanent employment, earned a trifle occasionally by copying manuscripts, and engrossing in an attorney's office. His wife worked diligently with her needle ; but the care of a young family, and the necessity of dispensing with a servant, hindered her from adding much to their resources. Notwithstanding their extreme poverty, they managed to preserve a decent appearance and to prevent even their neighbors from knowing the straits to which they were often reduced. Their little cottage was always exquisitely clean and neat and the children despite of scanty clothing, and often, insufficient food, looked, as they were, the sons and daughters of a gentleman.

It was Mrs. Dutton's pride to preserve the respectable appearance of her husband's wardrobe ; and often did she work till midnight at turning his coat and darning his linen, that he might appear as usual among his equals. She often urged him to visit his former acquaintances, who had power to befriend him, and solicit their interest in obtaining some permanent employment ; but the soldier, who was as brave as a lion when facing the enemy, shrank with the timidity of a girl from exposing himself to the humiliation of a refusal, and could not bear to confess his urgent need. He had too much delicacy to press his claims ; he was too proud to be importunate ; and so others succeeded where he failed.

It happened that the general under whom he had served and who lost sight of him since his retirement from the service, came to spend a few months at the watering-place near which the Duttons resided, and hired for the season a handsome furnished house. Walking one morning on the sands, in a disconsolate mood, our hero saw, with surprise, his former commander approaching ; and with a sudden feeling of false shame, he tried to avoid a recognition. But the quick eye of General Vernon was not to be eluded, and intercepting him with an outstretched hand, he exclaimed—"What, Dutton ! is that you ? It seems an age since we met. Living in this neighbors' hood, eh ?"

"Yes, general ; I have been living here since I retired from the service."

"And you sold out, I think—to please the mistress, I suppose, Dutton ? Ah, these ladies have a great deal to answer for. Tell Mrs. Dutton I shall call on her some morning, and read her a lecture for taking you from us."

Poor Dutton's look of confusion, as he pictured the general's visit surprising his wife in the performance of her mental labors, rather surprised the veteran ; but its true cause did not occur to him.

He had had a great regard for Dutton, considering him one of the best and bravest officers under his command, and was sincerely pleased at meeting him again ; so, after a ten minutes' colloquy, during the progress of which the ex-soldier, like the war-horse who pricks up his ears at the sound of the trumpet, became gay and animated, as old associations of the camp and field came back on him, the general shook him heartily by the hand and said—"You'll dine with me to-morrow, Dutton, and meet a few of your old friends ! Come, I'll take no excuse ; you must not turn hermit on our hands."

At first Dutton was going to refuse, but on second thought accepted the invitation, not having, indeed, any good reason to offer for declining it. Having taken leave of the general, therefore, he proceeded towards home and announced their rencontre to his wife. She, poor woman, immediately took out his well-saved suit, and occupied herself in repairing, as best she might, the cruel ravages of time ; as well as in starching and ironing an already snowy shirt to the highest degree of perfection.

Next day, in due time he arrived at General Vernon's handsome temporary dwelling and received a cordial welcome. A dozen guests, civilians as well as soldiers, sat down to a splendid banquet. After dinner the conversation happened to turn on the recent improvements in arts and manufactures ; and comparisons were drawn between the relative talent for invention displayed by artists of different countries. Watchmaking happened to be mentioned as one of the arts which had during late years been wonderfully improved, the host desired his valet to fetch a most beautiful little watch, a perfect *chef d'œuvre* of workmanship, which he had lately purchased in Paris ; and which was less valuable for its richly-jewell-

mechanism is enshrined. The trinket passed from hand to hand, and was greatly admired by the guests ; then the conversation turned on other topics, and many subjects were discussed, until they adjourned to the drawing-room to take coffee.

After sitting there awhile, the general suddenly recollected his watch, and ringing for his valet, desired him to take it from the dining-room table, where it had been left, and restore it to its proper place. In a few moments the servant returned, looking somewhat frightened ; he could not find the watch. General Vernon, surprised, went himself to search, but was not more fortunate.

"Perhaps, sir, you or one of the company may have carried it by mistake into the drawing-room ?"

"I think not ; but we will try."

Another search, in which all the guests joined, but without avail.

"What I fear," said the general, "is that some one by chance may tread upon and break it."

General Vernon was a widower, and this costly trinket was intended as a present to his only child, a daughter who had lately married a wealthy baronet."

"We will none of us leave this room until it is found !" exclaimed one of the gentlemen with ominous emphasis.

"That decision," said a young man, who was engaged that night to a ball, "might quarter us on our host for an indefinite time. I propose a much more speedy and satisfactory expedient ; let us all be searched."

This suggestion was received with laughter and acclamations ; and the young man, presenting himself as the first victim, was searched by the valet, who, for the nonce, enacted the part of custom-house officer. The general, who at first opposed this piece of practical pleasantry, ended by laughing at it ; and each new inspection of pockets produced fresh bursts of mirth. Captain Dutton alone took no share in what was going on ; his hand trembled, his brow darkened, and he stood as much apart as possible. At length his turn came ; the other guests had all displayed the contents of their pockets, so with one accord, and amid renewed laughter, they surrounded him, exclaiming that he must be the guilty one, as he was the last. The captain, pale and agitated, muttered some excuses, unheard amid the uproar.

"Now for it, Johnson ?" cried one to the valet.

"Johnson, we're watching you !" said another, "produce the culprit."

The servant advanced ; but Dutton crossing his arms on his breast, declared in an agitated voice, that, except by violence, no one should lay a hand on him. A very awkward silence ensued, which the general broke by saying : "Captain Dutton is right ; this child's play has lasted long enough. I claim exemption for him and for myself."

Dutton, trembling and unable to speak, thanked his kind host by a grateful look, and then took an early opportunity of withdrawing. General Vernon did not make the slightest remark on his departure, and the remaining guests, through politeness, imitated his reserve ; but the mirth of the evening was gone, every face looked anxious, and the host himself seemed grave and thoughtful.

Captain Dutton spent some time in wandering restlessly on the sands before he returned home. It was late when he entered the cottage, and his wife could not repress an exclamation of affright when she saw his pale and troubled countenance.

"What has happened ?" cried she.

"Nothing," replied her husband, throwing himself on a chair, and laying a small packet on the table. "You have cost me very dear," he said, addressing it. In vain did his wife try to soothe him, and obtain an explanation. "Not now, Jane," he said ; "to-morrow we shall see. To-morrow I will tell you all."

Early next morning he went to General Vernon's house. Although he walked resolutely, his mind was sadly troubled. How could he present himself ? In what way would he be received ! How could he speak to the general without risking the reception of some look or word which he could never pardon ? The very meeting with Johnson was to be dreaded.

He knocked ; another servant opened the door, and instantly gave him admission. "This man at all events," he thought, "knows nothing of what has passed." Will the general receive him ? Yes ; he is ushered into his dressing-room. Without daring to raise his eyes, the poor man began to speak in a low hurried voice.

My friend Vernon, you thought my conduct strange last night; and painful and humiliating its explanation will be, I feel it due to you and myself to make it."

His auditor tried to speak, but Dutton went on, without heeding the interruption. "My misery at its height: that is my only excuse. My life and our four little ones are actually starving!"

"My friend!" cried the general with emotion. Dutton proceeded.

"I cannot describe my feelings yesterday while seated at your luxurious table. I thought of my mother, depriving herself of a morsel of bread to give it to her baby; of my little pale, thin Annie, whose delicate appetite rejects the coarse food which is all we can give her; and in an evil hour I transferred two pates from my plate to my pocket, thinking they would tempt my little darling to eat. I should have died of shame had these things been produced from my pocket, and our guests and servant made witnesses of my deep poverty. Now, general, you know all; and but for the fear of being suspected by you of crime, my distress should never have been known!"

"A life of unblemished honor," replied his friend, "has placed you above the reach of suspicion; besides, look here!" And he showed the missing watch. "It is I," continued he, "who must ask pardon of you all. In a fit of absence I had dropped it into my waistcoat-pocket, where, in Johnson's presence, I discovered it while un-dressing."

"If I had only known!" murmured poor Dutton.

"Don't regret what has occurred," said the general, pressing his hand kindly. "It has been the means of acquainting me with what you should never have concealed from an old friend, who, please God, will find some means to serve you."

In a few days Captain Dutton received another invitation to dine with the general. All the former guests were assembled, and their host, with ready tact, took occasion to apologize for his strange forgetfulness about the watch. Captain Dutton found a paper within the folds of his napkin: it was his nomination to an honorable and lucrative post, which insured competence and comfort to himself and his family.

NIGHT.

Night sinks upon the dim gray wave,
Night clouds the spires that mark the town,
On living rest and grassy grave
The shadowy night comes slowly down;
And now the good and happy rest,
The wearied peasant calmly sleeps,
And closer to its mother's breast
The rosy child in slumber creeps.

But I!—The sentry, musing alone—
The sailor on the cold gray sea,
So sad a watch hath never known,
As that which must be kept by me.
I cannot rest, thou solemn night!
Thy very silence has the power
To conjure sounds and visions bright,
Unseen—unheard—in daylight's hour.

Kind words, whose echo will not stay,
Memory of deep and bitter wrongs;
Laughter, whose sound has died away,
And snatches of forgotten songs—
These haunt my soul; and as I gaze
Up to the calm and quiet moon,
I dream 'tis morning's breeze that plays,
Or sunset hour, or sultry noon.

I hear again thy voice, whose tone
Is more to me than music's sound.
And youthful forms forever gone,
Come in their beauty crowding round.
I start!—the mocking dreams depart,
Thy love words melt upon the air,
And whether swells or sinks my heart,
Thou dost not know—thou dost not care!

Perchance while thus I watch unseen,
Thy languid eyelids slowly close,
Without a thought of what hath been,
To haunt thee in thy deep repose.
O weary night!—O endless night!
Blank pause between two feverish days,
Roll back your shadows—give me light—
Give me the sunshine's fiercest blaze!

Give me the glorious noon! Alas!
What reck's it by what light I pray,
Since hopeless hours must dawn and pass,
And sleepless nights succeed to day?
Yet, cold and blue and quiet sky,
There is a night where all find rest,
A long, long night—with those who die,
Sorrow has ceased to be a guest!

The Power of Conscience.

One evening, not long since, as I was sitting at the hour of twilight by a pleasant, bright fire, my little children gathered round me and began to beg, as they usually do at that hour, for a story.

I had one ready for them, and told them of a little boy who, while throwing his ball in his mother's parlor, broke an elegant looking-glass. He knew that he deserved punishment, and would probably receive it, as he had often been told not to throw his ball in the house; and as he stood thinking what he should do, it occurred to him that as no one saw him throw the ball, no one need know that he broke the glass: so, when questioned upon the subject, he denied any knowledge of the manner in which the glass was broken, and when questioned again, he denied again still more strongly.

I then asked the children what would have been the right thing for the little boy to do. All but one answered, "He ought to have told the truth at once;" but little Philip made no answer. "What do you think, my boy?" I asked of Philip. Still no reply. I took no more notice of him then, but finished my story, and ended by enjoining it upon them to tell the truth at all times. "No matter what you have done," said I, "confess it at once, and even if you are punished, depend upon it you will be a great deal happier than if bearing about in your breast an unconfessed and unforgiven sin."

I then had occasion to leave the room for some minutes, and when I came back, I found little Philip rolling about the floor as if in great agony, and sobbing as if his heart would break, and the children all came running to me and asking, "Mother, what is the matter with Philly? he has been crying so ever since you went out, and will not tell us what ails him." I said, "What is the matter, my son?" No answer but sobs and tears. "Are you sick?" "No, mother." "Are you hurt?" "No, mother." "Tell me what makes you cry, then." But he only rolled about on the floor, and cried the harder.

At length he got up, and laying his head on my shoulder, with his hands before his face, while his tears fell over my dress, he said, sobbing and catching his breath between each syllable, "Mo—ther—I—would—tell—you—if—I could!" I then took him into my own room, and said, "Come, my son, I cannot have this matter go on so any longer; you must tell me what it is. If you have done any thing wrong, tell me so at once." But he only sobbed out, "Oh, dear mother, I cannot do it!"

I had never seen the child act so before, and began to be alarmed: so I took him on my lap, and told him that if he had done any thing wrong, he would be much happier if he told it at once. "Don't you remember," said I, "when you got a splinter in your hand the other day, and you would not have it taken out because you thought it would pain you, how your hand festered and became very sore, and the longer the splinter was in your hand, the more sore it became, till at length you suffered so, that you determined you would have it out, and though it pained you more than if you had allowed me to take it out at first, yet in a moment you were relieved, and free from pain? Just so it is," said I, "with the sin in your heart, Philip. There is something there rankling and festering, and yet you have not the courage to draw it out: it is harder to do it now than it was at first, but it will be still harder to-morrow than to-day. So speak up, my son, and tell mother what you have done. Have you broken any thing?" "Oh, yes mother." "Well, what was it?"

After some entreaty and a good many more tears, the story at length came out. It was, that he had that day taken a tumbler to the pump, and accidentally broken it. No one saw him break it, and as he had been forbidden to take a tumbler to the pump, he knew he deserved to be punished for disobedience: so he determined to say nothing about it, and in the midst of his play had nearly forgotten it, until my story roused his slumbering conscience, and he began to see how wicked he had been.

Perhaps some of my young readers will say, "Only a tumbler! what a foolish boy to make such ado about breaking a tumbler!" So it was 'only a tumbler broken—and yet, did not Philip sin against God, first, in disobeying the command of his mother, and then in endeavoring to hide his fault? And is any sin against God a slight matter? Philip had broken one of God's commandments, and God says, "He that offends in one point, is guilty of all."

Let those who think Philip's sin a slight matter, try to remember what sins they have committed, small or great. Is there no disobedience to parents, no Sabbath-breaking, no profanity no deceit? And if you have been faithful in these things, can you not call up many an open transgression of God's law, and many a neglected duty, any one of which unforgiven, must destroy the soul? You can make no atonement to God for your sin; but, blessed be his name, there is One who has died that your sins may be forgiven. The only way in which you can ever be saved, is by believing on Him.

Perhaps you think he will not receive you now, even if you go to him, and that you must go through a long season of distress and weeping, as people often do. True, those who see their sins, and trust not in Christ for mercy, must remain in darkness and distress. They are like little Philip, who cried and mourned because he would not confess his sin; but as soon as he confessed it to his mother, and to God, and received forgiveness, he found peace. So it is with sinners. It is because they will not go to Christ, that they are in distress and anguish. Jesus does not say to them, "Go and spend some weeks or months in tears and sorrow, and then come to me," but he says, "My son, my daughter, give me thy heart!" "Now is the accepted time." Will you not do it, now?

WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE?

I asked a glad and happy child,
Whose hands were filled with flowers,
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild
Among the vine-wreathed bowers;
I crossed her sunny path, and cried,
"When is the time to die?"
"Not yet! not yet! the child replied,
And swiftly bounded by."

I asked a maiden; back she threw
The tresses of her hair;
Grief's traces o'er her cheeks I knew,
Like pearls they glistened there;
A flush passed o'er her lily brow,
I heard her spirit sigh;
"Not now," she cried, "O, no! not now,
Youth is no time to die!"

I asked a mother, as she pressed
Her first-born in her arms,
As gently on her tender breast
She hushed her babe's alarms;
In quivering tones her answer came,—
Her eyes were dim with tears:
"My boy his mother's life must claim
For many, many years."

I questioned one in manhood's prime,
Of proud and fearless air;
His brow was furrowed not by time,
Nor dimmed by wo and care
In angry accents he replied,
And flashed with scorn his eye;
"Talk not to me of death," he cried,
"For only age should die."

I questioned age; for him the tomb
Had long been all prepared;
But death, who withers youth and bloom,
This man of years had spared.
Once more his nature's dying fire
Flashed high, as thus he cried:
"Life! only life is my desire!"
Then gasped, and groaned, and died.

I asked a Christian,—"Answer thou
When is the hour of death?"
A holy calm was on his brow,
And peaceful was his breath;
And sweetly o'er his features stole
A smile, a light divine;
He spake the language of his soul,—
"My Master's time is mine!"

The Tempter and the Tempted.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

It was morning—a bright cool, glorious morning in autumn—after the terrible battle of Brandywine, and now the grateful beams of the sun were gilding the tops of the trees which formed the great forest lying within sight of the American encampment below Princeton. The disastrous result of this memorable conflict had well nigh crushed the hopes of the bravest colonists, and the commander-in-chief himself was dispirited and heart-stricken.

Hundreds of his brave companions in arms had bitten the dust, in that ill-fated foray; many of his best officers had been cut down; the energies of his Spartan band were crippled, winter was approaching, and the prospect was filled indeed with but gloomy promise. The soldiers were without shoes; the ground was frozen and rugged; and as the men were forced over it, their bare feet were exposed, and many a rueful gash had caused a bloody foot-print to be left behind them. But on that bright and lovely morning, within the edge of that broad forest, there sat an aged royalist, whose sympathies had latterly inclined towards the American interest, but whose personal weal had until now induced him to pursue an inactivity, a neutrality between the two parties. And yet, this man had a son in Washington's camp, a mere boy in years, who had taken his musket and joined the American force some months previously. The father had learned of the defeat of the colonial army; he knew that they had been forced to retreat, and he came to the neighborhood of the army (which had halted but for an hour or two) to learn, if possible, the fate of his boy.

He dared not approach too abruptly, and having reached the deep wood which at last lay between him and the distant camp, he mounted a knoll, from the summit of which he had a view of the vanquished but still determined band who had comported themselves so valiantly but a little time previously, but who was now hastening toward Princeton. The father's heart throbbed audibly, as he gazed beyond him at the remains of the gallant army, and questioned if his child were there, or whether fate might have numbered his boy among the three hundred noble spirits which had been sacrificed but a few hours before on a field of battle. And as he strained his aged sight, far down toward the camp, a white horse suddenly came in view, and approached at length toward the forest.

The figure which bestrode this noble animal was commanding and graceful, and the old man quickly noted that his loose gray coat and chapeau indicated him an American officer. He was soon at the verge of the forest, and turning his steed aside, he secured the animal to a tree, and disappeared within the confines of the wood.

Who could it be? and what was his purpose at this hour, alone in that dark forest? The man turned slowly about, as the figure of the stranger moved past him, and he rejoiced that the intruder did not observe him, for he could now satisfy his curiosity.

The stalwart form, the proud step, the manly face, the solemn movements of the stranger, greatly interested the watcher, who saw that a deep burthen weighed on his heart; and as he looked again, he saw that noble form bend low, and on his knees, the old man heard George Washington send up a fervent, earnest prayer to the God of Battles, for the deliverance of his country from war, oppression and peril—an ardent supplication in behalf of his suffering countrymen!

A tear of sympathy gushed from the gray eye of the aged royalist, but as he dashed aside the falling drop the brave warrior rose from his knees, and was slowly wending his way back, toward the spot where his steed was secured, when another figure from an opposite direction hove in sight—and, halting, stood in the path of the American commander-in-chief.

In an instant the hand of Washington clasped his sword hilt, and he would have drawn the blade from his scabbard, but the man who confronted him motioned him in kindness, and the warrior stood in his tracks. Drawing himself up to his height, he gazed for a moment upon the face of the other, and quickly recognizing him, he exclaimed with a *surprise*—

'The same—and by the favor of his majesty, commander of the British forces in these colonies.'

'The tool of an unwise sovereign, who rolls in splendid extravagance and ease, while the poor colonists who should have been the object of his especial regard, are starving throughout the land,' quickly added Washington.

'A truce to this, sir,' replied the British General, quickly. 'His majesty seeks to put an end to the contention and strife that unfortunately has existed too long here'—

'You speak truly,' exclaimed Washington, interrupting the general, and deeply interested in his words.

'On my honor, sir, the king would see this conflict speedily terminated; and I but repeat his words, when I say that he looks to Washington for this result—so desirable to the colonists and the mother land.'

The American general advanced toward Sir William Howe—he looked into his eye—he measured his form—and a thousand emotions of hope, joy, fear, and suspicion, momentarily thrust themselves upon the mind of the sagacious warrior.

What meant these words of encouragement? Was Sir William Howe insane?—How came he there—in that forest, at so opportune a moment? The King—the British general—these assurances—this strange meeting—what boded all this mystery? But in his hand Sir William held a roll of parchment; and again he pressed upon the American general's notice the kindly intentions of his noble sovereign King George.

With a nervous movement, as if he distrusted the foul act himself, Sir William Howe raised his pure white scroll, and gazing intently into the face of Washington, he moved the outer covering of the parchment slowly, and with evident emotion.

'You may end these hostilities, sir; you may confer a permanent peace upon this portion of his majesty's dominions; you may crush the turbulence which has shown itself in these colonies; you may acquire a lasting name for yourself—if you accept the overtures which I am authorized to make from the King. Behold his signature!' added the general, as he exposed the contents of the parchment, and the eye of Washington fell upon the proffer of his majesty, King George, to the commander-in-chief of American army.

For an instant a film seemed to pass over his sight as he gazed upon that gilded document, bearing the sign manual and broad seal of the king upon its face—and the American general passed his hand to his brow, for he scarcely could believe himself awake. But the pang was momentary, and instantly recovering he found the document in his own hands, upon which he read the words—'*To our well beloved servant, Duke George Washington, of Mount Vernon.*'

He started back, a groan burst from his lips—and in the next moment the parchment had been torn into a hundred shreds, and lay beneath the American warrior's feet.

'Thus—thus I answer your vile proposal, Sir William Howe!' exclaimed the gallant Washington, contemptuously, as he stamped the fragments in the dust beneath his feet; and the British general quickly gave way before the excited, insulted man, whom he feared, as the latter moved forward to the outer verge of the wood.

'This may be my answer to your wicked master. The blood of a thousand martyrs in the cause of freedom—each one of whom were worthier than your loyal leader—call on the living to avenge the dead! The memory of Concord, Lexington, Bunker's Hill, and Brandywine, are fresh in our hearts, and we defy your cruel master's power or his arts. And for myself, I crave no higher title than that of a patriot—I seek no reward but what I find in the consciousness of doing my utmost in the cause of freedom!'

'On your own head be the consequences of this contumely!' said the English general between his teeth, as he turned away; within five minutes Washington had mounted his steed and was quickly out of sight.

The aged man, who lay concealed beyond, an unsuspected but deeply interested spectator of this thrilling scene, returning to his quiet home an altered man.

'I have met George Washington,' he said to his family; 'I have heard him pray, and I have seen him beard the British lion. The man who can trample the offer of a dukedom under foot, as he has done—cannot be a rebel.'

He had joined his son in the American army under the command of the noble Washington.

FACTS ABOUT FRIDAY.—From the time immemorial, Friday has been frowned upon as a day of ill omen. And though this prejudice is less prevalent now than of yore, when superstition had general sway, yet there are many even in this matter of fact age of ours, who would hesitate on a day so inauspicious, to begin an undertaking of momentous import. And now many brave mariners, whose hearts unquailed could meet the mildest fury of their ocean home, would blanch even to bend their sails on a Friday. But to show with how much reason this feeling is indulged, let us examine the following important facts in connection with our settlement and greatness as a nation; and we will see how great cause we Americans have to dread the fatal day.

On Friday, August 3d, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery.

On Friday, October 12th, 1492, he first discovered land.

On Friday, January 4th, 1493 he sailed on his return to Spain, which if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast Continent.

On Friday, March 15th, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety.

On Friday, November 22d, 1494, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America.

On Friday, June 13, 1494 he though unknown to himself, discovered the Continent of America.

On Friday, March 5th, 1495, Henry VII. of England gave, to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American state paper in England.

On Friday September 7th, 1565, Melendrez founded St. Augustine, the oldest settlement in the United States, by more than 40 years.

On Friday, November 10th, 1620, the May Flower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown. And on the same day signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present glorious Constitution.

On Friday, December 22d, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing, on Plymouth Rock.

On Friday, February 22d, 1782, George Washington, the father of American freedom was born.

On Friday, June, 16th, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.

On Friday, October, 7th 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such a powerful influence in inducing France to declare for our cause.

On Friday, September 22d, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved us from destruction.

On Friday, October 19th, 1781, the Surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms.

On Friday, 7th, 1776, the motion in Congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United Colonies were, and of right ought to be free and independent.

Thus by numerous examples we see, that however it may be with the other nations, Americans need never dread to begin on Friday, any undertaking however momentous it may be.—[Norfolk Beacon.

Brother, Come Back.

BY F. R. HURLBERT.

Brother, come back—thy truant steps retracing,
To Childhood's home, to hearts and lips of love;
And grief and sorrow from our breasts effacing,
How sweetly all our former love we'll prove!

Brother, come back!

Brother, come back—the scenes of early gladness
Still glow in beauty, as in days gone past;
There is no change, except a tinge of sadness,
Which thy long absence over all has cast!

Brother, come back!

Brother, come back—fond eyes for thee are weeping,
And arms are ready to enclasp thy form;
Affection's torch its brightest flame is keeping
To light thy presence, and thy breast to warm:

Brother, come back!

Brother, come back—Oh, could we reach unto thee,
We'd draw thee homeward in the heart's embrace;
But thought or memory can alone pursue thee,
And ocean rolls between thee and thy face.

Brother, come back!

Brother, come back—once more our fireside blessing
Once more restoring all we loss with thee;
And in thine eyes, thy tones, and thy caressing,
How happy all our little band shall be!

Brother, come back!

... Adversity is the true touchstone of merit.—Lord.
... Life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.
... I were but little happy if I could say how much
speak.

The Centre Table.

"Husband," said Mrs. N. (it was many years ago) "I think we must have a centre table. I have some very tasteful volumes and some beautiful shells, and a variety of things with which to furnish it; and, indeed our parlor is quite singular without it, they are so common now."

"Well, Mary," replied the husband, "the house is your own domain you know, arrange it to your own taste."

Mr. N. was a talented young lawyer in a pleasant New England town, devoted to his profession and fond of his wife. At the time of their marriage he built a moderate sized house, convenient and well proportioned, in the planning of which the wife was consulted and gratified entirely.

He left it pretty much to her, and her discretion and good taste went no further than their present means allowed, and their wants required. His fondness of a young and congenial couple like George and Mary N. is easily contented; it too happy in itself to be disturbed by the suggestions of luxury and ambition.

During the first years of their married life, and while as yet the success of the young lawyer as problematical, the wife prided herself on the scrupulous, but not niggardly economy with which she regulated her outlays; but now that her reputation was established, and his income considerable and increasing, she thought their circumstances not only justified, but demanded some moderate expenditures in the way of gratifying taste.

The centre table was therefore procured, and duly placed in the centre of a room fifteen feet by sixteen. It looked newer than the surrounding furniture of the apartment, but otherwise was not out of keeping with it.

"How do you like it, husband? Don't you think I have arranged it prettily; and is it not an addition to the room?"

"An addition it obviously is," replied the husband, "and an agreeable one, inasmuch as it leases you—if for no other reason."

"I knew you would approve of it," the wife continued; "and really, the room has so long had that same stereotype look, that it was time some little change were made to relieve the sense of monotony."

"Husband," said Mary a few weeks later, "I find the parlor appears small—indeed it is rather cluttered—since we have the centre table; there's hardly room to get about in it. Mrs. C. who was in here this morning, and indeed several ladies have remarked it. I have been thinking how to remedy it. We have only to enlarge the house a little on that side. It will give us more room above also, as well as below; the cost will not be much, and it need not interrupt you in your business, as I can see to it. You know you are often complimenting me with those words of King Lemuel, 'the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her'; so trust me in this, and I will see it done."

"Very well, wife, consult your own wishes in the matter. It may be more of a job than you think; and perhaps you will conclude in the end, that the better way would have been to dispense with the table, instead of stretching the house to accommodate it. However, if you can put up with the dust and inconvenience of it, I have no objection."

"I think we can afford the expense," said the wife, "and as for the dust and disorder, that will soon be over. What I most regret is that it will disturb the shrubbery and shades on that side. But they will grow again."

The carpenters were set to work, therefore, and the consequence was, the elongation of the house by several feet.

In refitting the room, the carpet was of course too small, and a new one had to be bought; and the same was the case with the floor above. This was anticipated; but there was another consequence of the enlargement, which had somehow not been thought of; the fireplace was no longer where it should be. It seemed to have removed itself almost into a corner of the room. This was a sad blemish in the eyes of a lady of so much taste as Mrs. N., and the more vexatious, as she herself was responsible for it. To pull down, and rebuild the chimney was the only way to remedy it, and this, for the present, she did not venture to propose.

Mrs. N. was not ambitious, or not unreasonably so, but she loved symmetry and fitness, and could

not bear to see things distorted and out of sorts. With all her natural force of character, she could not content herself to see the fireplace where it was; and when summer came round again the workmen were recalled, and the chimney moved.

The room was now complete, and as it should be, except that the ceiling was a little too low to suit its enlarged dimensions. But the external proportions of the house had suffered. The front door and windows were as much out of place as the hearth within had been. This was another unforeseen result.

It was endured three or four years, when the wife proposed to remove the defect by an extension of the house on the other side equal to that.

"Alas! the spirit of improvement," said an aged and infirm aunt, whose chamber had been twice invaded by these changes. "Alas! the necessity of going on, when one has once embarked in it," the niece replied. "Really, this altering an old house—though this is not an old one—is like the beginning of a strife, and the letting out of waters. But for that unlucky centre table, the house was well enough as it was, and I wish it had so remained. But now it is a standing slur upon our taste. It needs the addition to restore it to some shapeliness; and besides, as our children grow older, we shall find more room convenient. And so, as Mr. N. has no objection, I think we will proceed."

In the execution of this resolve, more shrubbery was sacrificed; nor was that the worst. To accommodate the house it was found necessary to shove the husband's office farther, and as the ground became sloping, it was found necessary to raise a wall of mason work for its reception.

And now, was the house symmetrical? It was anything but that. Its length was too great for its elevation. It looked like a portion of a rope-walk. The projector of all these fine improvements wished a hundred times that it had remained as it was in those sunny days when she and her husband found it exactly to their minds. "Who would have thought," said she, "that all this would have come of so innocent a thing as a centre table."

However, she resolved to be content. Experiments were an end, and she had too much good sense and principle, and was still too happy in the objects of her domestic love, to allow herself to be vexed at that which could not be remedied. She bore the sly, good-humored raillery of her husband, which he could not quite suppress, especially when some friend wished to be taken through the house to see its conveniences. Indeed, she often rallied herself, and told the whole story from beginning to end, adding significantly when a young wife listened to her, "Beware of centre tables!" And is there not many a young man as well as woman that may profit by the caution? One ambitious or luxurious wish indulged, leads to a dozen more, each successive one more importunate than the preceding. There is many a heavy chain of which only the first and lightest link is visible at the outset.

"Well, Mary," said Mr. N. one day, "suppose this house could be reduced to its original condition, you would like it done, would you not?" "With all my heart," she replied, "but that is of course impracticable." "Yes, but with your consent, we will to-morrow remove to another exactly like it, which, under cover of a stranger's name, has been built for me. In all but the site, the house and office are exact fac-similes of what these were; and the site equally eligible. As for the house we leave, I propose to resign it to our minister, who needs more room than he has, and as his salary is none too large, I shall make it rent free."—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

DEATH OF A CHILD.

The death of a child is, to the mother's heart, like the dew on a plant, from which a bud has perished. The plant lifts up its head in freshened greenness to the morning light; so the mother's soul gathers from the dark sorrow through which she has passed, a fresh brightening of the heavenly hopes.

"There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lonely bosom,
Whose joy and light are fled;
For thick in yonder grave-yard
The little hillocks lay,
And hundreds of sweet blossoms
Are gathered there to-day."

The Wife's Appeal.

BY MISS SARAH J. CLARK.

"I'm thinking, Charles, 'tis just a year—
Or will be very soon—
Since first you told me of your love,
One glorious day in June.

All nature seemed to share our bliss—
The skies hung warm above—
The winds from opening roses bore
The very breath of love.

We sought the still deep forest shades,
Within whose leafy gloom
Few ardent sunbeams stole, to kiss
The young buds into bloom.

The birds caught up our tones of love
In song not half as sweet,
And earth's green carpet, violet flow'rd,
It scarcely felt our feet.

But, *apropos* of carpets, Charles,
I looked at some to-day,
Which you will purchase, won't you, dear,
Before our next *soirée*?

And then, remember you, how lost,
In love's delicious dream,
We long stood silently beside
A gently gliding stream?

'Twas nature's mirror; when your gaze
No longer I could bear,
I modestly cast down my eyes,
Yet but to meet it there.

And, *apropos* of mirrors, love,
The dear gift of your mother,
Is quite old-fashioned—and, to-day,
I ordered home another.

Ah, well do I remember, Charles,
When first your arm stole round me;
You little dreamed how long your soul
In golden chains had bound me.

But, *apropos* of chains; my own,
At Banks' store last week
I found the sweetest love!—so rich,
So tasteful and unique!

The workmanship is most superb—
The gold most fine and pure—
I quite long, Charles, to see that chain
Suspend your minature.

I heard sad news while you were out;
My nerves are much affected,
You know the navy officer
I once for you rejected?

Driven to despair by your success,
Made desperate by my scorn,
He went to sea, and has been lost
In passing round Cape Horn.

Ah, *apropos* of capes, my love,
I saw one in Broadway,
Of lace as fine as though 't was wove
Of moonlight by a fairy.

You'll purchase the exquisite thing,
'T will suit your taste completely;
Above the heart that loves you, Charles,
'T will rise and fall so sweetly.

GOD WILL KNOW IT.—A mother once told her little son to go to a carpenter's shop and get some chips.

"But," said the boy, "the man is not there."
"Never mind that," said the mother; "if he was there he would let you have them, and as he is not there, he will not know it."

"But," said the little boy, "God will know it."

Never forget that God knows what you do.

HEAVEN DESIRABLE. A little girl, deaf and dumb, between eleven and twelve years of age, on receiving a description of the Blind Asylum in London, wrote with eagerness on her slate, "I hope God will let them see in heaven."

Another of the same age, lately, on being asked why she wished to go to heaven, immediately answered: "Because in heaven no cross—no cry—friends never die—see God always."

How desirable such a place!

TO PROTECT CHILDREN FROM BURNING. Add one ounce of alum to the last water used to rinse children's dresses, and they will be rendered un-inflammable, or so slightly combustible that they would take fire very slowly, if at all, and would not flame. This is a simple precaution, which may be adopted in families of children. Bed curtains, and linen in general, may also be treated in the same way.

Samuel Wilful.

There lived a lad in London—such a lad as one sometimes sees decent people troubled withal, and whom we are disposed to class with gnats and mosquitoes, flies and fleas, and all those troublesome tribes whose whole business and occupation it seems to be to make themselves disagreeable. Sam Wilful had been bound apprentice to a lamp-lighter, that being the only trade—or, we beg pardon—*profession*, to which he seemed to have the slightest inclination; and it was shrewdly suspected, by those who knew him best that his prepossession for this genteel pursuit arose from a delight he felt in dropping the oil out of his can upon the persons of slow passengers—an opinion which seems countenanced by the fact that he gave up his occupation upon the introduction of gas, that is, when there was no oil can to carry.

Sam Wilful was indeed the pest and plague of the whole alley in which he dwelt. He whistled louder through his fingers than any boy in the parish, broke more parlor windows with his ball, and area panes with his marbles, pelted omnibus-drivers with snow-balls more perseveringly, bowled iron hoops more assiduously, pinned more people together on twelfth-night, frightened a greater number of horses on the fifth of November, and made the greater number of fools on the first of April, than any lad of his age in London. In short, he went as much beyond his oriental prototype, in active mischief, as the active energy of the west exceeds that of the east; while by a remarkable series of coincidences, his fortune (as our young friends will see) bore a striking resemblance to that of their Asiatic favourite.

Wilful's father was an honest, hard working tailor, and wished to bring Sam up to the same business; but Sam had a soul above buttons, or rather a spirit below work. It was said that Sam's conduct broke his father's heart, and cost him his life; but this wants confirmation, because, in that case, Sam's conduct must have operated in the shape of a quinsied sore throat, which grief seldom gives; and therefore we acquit our hero of the guilt of parricide; but it *just shows the evil of getting a bad name*, which bears the burdens of improbable iniquities.

Sam's mother, mother-like, seemed to love him the better for his faults; that is, she loved him the more that nobody else loved him at all. She had sold the defunct tailor's stock in trade, but she plied her needle incessantly to keep her thriftless son, rather than herself, from want. The neighbors hoped that Sam would run away, go to sea or get drowned, thinking how much better his widowed mother would do, how much happier she would be, without him—a thought which just shows how much they knew about the matter.

One day, when Sam was playing with his idle companions in the streets, there chanced to pass that way an *old Jew clothesman*. He might have been an African magician, by his garb, which presented nothing remarkable save a long black calico robe, singularly affected by the old clothesmen of London, and the playful peculiarity of three hats upon his head. The Jew evidently saw something in Sam that struck his fancy, for he gazed upon him with a sort of chuckle that made his little, sly, rascally eyes twinkle, and muttered something to himself with an air of satisfaction, which appeared to impart itself to every hair of his light, ragged, foxy, frowzy beard; nay, so great was the Jew's apparent predilection for Sam, that with a sly wink he beckoned him across the way, plunged into a public house, buried his head in a pot of porter, and beckoned Sam to follow his example. Not a word had yet passed between this amiable pair, but another smile of satisfaction lighted the visage of the venerable rabbi, as he beheld the natural and unaffected way in which the urchin imbibed the residue of the *entire*—the fellow feeling of indolence and vagrancy, the freemasonry of craftiness and vice was between them. They traversed several streets together, conversing upon topics of public and private interest, but in a species of patois which would not edify the readers.

The Jew soon discovered that Sam had no money, and hinted that an application to his uncle might be desirable, because a lad might do without ordinary articles of dress, but he could not do without ale and porter. Every body knew that Sam had no relatives alive but his poor mother, yet he expressed no surprise at hearing of his uncle. Sam knew, however, that it was of no use

to visit a rich relation empty handed, and said so—a remark which the Jew endeavored to overrule with the hint that parents, if they missed little articles of trifling value, had not the heart to persecute their offspring. But to this hint Sam turned a deaf ear; bad as he was, he had some sort of a heart in his breast, which was a mortification to the Jew.

Nevertheless, they became boon-fellows, and this new acquaintanceship was marked by a curious development of character on the part of Sam. We are grieved to say that Sam, who had never carried a pocket-handkerchief, suddenly acquired so strong an affection for that article of personal convenience, as to covet the possession of every one that he saw hanging out of an old gentleman's pocket.

Things went on in this way for some time. The Jew became a frequent guest at the lodging of Sam's mother, greatly to the grief of that worthy individual, and the crisis of their companionship brought about the following event:

It was one of the long winter evenings when a copper-colored fog had settled down upon the great metropolis, so that you could hardly see the policeman's lamps, which, fastened in front, generally look like luminous holes in the poor men's stomachs. Meeting by previous concert, the Jew and his protege sallied forth from the great city, and, taking the nearest way to get free from houses, they betook themselves to that vast and solitary mountain which bears the name of Primrose, and upon whose summit may be seen the dark waters of the tarn or mountain lake, known by the title of the reservoir. Thence they descended into the vale of Chalk-farm—formerly, no doubt, a dairy farm, such establishments in the vicinity of London dealing largely in the article alluded to. The Jew now beckoned Sam to seat himself upon a stile, and the bearded magi, pulling out a box of lucifer matches, lighted his pipe and smoked in silence—every whiff lighting up his eyes, and revealing the tip of his nose to Sam in a way amusing to behold. The African magician, you remember, acted somewhat similarly—he sprinkled a strong smelling substance into the fire that he had kindled and so did the Jew; but you would, hardly have supposed that the results were not unlike

Hardly had the Jew commenced this singular kind of incantation, when a strange rumbling was heard in the bowels of the earth, a fiendish shriek was echoed around, and two great, glaring, glassy, crimson eyes darted through the fog and murky air. In China or Arabia they might have called this enchantment—in Camdentown they said it was the train coming out of the Kilburn tunnel. Undismayed by these appalling terrors, the Jew broke his plan to Sam Wilful, who recoiled in horror from the attempt; but he was too deeply in the toils of the old villain to draw back; the Jew knew too much for Sam's safety; and nothing remained to him but to proceed.

The witching hour of night has now arrived—that hour in which silly *souls* get up and walk, and sensible *bodies* go to bed; and the Jew, seizing Sam by the arm, led him to a secluded neighborhood of detached houses. Stopping before one solitary residence, he pulled out a skeleton key, with which he unlocked a kind of flat grating, and pointing out some steps which lead into the area, desired him to descend. Another key was put by the Jew into Sam's hand, and he told him how to proceed. He was to descend the steps and open a door with the key which he held in his hand, when he would find a passage before him, and which would lead him to the butler's pantry. He would not say by whom, but the Jew hinted that the door of this closet was so left as to yield to a moderate degree of force. In the pantry he would see a plate-basket—he might cast the plate basket away; but he must be sure to put its contents into his pocket; if there were any articles about the pantry, either edible or pocketable, he might make free with them; but he was on no account to linger long, or to make any disturbance. So saying, and thrusting a dark lantern into his hand, the Jew urged him to his task; and Sam with an unwilling heart, but feeling himself entirely in the power of the betrayer, obeyed.

Sam descended the steps very cautiously, for they were steep and slippery, because the water-butt stood beside them, and when the water came in it splashed over them. He found the area door just as the old Jew had described it; by the aid of his lamp he traversed the butler's pantry. The opening of the closet-door was not, however, quite so easy as he expected, and as he made some noise in the attempt, he prudently turned

the dark shade of his lamp lest the light should betray him. At length the door yielded to his hand and the pantry was open to him, but of course in perfect darkness. Turning his dark lantern, however, he threw a thin stream of vivid light into the place, but which thin stream of vivid light unfortunately fell full into the eyes of a black cat which chanced to be sitting on a shelf dreaming of rats and mice. Now, you must confess that it is extremely disagreeable out of blank darkness to have a ray of light suddenly cast in your eye, especially we believe to cats, black, white, or gray. Accordingly, puss darted past Sam in a paroxysm of terror, and it is difficult to say which was more thoroughly startled—the lad or the cat. Sam indeed started back as puss started forward, and coming in contact with the leg of a clothes-horse which was hanging against the wall, down came the horse with noise enough to awaken the seven sleepers had they been asleep in the neighborhood of Camdentown instead of the city of Bagdad. Sam retained sufficient presence of mind to put out his lamp after pocketing the forks and spoons, and he made the best of his way to the area; but before he had reached it there was a considerable hubbub in the house; more than one window was heard to open, and various voices, differing in pitch according to age, sex, and degrees of trepidation, were heard calling for assistance. Sam saw that he had no time to lose; he heard the voice of the Jew who was calling him to be quick, but as the most haste is often the worse speed, he slipped upon the green slippery steps and grazed his shins. 'Give me your hand to help me up,' cried this Cockney Aladdin.

'Make haste—here ish de polishmen coming,' exclaimed the Jew; and somehow in the confusion while the Jew's steps were heard retreating in one direction and the policeman's advancing in another, Sam pulled the heavy iron grating down upon his own head with a slam which knocked him back into the area. There he lay stunned and stupefied, while the noise of the falling grating brought the police to the spot, and he was soon a helpless prisoner in their hands.

The Jew had made the best of his way out of danger, and Sam was left alone to deplore his hard fate—'hard fate' is a common phrase in this world for unsuccessful villany. To make a short story, Sam was secured by the police, handed over to the magistrate, tried and found guilty; but in consideration of his youth, his inexperience, and his subjection to the Jew, he was only sentenced to six months' imprisonment, while that worthy, captured and convicted by the clear though undesigned evidence of his youthful associate, and found guilty of manifold high crimes and misdemeanors, was sent to expiate his achievements by a fourteen years' sojourn in the pleasant settlement of New South Wales. This was a species of poetic justice very pleasing not only in poetry but also in the great drama of social life, which sometimes, after all, satisfies the instinct of equity implanted in the human breast most completely.

Now, it chanced one day, as Sam was sitting sadly in his prison brooding over his hapless fate and well-nigh wishing that the worthy magistrate had condemned him to the gallows at once, he rubbed his hands impetuously together, and whether this action brought his hands into his head or not, the thought suddenly struck him—'What had his hands ever done for him?' Some men's hands were invaluable instruments of industry, but his had never been employed but in idle occupations until they had degraded him by picking and stealing. Suddenly a light streamed into his dungeon. Whether his good genius or any other genius stood before him we have been unable to ascertain; but certainly a new light broke in upon him. It seemed as if a lamp had been lighted in his soul, and its effect was to show him the folly of his past conduct. It was one of those sudden but important convictions that are better than all the necromancy and magic in the world; nor was it in Sam's case a fugitive emotion. It ended in sober serious reflection. The more he pondered the past the more he resolved for the future; the spirit of industry came so strongly upon him that he loathed nothing so much as the life of inaction that he was forced to lead; and almost wished that he had been sent to the treadmill that he might have had something to do. He now came to the conviction that idleness is the hardest work in the world, and that there is no labor half so irksome as having nothing to do. He longed for the expiration of his term of imprisonment more for the opportunity of ex-

erition than as the end of punishment—the genius of industry took complete possession of his soul.

Sam borrowed a ready-reckoner of a fellow-prisoner, and with a piece of burnt stick began to cast up accounts on the wall. In this occupation he was indefatigable. The jailer seeing this brought him a slate and pencil, for the man had good sense and good feeling enough to wish to encourage his newly-formed habit of industry. Nay, so remarkable was the lad's application, that the jailer mentioned it to the chaplain; and this gentleman, upon a casual inspection of the wards, gave him a nod of approval. Another ray of light broke in upon Sam. A warm glow of feeling suffused his brow, a deep gush of emotion flowed in upon his soul, and even found vent in a tear-drop which hung upon his eye-lash. As sweet a tear-drop it was as ever formed in human eye and by what was it elicited? By nothing more than the nod of approval. But then that simple mark of approbation was the first piece of character that Sam had ever achieved. Yes, the man who possesses the invaluable gem—reputation—has no notion whatever of its worth. Neither has he who possesses it not—the former never felt the want of it—the latter is too often reckless and indifferent. He alone who suddenly achieves it—a most arduous and uncommon achievement, by the bye—is able properly to appreciate it.

Sam was far, very far from establishing a reputation; but this was the first he had ever made, and it gladdened his heart at the moment as much as if the genius now at his elbow had given him all the riches of a subterranean paradise. We have said that the chaplain of the jail had given him a nod of approval; he was a man of works rather than a man of words; the next day he sent him a few books, and allowed him the use of pen and ink. Talk of trees bearing rubies, pearls, and diamonds! Why, Sam felt as rich, and as great, and as elate of heart over his treasure as though he had got his hat full of precious stones like his Eastern prototype.

To work went Sam; he dashed away at straight strokes, plunged into pot-hooks and hangers. Great were the difficulties he had to encounter without any one to square his elbows for him, or to tell him how to hold his pen; but the thought of surprising his mother, together with the indomitable spirit of industry with which he was now possessed, had a magical effect. Nothing seemed too difficult for him; and whereas, when he came into the jail, the amount of his knowledge consisted of the art of reading, with the liberty of spelling all the hard words, when he left it, he could write a very legible hand, had a tolerable knowledge of figures, and not a little general information.

It was a happy day for Sam and his mother, when the lad obtained his release. The mother's heart beat high with exultation when she pressed her boy to it, and took him to their humble home. But his spirit sunk when he found that the neighbors regarded him with greater aversion than ever. There was a shrinking away from the "jail-bird" which cast a terrible damp upon his energies. His mother's poverty seemed more profound than ever. She had the coarsest fare and that in the scantiest quantity, to set before him; and Sam found that he had fared better in the prison than his mother had done in her lowly habitation. But what of that? the fare of freedom was sweeter. People talk a great deal of nonsense on this point, making out that the prisoner is much better off than the pauper; and they seem to think that they have triumphantly established the fact by a statement of the extra ounces of meat, or the additional pounds of potatoes consumed in the one case above the other. This is indeed making a man's life to consist in the abundance of things that he hath, without reference to his feelings, his conscience, his self-respect, his spirits, at all.

Sam, however, felt extremely hurt that his mother should fare so ill, and, unable to control his feelings, he slipped out to indulge his dejection. His mother thought he was gone to see some of his idle old companions. She did not reproach him even in spirit, but she sighed sadly over the reflection of what the neighbors would think. The poor soul never felt any indignation or animosity against Sam for his bad behavior. She looked upon his character rather as her misfortune than his fault. Sam roamed about the streets in a melancholy mood. He was alone in the wide wilderness of London, friendless and alone. What could he do to earn an honest penny? He could not make a gentleman dismount that he might hold his horse. He could not make a sweeper give up the

simple fee of his crossing, and resign his stock in trade—a besom stump—to him. He had never practiced the beggar's whine; besides, he thought the very prison preferable to that trade. People met him with little ends of silk handkerchiefs hanging out of their pockets—old gentlemen, fat gentlemen, slow folks. Old associations made his fingers itch at the sight, but he manfully resisted the fiend—he would starve rather. Alas! he little knew the trial that his newly acquired virtue was destined to endure.

As he stood leaning listlessly against a post, giving himself up to utter despondency, a gentleman, strolling languidly along, pulled out one of those pocket handkerchiefs which had been so sore a temptation to our hero; and, in so doing, flung out a pocket-book which fell directly at Wilful's feet. Had a thunderbolt fallen there, or had the earth opened as it did before our eastern prototype, Sam could hardly have felt more surprised. There lay the book. It had fallen upon a heap of soft mud, and was unheard as well as unseen by its owner. What did the man do with it in the same pocket with his handkerchief? you will say. To be sure you are quite right; but some men are so careless.

Was it not a trial for poor Sam? The man who would not think of picking a pocket will not hesitate to plunder the state. He who loathes petty larceny thrives often upon public peculation.—Why, we don't believe your bubble-brokers, or bank-defrauders, or your will-forgers, would steal a man's snuff-box. There is something about wholesale swindling more seductive than retail; and in like manner, poor Sam, who had resisted the pocket handkerchief, felt his courage sorely tried by the pocket-book. He snatched it up—He paused—his heart beat thick, and his legs tingled as he took a step or two away. The gentleman had turned a corner—he was in utter ignorance of his loss. One moment's hesitation more, and Sam had been a scoundrel all his days. It was the very turning point and pivot of his fate. Sam was triumphant. He ran after the gentleman as fast as his legs could carry him, and pulling the unconscious loser by the coat-tail, exclaimed, as he held out the object, "Your pocket-book, sir!"

Now, we would not be of the number of those who give to fortune the rights of virtue. This is too often the case; fortune too often runs away with the meed for which virtue has toiled; fortune is flattered, and honored, and admired, while virtue sits neglected and alone. Still we must admit that Sam, in this event, was not more virtuous than he was fortunate. There were two things connected with the transaction that made Sam's act peculiarly lucky. The first was, the pocket-book contained nothing that could have been available to Sam had he retained it; and the second was that a policeman, unperceived by Sam in his agitation, had witnessed the whole affair, and was ready to pounce upon Sam had he endeavored to appropriate it. So you see he lost nothing, even in the lowest sense of the expression, by his conduct;—whereas, if he had acted otherwise, he might have found himself again a tenant of his old prison quarters. The gentleman paused, felt in his pocket, said there was nothing of value in the book, called Sam a good lad, and gave him half a crown.

Half a crown! What an amount of happiness may, under some circumstances, be bought for half a crown. Half a crown in some conjuncture of events, may be of unspeakable value. There is an economy of alms-giving, for instance, which is invaluable. Your man of ostentation—your indolently generous—your carelessly profuse—may throw away large sums in nominal charity, without securing much happiness to himself or others. It is only your man of real benevolence, of vital and efficient humanity, who hits upon the real luxury of doing good. He makes his well-placed pittance go as far as the idler's pound, by finding out the when and where for his beneficence.

We have made these reflections while Sam, with open mouth, is standing staring at the half crown. The gentleman, indeed, had no idea of the amount of happiness that his half crown had created. He dawdled down the street, leaving Sam looking at the piece of money in his open hand. But Sam's reverie was broken off by the approach of the policeman, who gently hinted that as Sam had met with such a windfall, it was but fair that he should appropriate a portion of it to the encouragement of the porter brewers and their mutual comfort and convenience. But Sam, be it remembered, was a "town made" article; he replied to this hint by merely buttoning up the mon-

ey in his pocket, and playfully inquiring of the policeman, "If his mother would let him out with a horse." Sam, indeed, felt no little pride in braving a policeman, having so lately trembled at the white stripes and shuddered at the pewter buttons. He felt that his independence of the constable was one of the sweet privileges of honesty; and when the officer hinted that if Sam had not returned the purse he would have taken him to the station house, the daring youth declared, "That if he (the constable) had been born with a good voice he would have been a nice young man for a musical party." With this gentle badinage they parted.

Sam now hurried homeward, stopping only occasionally to feel if his half crown was safe, and to indulge in a little festive laugh when he thought of the empty book and the pouncing policeman.—He stopped also to make a few purchases, including some savory edibles, not forgetting pen, ink and paper. His mother was absent when he reached their humble lodging, but he knew that the key was under the doorsill, and her absence was seasonable, because it afforded him an opportunity to spread out his little luxuries upon the table. He had no genius of the lamp to help him, but the lamp of love was burning brightly in his bosom, and the thought of giving his mother an agreeable surprise, made him as glad as though the plates and dishes had been made of gold.—Every one knows that some of the cheapest luxuries of London are the daintiest of human diet, and so the good woman was likely to be well pleased. We cannot indeed pretend to describe the enjoyment of the simple meal, but when it was over, and Sam produced his writing materials, and was delivered of a sentence in round hand, the gladness of the proud mother knew no bounds.—"Wanted, a place by a respectable lad, who can write a good hand." Such was the sentence concocted, and never was specimen of caligraphy more sincerely admired.

Such happy periods as the night in question seldom last long. It is your peaceful, moderate content that in this world can alone be warrented to wear. In the morning both mother and son, though happy still, felt that doubt and difficulty were around them; and Sam set out to seek what the respectable lad required. Alas! he was soon stricken down again to the very ground. Wherever he applied, the first question was whether he could have a character from his last place; and Sam's last place was—the prison. Determined not to be conquered, Sam set out again and again, but with the same ill success; the gleam of happiness was gone, and night after night he returned to his humble home, a prey to disappointment and despondency. People do not pick up pocket-hooks more than once in their lives. Sam indeed, with a singular combination of feelings, re-visited again the lucky spot, not, indeed, with any hope, but he could not help lingering about that post. The half crown was of course soon spent, and then he was obliged to be a burden upon his mother's extremely scanty resources. She, indeed, was not unhappy; she had got him home; he was reformed, too, and, but that she grieved to see him melancholy, she would have been quite cheerful. At length a thought struck him;—he would apply to the chaplain of the jail. He would lay the whole state of the case before him. It was he who first encouraged, perhaps he would assist him. To resolve with Sam was now to act. He applied to the said gentleman, and stated his case so pathetically, that he excited a deep and powerful interest in his breast. It is an admirable moral instinct of humanity that we are always strongly disposed to do good to one whom we have once obliged.

The chaplain of the jail felt towards Sam as if he had been a sort of protegee, and having once done him a kindness, he went on to do another. By the influence of this new friend, a situation was at length obtained, Sam pledging himself to the strictest honesty and assiduity.

Never was a pledge more faithfully or fully redeemed. If ever there was a lad assiduous, upright and attentive, it was Sam Wilful. The consequence was obvious—Sam created for himself a character.

We shall not dwell upon his farther progress. Qualities are generally causes producing known results. Accidental hindrances do indeed sometimes interfere, but this is the exception, not the general rule, and we can pretty confidently predict the consequences of attention, assiduity and uprightness. There was nothing remarkable to relate in Sam's course for several years. It was the course of many a worthy and upright man, which to your lover of romantic incident, is re-

markedly uninteresting. The spirit of industry ever at his command, he slowly rose from the porter to the confidential servant, the clerk, the partner, the proprietor; from poverty and shame to comfort, respectability, independence and opulence. Thus do we close the first 'fytte,' of our history, devoting a few paragraphs to the

SEQUEL.—Years had rolled on, and it chanced upon a fine sunny day, that a hale old lady sat stitching at one of the handsome French windows of a house in one of those cottage palaces, with a double coach house, which Professor Porson naughtily stigmatizes as palaces of pride; but there was no pride in this place, unless it was in the breast of that hale old lady, who was so proud, yes truly proud, not, however, of the cottage ornee, with its lawn, and drive, and shrubbery, and conservatory; its plate glass and pictures, and sumptuous furniture; not even of the little laughing imps who called her grandame, and of whom grandames are licensed to be proud; no, her pride was all centered in her son, one of the merchant princes of the metropolis, and (need we say) our old friend Wilful. Now, old ladies will retain their peculiarities under all changes of circumstances, and so it was that old Mrs. Wilful though surrounded by every evidence of her son's opulence, could hardly give up her old economical habits, and wanted to make a penny go as far as it could possibly be persuaded to do. It was no marvel, then, that when she heard an old Jew clothesman pass the garden gate, she should prick up her ears with attention. If a Chinese princess could condescend to sell old lamps in the east, you can hardly wonder at a merchant's mother selling old clothes in the west.

'Old clo, old clo?' cried the Jew; 'any old clo?'

Mrs. Wilful called to her daughter-in-law, an amiable young lady, and stating that it was a sin and a shame for so many of her son's left off garments to be lying about, asked if the Jew might not be called to the door to purchase them. The young mother stopped to caress her youngest child; for the purpose of concealing the smile that played upon her features, elicited by her mother-in-law's peculiarities; but having received a charge to not thwart her, she consented, and a confidential servant was sent to call the Jew into the hall. The servant having received a hint from her mistress to humor the old lady, produced some left off garments and began to bargain with the Jew, but nothing would serve the good dame's turn but she must come herself. Hardly had she done so—hardly had she begun to peer at the Jew through her horned spectacles, when old associations came thickly thronging upon her brain. She turned pale and trembled; and quitting the hall, desired that the old man might be despatched as soon as possible. The Jew's eyes, however, were as quick as hers. We all know the worth of a Jew's eye. He had recognized her under the changes that years had wrought upon her. No wonder, then, that she had known that pale cadaverous face, with his foxy, frowzy beard, though the latter had become more scanty and grisly under the weight of fourteen years transportation, and other six at least of adventure and vicissitude. The Jew having under the circumstances, obtained the old clothes at a prodigious bargain, repaired to a public house in the neighborhood to make inquiries concerning the family. What he had heard as a vague report was now confirmed—the boy Wilful, who was the cause of his transportation, was the rich and respectable senior partner of the great firm of Wilful & Wayward, West India merchants. That lad, whom he had destined as his victim, upon whose shoulders he had hoped to plunder the public, had made his body the stepping stone to fame and fortune. What a gust of malign and evil emotion rushed upon his soul! It was as if a gall-bladder had burst in his body, infecting every vein with bitterness. Bitter indeed were the feelings of the Jew—inexpressibly bitter—as he revolved the events of his life in his dark mind, an inextinguishable thirst for vengeance possessed him. It was one of those all-absorbing feelings, utterly unjust, and unreasonable, but which sometimes takes full possession of an evil and malignant mind. The conduct of the Jew had been aggressive. All Wilful's days of darkness had been brought about by his agency, while the misfortunes of the old clotheman had been occasioned by Sam only at first as a passive, and subsequently as an unwilling instrument; yet the man hated him with perfect hatred. By making a companion of Wilful's groom, who frequented the ale-house, the Jew

wormed out the secrets of the family. Like a spider watching for the destruction of his victim, trying every thread of his complicated net, weaving his web about and around, so did the Jew linger long, and ponder warily, and plan and contrive to inflict some lasting injury upon his former friend. When he got the groom to allow him to come up and smoke a pipe in the stable, it was a great step, and when he was introduced into the kitchen by the servants, but unknown to the family, it was a still greater advance. For a whole year did the Jew visit the house, sulk into the kitchen, haunt the neighborhood, pursuing his revenge with a pertinacity consistent only with the most inveterate spirit of deadly hatred!

Alas! it seldom happens that an evil purpose so daringly and perseveringly pursued fails of success. An opportunity at length occurred for which the Jew had so long waited. A large sum of money was entrusted to the care of Mr. Wilful, and for one night it was necessarily deposited in the house. That very night the house was most dexterously broken open—for the Jew was connected with the most adroit accomplices—and all the money abstracted. But this was not all. While the robbers sought for plunder, the Jew was intent on revenge—while they made off with the money, he set the window curtains on fire, and the house was soon enveloped in flames. You don't believe it! Why, bless you, my little dear, men will do sad things for revenge; and this is nothing to carrying palaces away bodily, as they do in the Arabian Nights Entertainment.

Mr Wilful and his family escaped from the flames; but the morning saw that elegant abode a heap of smoking ashes. Utter ruin seemed to stare the merchant in the face. It was not only the house and furniture that were lost, but the large sum of money with which he was entrusted. A feeling of deep despondency came over him as he gazed upon the ruin and thought of his responsibilities. After a careful investigation Mr. Wilful came to the conclusion that his old enemy, the Jew, was at the bottom of the affair, but long before this discovery, that worthy was far beyond pursuit. He had embarked with his associates for America, but he was destined never to reach the land of promise for so many English rogues, for the ship foundered at sea, and a business-like announcement was put forth that all hands perished. How many aching hearts are often summed up in that cold every day announcement—"foundered at sea, and all hands perished!" It was with a deep anguish that Wilful, having brought his affairs to a crisis, found that he was almost as penniless as when he roamed the streets of London in search of a situation. He cared not for himself—his character was established now, and he could be content to begin the world again; but besides his mother, he had a wife and children to support, and when he left them at the obscure lodging which he had procured for them, he turned away so sick at heart, so deeply wounded in spirit, and depressed in mind, that life seemed an insupportable burden. It was indeed one of those seasons in which the tempter is so strong, and human nature is so weak, that the instinctive love of life is overcome; and the rash and cowardly man rushes to the unnatural enormity of self-destruction. Wilful wandered forth, he knew not whither. The great city was behind him, and darkness was closing down upon the quiet country, but the darkness of his own mind was too great for him to take heed of that of the material world. He threw himself down upon the grass, and buried his face in his hands, and for awhile gave himself up to utter despair. He raised not his head again until it was black night, overhead, for it was a starless night, and the glimmer of the great metropolis, like the reflection of a huge furnace, was alone visible, when a dull, hoarse murmur, like the distant roar of the sea, fell on his ear.

He sat up now, still overburdened with his woes. How many thousands in that mass of life were better off than he—but—yes—but how many worse. The thought struck him forcibly. He was wringing his hands in the bitterness of his heart, when he chanced to rub the ring which his wife had given him before their marriage. Suddenly a light burst upon him—a new light—the holy melody of domestic love arose upon his soul—the trumpet call of duty rang in his ears. What did he there lurking like a slave and a coward, when there were those beloved beings, full of affection for him, full of the very spirit of endurance, looking up to him for comfort and support? Stung by the thought, he darted to his feet a new man; the spirit of perseverance had come upon him in

all the energy of its existence; there was no longer a lion in the path, or if there was, he felt a second Samson to meet and rend it. What other and more valuable thoughts came into his mind we will not advert to, but a determination to do, was prominent. He strode firmly homewards; no matter that he was hungry, and tired; his firm and steady step was the very opposite to the air of vacillation and incertitude with which he came forth; he was endued with an indomitable resolution. It would be tedious again to trace the career of our hero. As poor Burns says—

"The true sublime of human life
Is to provide for weans and wife."

But it is not the sort of sublime that cuts a figure on paper.

The rise of our hero was now more rapid than before. He had got his foot upon the vantage ground of character now; he had lost all but reputation. A great deal of sympathy, too, was excited by his misfortunes, and though that did not preclude the necessity, it materially opened up the path to his unwearied exertion. His poor old mother lived to see him a second time exalted by his own exertions to a state of ease and affluence. Had she not, indeed, half his feeling of triumph had been wanting. His amiable, elegant wife was restored to the station in society to which she had been accustomed. His children grew up to assist and surround him. In short, the latter end is that man was better than the first.

So you see, the true *genius of the lamp* is the Spirit of Industry, and the real *genius of the ring* is the Spirit of Perseverance.

THE NEEDLE.

Lines addressed to a Benevolent Sewing Society.

Ladies, let the needle fly,—
Cheerful, useful little spear!
For, from many a hollow eye
It doth drive the anguished tear.

Needles clothe the shivering frame;
Sacred life defend from cold;
Weapons they, of bloodless fame,—
Who their victories can unfold?

Armed with this gleaming steel,
Woman conquers thousand ills
Sinful nature makes us feel,—
Pain that racks and frost that kills.

Where the needle is unknown,
Woman slaves, and man's a miser; *
Round the globe, in every zone,
The needle is a civilizer.

Let us, then, be thankful, all,
For this graceful little tool—
Ince, without it, we must fall—
Down again 'neath savage rule.

"Making garments for the poor,"—
So did *Dorcas*, so do ye!
In such alms united to her,
Sisters be in charity!

See the ragged child of want!
Aching limbs and bleeding feet!
Features pinched and body gaunt!
truggling through the snow or sleet!

What's their voice to you, to-day,
Members of this sewing corps?
"Let your fingers nimbly play,
For God's dear and suffering poor!"

Thus the arched heavens shall smile,
And celestials be your friends;
For who clothes the beggar vile,
To the Heavenly Father lends.

Inhabitrass of plenty's vale,
Where the wretched seldom stray,
And few hear their joyless tale!
Doth this blest seclusion, pray,

Deny thy heart a larger sphere?—
All the world demands thy love!
Yonder city's cellars drear
Should thy friendly pity move.

Sisters, then, the needle ply,
In the cause of charity.
Mercy, mercy, bids it hie,
Christ himself example be!

Hastening with a godlike zeal,
Work ye for the spirit too;
Think of its immortal weal,
Soul beneath the body view!

Yes, by pious act and prayer,
Ye may clothe the priceless mind
Weave the robes that angels wear,—
Mortal brows with glory bind.

BY GENEVA.

LITTLE acts of kindness,
Trifling though they are,
How they serve to brighten
This dark world of care!
Little acts of kindness,
O, how potent they,
To dispel the shadows
Of life's cloudy day!

Little acts of kindness,
How they cheer the heart!
What a world of gladness
Will a smile impart!
How a gentle accent
Calms the troubled soul,
When the waves of passion
O'er it wildly roll!

You may have around you
Sunshine if you will,
Or a host of shadows,
Gloomy, dreary, chill.
If you want the sunshine,
Smile, though sad at heart;
To the poor and needy
Kindly aid impart.

To the soul-despairing
Breathe a hopeful word;
From your lips be only
Tones of kindness heard.
Even give for anger
Love and tenderness;
And in blessing others
You yourself will bless.

Little acts of kindness,
Nothing do they cost;
Yet when they are wanting
Life's best charm is lost.
Little acts of kindness,
Richest gems of earth,
Though they seem but trifles,
Priceless is their worth.

SLEEPY SOPHIA.

"SOPHIA! Sophia! awake, my dear. It is time to get up. Come, open your eyes and hasten up, or you will be too late for the boat!"

The girl to whom these words were spoken by her mother, was very fond of sleeping late in the morning. She was in no haste to retire at night, so long as she could find any one to talk to or play with. But she loved to sleep in the morning better than she loved her breakfast. Hence, when the summons to get up came, she would yawn, rub her eyes, and say in a cross tone of voice:

"Yes, yes! I'm coming. Do let me alone. Get away with you," and words of the same import.

If her mother or sister tried to rouse her by gently shaking her shoulders, she would throw up her arm so spitefully as to strike her mother or sister smartly in the face. She did not mean to inflict a blow, perhaps; for she hardly knew what she was doing. Yet she had several times struck both her mother and sister, so that they had learned to be careful how they went near her when calling her up.

On the morning when her mother spoke as above stated, the family was going on an excursion in a little steamer. Sophia was anxious to go, and had promised, the night before, to get up promptly when called, so as to be ready in good time. But her old habit was so strong—she was such a slave to sleep—that when her mother called her, she made the cross, pert reply given above. But, being anxious to see her fairly awake, her mother touched her gently on the shoulder, and said:

"Sophia, you must rouse yourself quickly. We have not a minute to spare. Come, get up, child, and dress for breakfast!"

Sophia now opened her eyes, and, yawning as she spoke, said:

"Well, don't tease me so. I'm awake, and I'll get up directly."

This was pert language for a child to address to a parent. Sophia did not speak in this way at other times. But her love of sleep was so strong that she was ready to say or do almost anything to get her late morning nap.

Her mother, thinking that her desire to go on the excursion was strong enough to keep her from sleeping again, went down stairs. Most girls would have got up at once after having been waked as Sophia was. But she, as soon as her mother was fairly out of the room, turned away from the light, buried her head in the pillow, and said to herself, as she closed her eyes:

"It's early yet, I know. I'll take one nice little snooze and then I'll jump up."

These words were scarcely spoken before she was asleep. Her snooze was sound and long. The minutes

The breakfast bell rung. Sophia snoozed. The senses were locked up too fast to be opened by the tinkling of a little bell.

Finding she did not come down stairs, her mother said:

"I fear, after all, that our sleepy Sophia did not get up when I called her. Her sluggish habit is a great trial to me. I wish I could break her of it."

The servant was now sent up stairs with orders to awake Sophia and assist her in dressing. The girl went into her

and said: "Sophy! Sophy! Ye'll be after sleeping the boat is gone, if ye don't wake up directly."

These words, spoken in a loud, deep voice, and enforced by a not very gentle shake of the shoulders, roused Sophia

once. She looked wildly round a moment, and then said to the girl: "What time is it, Bridget?"

"It's time ye were up, sure," said Bridget. "Your mother is eating her breakfast, and it's no ride in the steamer ye'll get to-day, if ye don't make haste."

Sophia now felt vexed with herself for having taken that tempting nap. She feared her mother's frown, her father's rebuke, and the loss of the excursion. Great was her haste now to redeem the hour wasted in sleep. But she was too much hurried to make progress. The strings of her clothing knotted up in her too hasty fingers. One article of dress was mislaid, another was put on wrong, a third needed the aid of a friendly needle, while the pins seemed bent on pricking her fingers, and everything went wrong. Before she was much more than half-dressed her father's voice was heard calling from below:

"Sophia! Sophia!"

"I'm coming, pa," said Sophia, all in a flutter.

"Well, come at once. It's time for us to start," her father replied sternly.

"O dear, what shall I do?" said Sophia, weeping with vexation as the lace of her gaiter-boot broke.

After many delays, Sophia was dressed at last. She had been too hurried to offer her morning prayer, and her spirit was vexed and out of tune. When down stairs she met a stern rebuke from her father, while the sad, grieved look of her mother went like an arrow to her heart.

"We are late," said her father, looking at his watch; "if the boat is in early this morning, we shall lose her."

So we must go at once, and Miss Sophia must take sluggard's fare and go hungry until we get on board."

The family now left the house. A short walk led them to a little cove just outside of the village, to which the steamer usually sent her boat for passengers, while she waited for them in the offing, because there was no wharf. On reaching the beach, Sophia's father pointed to the steamer, which was rounding a point on the opposite side of the bay, and said:

"There goes the boat! We are five minutes too late!"

Then turning to Sophia, he said: "This, my child, is your fault. By your sluggish habit you have deprived us all of a day's pleasure. Let us go back to our home, where you will please spend the day in your chamber alone. Perhaps a day spent in thinking over the folly of wasting the morning hours in useless sleep may help you to conquer a habit which is fast riveting the chains of the sluggard on your mind and body."

Sophia wept bitter tears on hearing these words. But her father was not to be moved by tears. She was shut up all day alone, seeing no one but Bridget, who brought her meals, until the next morning. The good effect of her punishment was then seen, for no sooner did her mother call her than she sprang up, and, shaking off the desire for another snooze, began to dress at once. This was indeed a victory. She had many struggles with herself after that morning, but I am happy to say that she finally broke the spells of old Sluggishness, and became a pretty early riser. I hope all the sleepy Sophias who read these pages will try to win the same conquest. They can if they try. Who will try first?



Left in 31.34
July 1st
Lay in 51.40
Commenced with
breezes at East at 3.30
Spoke Bark Gleeta of N. Bedford
at Sunset Shetland
in A.M. 4 Sail in sight
and latter part fine weather
no whales 3 Sail in sight
Left in 31.25
P.M. in 51.40

THE LAST WISH.

BY MRS SARAH S. SOWELL.

"Crown me with flowers; intoxicate me with perfumes; let me die to the sound of delicious music," said Mirabeau on his death-bed. Not a word of God or of his own soul.—LAMARTINE.

Crown me with brilliant flowers,
Let their fair forms, their richly glowing bloom
Shed a bright rainbow radiance through the room,
O'er life's last fleeting hours.

Bring from the shadowy dell,
Where Summer winds are wandering cool and free,
The snow-drop pure and pale anemone,
And fox-gloves purple bell.

Go to the meadows free,
Where on the bosom of the winding stream,
In the clear light the water lilies gleam,
And bear them thence for me.

Oh, haste, and for me twine
Fresh crimson roses wet with pearly dew,
The pure fair lily and the violet blue,
And clustering eglantine.

And bring ye rich perfume;
Pour fragrant odors on the silent air;
Let my last hours be charmed by all things fair—
I'll rob e'en death of gloom.

Bring ye the lute and lyre;
Let music with its full voluptuous swell
Throw o'er my senses a bewildering spell,
And let me thus expire.

Would'st thou thus pass away
Without one Heavenward look, one thought of God!
Oh! was it thus the holy Saviour trod
The dark and fearful way?

Was his head crowned with flowers?
Did the soft swelling tones of music sound?
Was the rich breath of incense poured around
Through his last gloomy hours?

When on life's farthest shore
My weary feet shall stand, and vague and dim
Rolls death's dark stream, let me look up to Him
Who passed that flood before.

Let bright and fragrant flowers
Be show'ed around me, and let music's flow
Float on my ear all solemnly and low,
To charm the weary hours:

But let not this be all;
Let deep devotion fill the brooding air,
And faith, and hope, and holy love be there,
Free from sin's blighting thrall.

So can I calmly die;
So can I walk with fearless step death's wave,
Leaning on Him who rose from the dark grave
To reign with God on high.

ONE clear, bright, warm morning last summer, a little girl just eight years old was seated on a broad stone step, watching the crowds of busy people as they hurried past in every direction, to and from the market-house, and wishing that her own papa would come down stairs, so that *they* might go too. It was very early. The sun was just peeping from behind the broad blue mountains, and as its first rays fell upon the tall Church steeples and high green trees, tipping each leaf with gold, and making everything look as if it were laughing, little Mary thought that she had never seen anything half so beautiful.

The birds had been awake for several hours, and were now moving about like very industrious creatures, some in search of their breakfasts, some singing a beautiful morning hymn, the words of which no one could understand but themselves, and others were sailing along through the pure air and rose-colored light as if they were too merry to be still a minute.

A slight, gentle wind was playing bo-peep between Mary's curls, and while she sat there enjoying all these pleasant things, her heart felt so happy, that she could have danced with joy. "I do wonder," she commenced saying, when a loud, quick step just behind her made her turn, and there stood papa, with a big basket hanging upon his arm, "O papa!" she joyfully exclaimed; "are you ready? *now* can we go?"

"Yes, my little darling, right away; but what were you *thinking aloud* about just now, when I startled you?"

"O, pa," she answered, running along by his side, "I was just wondering what it was that made me feel so glad this morning, and how I could manage to keep feeling so all day. When I got out of bed, I thanked God for having taken care of me through the dark night, and asked him to please help me to do right always; and when I came to the front door a while ago, and saw how pretty everything looked, and how fresh the air smelt just like flowers, I thought I wouldn't do one naughty act any more, but just try how good I *could* be. Wasn't that right, pa?" looking up into his face, while her blue eyes sparkled with her good resolutions.

"Yes, my daughter, exactly right; and I will tell you what to do to-day, so that you will be almost as happy as an angel, shall I?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mary, clapping her hands and skipping about; "I should like *very* much to know."

"Well, now," said her papa, "it is this: Try to do everybody you meet some little kindness; look about you all the time, and see if you cannot help some one; have a smile for all you love, and then tell me to-night how you feel, will you?"

"Yes, sir," said Mary, laughingly. "It's a funny way, but very easy, and I'll try it."

They had now reached the market-house, and as Mary went in with her papa, she felt slightly afraid of getting lost, there were so many people hurrying along, but her attention was so soon attracted by the stalls and benches covered with meat, vegetables, and fruits of every kind, that she forgot her fears, and thought only about the nice things that were to be eaten, and if there were people enough to eat them all. Her papa soon handed her six pennies, and telling her she might buy anything she wanted with them, walked on, making his purchases, and leaving her to follow after him. Now Mary thought she had a great deal of money, and was just deciding whether to buy some oranges, cakes, peaches, or a bouquet of bright red roses, from an old man who had them to sell, when a pale, thin-looking woman, leading by the hand a sickly little boy, came up to the table, and picking up one of the oranges, asked the old man, "What is the price of it?"

"Five cents, madam, and they are the best in the town," he answered. "How many will you have?"

The woman stood quite still a moment; then turning to the little boy, whispered, "Mother would like to buy the orange for you, Freddy; I know you would enjoy it; but I have not money enough with which to buy two, and sister should not be forgotten you know."

"Well, mother," pleaded the little fellow, "just get one, and sister shall have the half of it. O! when that hot fever makes my lips burn so often, I always think about a sweet cool orange, and feel as if it would make me well to eat one."

While the woman and her son were talking, Mary was smelling the flowers, and counting how many rose-buds grew upon one stem, yet she heard every word of their conversation, and pitied the poor little sick boy so very much, that she determined to buy him an orange and do without any herself. So, selecting and paying for one of the largest, which was as round as a marble, and had a skin as yellow as gold, she stepped to him, and with a sweet, timid voice, asked, "Won't you please take this orange?" slipping it into his hand as she spoke, she ran off to catch up with her papa, before the woman could find time to thank her. How her heart beat and her eyes sparkled as she thought of the pleasure which she had created by one act of thoughtfulness for the happiness of others; and before she went home, she began to understand what her dear papa meant when he said, that "To do good is to be happy."

Will not every child who reads this, and who would like to be "as happy as the day is long," follow her example?

NELLIE.

The Factory Boy.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

In the middle of a dark night, Joel, a boy of nine years old, heard his name called by a voice, which, through his sleep, seemed miles away. Joel had been tired enough when he went to bed, and yet he had not gone to sleep for some time; his heart beat so at the idea of his mother being very ill. He well remembered his father's death, and his mother's illness now revived some feelings which he had almost forgotten. His bed was merely some clothes spread on the floor, and covered with a rug; but he did not mind that; and he could have gone to sleep at once, but for the fear that had come over him. When he did sleep, his sleep was sound; so that his mother's feeble voice calling him seemed like a call from miles away.

In a minute Joel was up and wide awake.

"Light the candle," he could just hear the voice say.

He lighted the candle, and his beating heart seemed to stop when he saw his mother's face. He seemed hardly to know whether it was his mother or not.

"Shall I call—?"

"Call nobody, my dear. Come here."

He laid his cheek on hers.

"Mother, you are dying," he murmured.

"Yes, love, I am dying. It is no use calling any one. These little ones, Joel."

"I will take care of them mother."

"You, my child! How should that be?"

"Why not?" said the boy, raising himself, and standing at his best height. "Look at me, mother, I can work. I promise you—"

His mother could not lift her hand, but she moved a finger in a way which checked him.

"Promise nothing that may be too hard afterward," she said.

"I promise to try, then," he said, "that little sister shall live at home, and never go to the workhouse." He spoke cheerfully, though the candle-light glittered in the two streams of tears on his cheeks. "We can go on living here; and we shall be so—"

It would not do; the sense of their coming desolation rushed over him in a way too terrible to be borne. He hid his face beside her, murmuring, "O, mother, mother!"

His mother found strength to move her hand now. She stroked his head with a trembling touch, which he seemed to feel as long as he lived. She could not say much more. She told him she had no fear for any of them; they would be taken care of. She advised him not to waken the little ones, who were sound asleep on the other side of her, and begged him to lie down himself till daylight, and try to sleep, when she should be gone.

This was the last thing she said. The candle was very low, but before it was out she was gone. Joel had always done what his mother wished; but he could not obey her in the last thing she said. He lighted another candle when the first went out; and sat thinking, till the gray dawn began to show through the window.

When he called in the neighbors, they were astonished at his quietness. He had taken up the children, and dressed them, and made the room tidy, and lighted the fire, before he told anybody what had happened. And when he opened the door, his little sister was in his arms. She was two years old, and could walk, of course; but she

liked being in Joel's arms. Poor Willy was the most confounded. He stood with his pinafore at his mouth, staring at the bed, and wondering what his mother lay so still.

If the neighbors were astonished at Joel this morning, they might be more so at some thing they saw afterward; but they were not. Every thing seemed done so naturally; and the boy evidently considered what he had to do so much a matter of course, that less sensation was excited than about many smaller things.

After the funeral was over, Joel tied up all his mother's clothes. He carried the bundle on one arm, and his sister on the other. He would not have lived to have taken money for what he had seen his mother wear, but he changed them away for new new and strong clothes for the child. He did not seem to want any help. He went to the factory the next morning as usual, after washing and dressing the children, and getting a breakfast of bread and milk with them. There was no fire, and he put every knife, and other dangerous thing, on a high shelf, and gave them some trifle to play with, and promised to come and play with them at dinner time. And he did play! He played heartily with the little one, and as if he enjoyed it, every day at the noon hour. Many a merry laugh the neighbors heard from that room when the three children were together; and the laugh was often Joel's.

How he learned to manage, and especially to cook, nobody knew; and he could himself have told little more than that he wanted to see how people did it, and looked, accordingly at every opportunity. He certainly fed the children well, and himself too. He knew that everything depended on his strength being kept up. His sister sat at his knee to be fed, till she could feed herself. He was sorry to give it up; but he said she must learn to behave. So he smoothed her hair, and washed her face before dinner, and showed her how to fold her hands while he said grace. He took as much pains to train her good manners at table, as if he had been a governess, teaching a little lady. While she remained a "baby," she slept in the middle of the bed, between the two, that she might have room, and not be disturbed; and when she ceased to be a baby, he silently made new arrangements. He denied himself a hat, which he much wanted, in order to buy a quantity of coarse dark calico, which, with his own hands he made into a curtain, and slung across a part of the room; thus shutting off about a third of it. Here he contrived to make up a little bed for his sister; and he was not satisfied until she had a basin and jug, and a piece of soap of her own. Here nobody but himself was to intrude upon her without leave; and, indeed, he always made her understand that he came only to take care of her. It was not only that Willy was not to see her undressed. A neighbor or two, now and then lifted the latch, without knocking. One of these one day heard something from behind the curtain, which made her call her husband silently to listen; and they always afterward treated Joel as if he were a man, and one whom they looked up to. He was teaching the child her little prayers. The earnest, sweet devout tones of the boy, and innocent, cheerful imitation of the little one, were beautiful to hear, the listeners said.

Though so well taken care of, she was not to be pampered; there would have been no kindness in that. Very early, indeed, she was taught, in a merry sort of way, to put things in their places, and to sweep the floor, and wash the crockery. She was a handy little thing, well trained and docile. One reward that Joel had for his management was, that she was early fit to go to chapel. This was a great point, as he, choosing to send Willy regularly, could not go till he could take the little girl with him. She was never known to be restless—and Joel was quite proud of her.

Willy was never neglected for the little girl's sake. In those days, children went earlier to the factory, and worked longer than they do now, and by the time the sister was five years old, Willy was a factory boy; and his pay put the little girl to school. When she, at seven, went to the factory too, Joel's life was altogether an easier one. He always had maintained them all, from the day of his mother's death. The times must have been good—work constant, wages steady—or he could not have done it. Now, when all three were earning, he put his sister to a sewing-school for two evenings in a week, and the Saturday afternoons; and he and Willy attended an evening school, as he found they could afford it. He always escorted

the little girl wherever she had to go; into the factory, and home again—to the school door, and home again—and to the Sunday school; yet he himself was remarkably punctual at work and at worship. He was an humble, earnest, docile pupil himself, at the Sunday school—quite unconscious that he was more advanced than any other boy in the sublime science and practice of duty. He felt that everybody was very kind to him; but he was unaware that others felt it an honor to be kind to him.

I linger on these years, when he was a fine growing lad, in a state of high content. I linger, unwilling to proceed. But the end must come, and it is soon told. He was 16, I think, when he was asked to become a teacher in the Sunday School, while not wholly ceasing to be a scholar. He tried, and made a capital teacher, and he won the hearts of the children while trying to open their minds. By this he became more widely known than before.

One day in the next year, a tremendous clatter and crash was heard in the factory where Joel worked. A dead silence succeeded, and then several called out that it was only an iron bar that had fallen down. This was true, but the iron bar had fallen on Joel's head, and he was taken up dead!

Such a funeral as his is rarely seen. There is something that strikes on all hearts in the spectacle of a soldier's funeral—the drum, the march of comrades, and the belt and cap laid on the coffin. But there was something more solemn and more moving than all such observances in the funeral of this young soldier, who had so bravely filled his place in the conflict of life. There was the tread of comrades here, for the longest street was filled from end to end. For relics, there were his brother and sister; and for a solemn dirge, the uncontrollable groans of a heart-stricken multitude.—*Harper's New Monthly.*

A Dream of Heaven.

BY MRS. ELECTA M. SHELTON.

'Twas a cold stormy night in November 1840 The wind howled dismally around the neat cottage in one of the villages of the West. The snow and sleet beat on the roof, and rattled against the windows. All without was desolate—and, though every comfort abounded in that humble home, sickness was there, and mourning and sorrow.

A young wife lay on a couch of suffering—perhaps of death; a few days before, the last child of her love had been carried to its quiet resting place; and now the spirit of the mother seemed just trembling on the verge of time. Anguish was depicted on the face of the husband as he bent over her to catch the accents that came faintly from her lips.

"I can not live, dearest," she murmured, "you must prepare yourself to part with me"—the heavy eyes closed—a deathly pallor overspread her countenance, and the sorrow-stricken husband sought in vain, by the most powerful restoratives, to rouse her from the stupor so like death. There was no sense of external things, no motion, save the scarce perceptible heaving of the chest, to show that life remained.

Alone, by the bedside watched he, through all the long, long hours of that dreadful night. The tempest raged without—a deathlike stillness reigned within—the Invisible was there, and a solemn awe drank up the very consciousness of aught but that presence of Omnipotence.

Hour after hour passed by, and still the spirit of the young wife lingered in its earthly tenement; day dawned at length, and hope sprang up in the heart of the weary watcher. It is—yes, it is so—there is a quickening of the pulse!—did not a roseate tinge come for a moment to that pallid cheek! Another hour of anxious watching, and the dark eyes looked forth once more from beneath their drooping lids, and the voice he deemed forever hushed, murmured,

"Fear not beloved, I shall live to bless you,"—and again she slept—but not as before; now the pulse throbs, though feeble, more uniform, and ever and anon the life-blood would flush, for an instant, the cheek and brow,

A few hours passed, and the slumberer awoke refreshed—awoke as from the dead, and fervent thanksgiving arose to Him who had spared the last dearest tie that bound the heart of the watcher to earth.

"I had such a sweet dream of heaven, last night," said the young wife, as, toward evening, her husband sat by her bed-side, "may I tell you," and she looked up smilingly in his face, her eyes

sparkled with un wonted animation, and without pausing for a reply, she proceeded:

"Last night when you told me the doctor's opinion of my disease, I felt that I must die! Then came the thoughts of parting with friends—with my husband, the dearest of them all;—and then, oh! then, came thoughts of the judgment and eternity! was I prepared to meet the Judge of all the earth? was I indeed a child of grace—and heir of heaven?"

"I soon lost all consciousness—I must have dreamed, yet it does not seem like a dream." She paused a few moments as if to find language to give utterance to her thoughts, and then proceeded.

"I dreamed I had been very ill, and, too feeble to support myself, was borne by my nurse and physician, all three of us robed in white, along a narrow pathway, darkened by a thick foliage of a forest in midsummer; presently we turned an angle in the path—Oh! how shall I describe the glories of that view?"

"To the right of where I stood, supported on either hand by those who brought me thither, rose a lofty rock, white as parian marble, and magnificently draped from summit to base with evergreens. Oh! how beautiful were those rich festoons of clinging vines.

"To the left, down in a deep, dark ravine, I could just see the cone-shaped top of what seemed like an immense coal pit, with columns of black smoke pouring through the apertures.

"Directly in front, and only a short, very short distance from where I stood, a firm massive bridge spanned the stream, whose dark, angry waters moved rapidly yet *silently* along—yes, there was not a sound in water, earth, or air, to break the silentness of the scene.

"On the bridge were all manner of vehicles, from the rude hand-cart to the magnificent chariot of olden time; there were no horses, but men in long white robes, stood at the other extremity of the bridge ready to obey their Master's bidding.

"From the bridge, on the other side of the river, as far and as high as the eye could reach, were pure white clouds, "as Alps on Alps arise," so did those beautiful emblems of a God of Purity rise higher and higher, till the eye could not reach their lofty ascent. Here and there, among the clouds, were temples with domes and columns of dazzling white, and beings robed in white stood gazing on the earth with looks of calm and holy peace. I saw no sun, but over all this scene was shed a glory that surpassed the richest sunset glow, yet soft as the sweet moonbeams of a summer eve.

"On the right of this scene of glory, this heavenly magnificence, and above the rock I mentioned, I saw the precious Saviour. A thin, hazy veil obscured the full glory of his majesty, but I could distinctly see his form, and the mild benignant expression of his countenance, and in it I read my own acceptance. Beside him, hand in hand, stood our children—our first-born, and the dear one just taken. Oh! the rapture of that moment! Thankfulness that my children were safely home, and joy inexpressible that I was permitted to behold Him for whom my soul longed!

"Clasping my hands, I exclaimed, my Savior, and my children! Just then, one of the white-robed beings on the bridge began pushing a chariot towards me; my physician asked, 'Will you go to heaven now?' I turned and looked for you, my husband, I saw you pursuing a green shady path alone, and with your head bowed down with grief. The thought that I might comfort you in your earthly pilgrimage, decided my choice, and without hesitation I answered 'Not yet.'

"What are you waiting for?" he asked.

"For my husband," I repeated.

"The chariot stopped, and a cloud veiled that glory from my view!

"I looked to see if the cloud was dark and threatening, in token of God's anger; but no! 'twas like the light fleecy clouds that obscure the beauty of the summer evening sky, yet betoken no tempest. I was satisfied."

"I do not trust dreams," she said as she finished the narration, "but do you wonder that I feel assured I shall recover? Oh! how kind of my heavenly father to give me the sweet teachings of such a dream!" Surely I can never, never, never doubt his willingness to save!"

Rapidly did the health return to the invalid; to but few did she mention the sweet vision of that night; but it seemed to her a special bless-

ing of God, given to meet the necessities of her spirit.

Years have passed since then,—years of light and shade, of joy and sorrow. Other little ones have been given, and when the heart strings have become closely twined about their dear immortal treasures, God has recalled his gifts; and still the childless mother is passing along the path of her earthly pilgrimage. She rests not the foundation of her immortal destiny on the frail basis of a dream; yet doth the vivid remembrance of that heavenly scene oft check the yearnings of a mother's heart, and give to all the Saviour's promises a personal reality.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

PLEASE to publish the following lines in the Sunday School Advocate. We do not know the name of the author, but they contain a beautiful description of our "heavenly home." We hope that many of the Sunday scholars will commit them to memory. L.

"No sickness there,
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!

"No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearful eye, no broken heart are there.

"Care has no home
Within that realm of ceaseless praise and song;
Its tossing billows break and melt in foam
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng!

"The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies!
Its wailings blend not with the voice of spring,
As some too tender flow'ret fades and dies.

"No night distills
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
No moon is needed there! the light which fills
That land of glory, from its Maker came.

"No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep;
No bed of death enduring Love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep!

"No blasted flower
Or wither'd bud celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast, or fierce descending shower,
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!

"No battle word
Startles the sacred hosts with fear and dread!
The song of peace creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angel minstrels tread!

"Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul!
Look up, thou stricken one; thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

"With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to trace the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of Eternal Day?"

"An American who had procured a Bible of a Protestant bookseller, after having diligently read it for some weeks, took it back, saying,

"This book reproves all my thoughts and all my actions. I find that I must either stop reading it, or change my whole life. This last I cannot do; therefore I return you the book."

HYMN OF THE AGED.

BY FANNIE M. W.

Tune—"Are we almost there?"

We are almost home, we are almost home,
And the weary toil of the day is o'er;
The shadows grow less as nearer we come
To the glorious light of yon radiant shore.
We are almost there, and the visions of earth
Lie behind us with all their alluring deceit,
And the laugh, and the jest, and the empty mirth
Are lost in the tones from the mercy-seat.

We are almost home, and the ties grow few
That are holding us back from the land of our Lord;
And his smile beams bright as we're passing through
The valley of shade where our Saviour has trod.
We have borne the burning noon-day heat,
As afar o'er life's wastes we were bidden to roam,
But a new power strengthens our toil-worn feet
As we list to His voice that is calling us home.

PHILADELPHIA, May 1, 1855.

Number Nineteen in our street is a gloomy house with a blistered door and a cavernous step; with a hungry area and a desolate frontage. The windows are like prison slips, only a trifle darker, and a good deal dirtier; and the kitchen offices might stand proxies for the Black Hole of Calcutta, barring the company and the warmth. For as to company, black beetles, mice, and red ants, are all that are ever seen of animated nature there, and the thermometer rarely stands above freezing point. Number Nineteen is a lodging house, kept by a poor old maid, whose only friend is her cat, and whose only heirs will be the parish. With the outward world, excepting such as slowly filter through the rusty opening of the blistered door, Miss Rebecca Spong has long ceased to have dealings. She hangs a certain piece of cardboard, with "Lodgings to Let," printed in school girl print, unconscious of straight lines, across it; and this act of public notification, coupled with anxious peepings over the blinds of the parlor front, is all the intercourse which she and the world of men hold together. Every now and then, indeed, a mangy cab may be seen driving up to her worn out step; and dingy individuals, of the kind who travel about with small square boxes, covered with marbled paper, and secured with knotted cords of different sizes, may be witnessed taking possession of Nineteen, in a melancholy and mysterious way. But even these visitations, unsatisfactory as most lodging house keepers would consider them, are few and far between; for somehow the people who come and go never seem to have any friends or relations whereby Miss Spong may improve her "connection." You never see the postman stop at that desolate door; you never hear a visitor's knock on that rusty lion's head; no unnecessary traffic of social life ever takes place behind those dusty blinds; it might be the home of a select party of Trappists, or the favorite hiding place of coiners, for all the sunshine of external humanity that is suffered to enter those interior recesses. If a murder had been committed in every room, from the attics to the cellar, a heavier spell of solitude and desolation could not rest on its floors.

One dreary afternoon in November a cab stopped at Number Nineteen. It was a railway cab, less worn and ghastly than those vehicles in general, but not bringing much evidence of gayety or wealth for all that. Its inmates were a widow and a boy of about fifteen; and all the possessions they had with them were contained in one trunk of very moderate dimensions, a cage with a canary bird twittering inside, some pots of flowers, and a little white rabbit, one of the comical "lop-eared" kind. There was something very touching in these evidences of the fresh country life which they had left for the dull atmosphere and steaming fogs of the metropolis. They told a sad tale of old associations broken and old loves forsown; of days of comfort and prosperity exchanged for the dreariness of poverty; and freedom, love, and happiness, all snapped asunder for the leaden chain of suffering to be forged instead. One could not help thinking of all those two hapless people must have gone through before they could have summoned courage to leave their own dear village, where they had lived so many years in that local honorableness of the clergyman's family; throwing themselves out of the society which knew and loved them, that they might enter a harsh world, where they must make their own position, and earn their own living, unaided by sympathy, honor, or affection. They looked as if they themselves thought something of this too when they took possession of the desolate second floor; and the widow sat down near her son, and taking his hand in hers, gave vent to a flood of tears, which ended by unmaning the boy as well. And then they shut up the window carefully and nothing more was seen of them that night.

Mrs. Lawson, the widow, was a mild, lady-like person, whose face bore the marks of recent affliction, and whose whole appearance and manners were those of a loving, gentle, unenergetic, and helpless woman, whom sorrow could well crush beyond all power of resistance. The boy was a tall, thin youth, with a hectic flush and a hollow cough, eyes bright and restless, and as manifestly nervous as his mother was the reverse in temperament—anxious and restless, and conditionally taxing his strength beyond its power, making himself seriously ill in his endeavors to save his beloved mother some small trouble. They seemed to be very tenderly attached one to the other, and to supply to each all that was wanting in each: the mother's gentleness soothing down her boy's excitability, and the boy's nervousness rousing the mother to exertion. They were interesting people—so lonely, apparently so unfit to "rough" it in the world; the mother so gentle in temper, and the son so frail in constitution—two people who ought to have been protected from all ill and all cares, yet who had such a bitter cup to empty, such a harsh fate

They were very poor. The mother used to go out with a small basket on her arm, which could hold but scanty supplies for two full grown people. Yet this was the only store they had; for no baker, no butcher, no milkman, grocer, or poultryer, ever stopped at the area gate of Miss Rebecca Spong; no purveyor of higher grade than a cat's-meat-man was ever seen to hand provisions into the depths of Number Nineteen's darkness. The old maid herself was poor; and she, too, used to do her marketing on the basket principle; carrying home, generally

to the shop for a little more to buy some more butter for the moderate price

20 July, from desolate blazes weather from the sail

to go out and see the day 21 July from the ash on the front of the house to the garden to the park

12 July from the breeze at N.W. & S. wind and the heading of the breeze of W.

12 July to the breeze from the wind of the changing of the wind E. & S. E. the South

proaches. She asked him how he had got so much money—so much! and then he told her how, self-taught, he had learned to cut out figures—dogs and landscapes—in colored paper, which he had taken to the bazaars and stationers' shops, and there disposed of—for a mere trifle truly. "For this kind of thing is not fashionable, mother, though I think the Queen likes them," he said; "and of course, if not fashionable, I could not get very much for them." So he contented himself, and consoled her, for the small payment of either sixpence or a shilling, which perhaps was all he could earn by three or four days work.

The mother gently blamed him for his imprudence in exposing himself as he had done to the wet and cold—and, alas! these had told sadly on his weakened frame; but Herbert was so happy to night, that she could not damp his pleasure, even for maternal love; so she reserved the lecture which must be given until to-morrow. And then his out-door expeditions were peremptorily forbidden; and Miss Spong was called up to strengthen the prohibition—which she did effectually by offering, in her little, quick, nervous way, to take Herbert's cuttings to the shops herself, and thus to spare him the necessity of doing so. Poor Mrs. Lawson went up to the little woman, and kissed her cheek like a sister as she spoke; while Miss Spong, so utterly unused as she had been for years to the smallest demonstrations of affection, looked at first bewildered and aghast, and finally sank down on the chair in a childish fit of crying. I cannot say how much the sight of that little old maid's tears affected me! They seemed to speak of such long years of heart loneliness—such loving impulses strangled by the chill hand of solitude—such weary familiarity with that deadness of life wherein no sympathy is bestowed, no love awakened—that I felt as if witnessing a dead man called to life, after all that made life pleasant had fled. What a sorrowful house that Number Nineteen was! From the desolate servant-of-all-work at her first place from the Foundling, to the half starved German in the attics, every inmate of the house seemed to have nothing but the bitter bread of affliction to eat—nothing but the salt waters of despair to drink.

And now began another epoch in the Lawson history, which shed a sad but most beautiful light over the fading day of that young life.

A girl of about fourteen—she might have been a year or so younger—was once sent from one of the stationer's shops to conclude some bargain with the sick paper-cutter. I saw her slender figure bound up the desolate steps with the light tread of youth, as if she had been a divine being entering the home of human sorrow. She was one of those saintly children who are sometimes seen blooming like white roses, unstained by time or by contact. Her hair hung down her neck in long, loose curls, among which the sunlight seemed to have fairly lost itself, they were so golden bright; her eyes were large, and of that deep, dark gray which is so much more beautiful, because so much more intellectual, than any other color eyes can take; her lips were fresh and youthful; and her figure had all that girlish grace of fourteen which combines the unconscious innocence of the child with the exquisite modesty of the maiden. She soon became the daily visitor of the Lawsons—pupil to Herbert.

The paper-cutting was not wholly laid aside though; in the early morning, and in the evening, and often late into the night, the thin, wan fingers were busy about their task; but the middle of the day was snatched like an hour of sleep in the midst of pain—garnered up like a fountain of sweet waters in the wilderness; for then it was that little Jessie came for her Latin lesson, which she used to learn so well, and take such pleasure in, and be doubly diligent about, because poor Herbert Lawson was ill, and vexation would do him harm. Does it seem strange that a stationer's daughter should be so lovely, and should learn Latin? And there those two children used to sit for three dear hours of the day; she, leaning over her book, her sweet young face bent on her task with a look of earnest intellectuality in it, that made her like some sainted maid of olden times, and he watching her every movement, and listening to every syllable, with a rapt interest such as only very early youth can feel. How happy he used to look! How his

face would lighten up, as if an angel's wing had swept over it, when the two little taps at the door heralded young Jessie! How his boyish reverence, mixed with boyish care, gave his wasted features an expression almost unearthly, as he hung over her so protectingly, so tenderly, so adoringly! It was so different from a man's love! There was something so exquisitely pure and spiritual in it—something so reverential and so chivalrous—it would have been almost a sin to have had that love grow out into a man's strong passion! The flowers she brought him—and seldom did a day pass without a fresh supply of violets, and, when the weather was warmer, of primroses and cowslips, from her

gentle hand—all these were cherished more than gold would have been cherished; the books she lent him were never from his side; if she touched one of the paltry ornaments on the chimney piece, that ornament was transferred to his own private table; and the chair she used was always kept apart and sacred to her return.

It was very beautiful to watch all these manifestations; for I did watch them, first from my own window, then in the house, in the midst of the lonely family, comforting when I could not aid, and sharing in the griefs I could not lessen. Under the new influence, the boy gained such loveliness and spiritualism, that his face had an angelic character, which, though it made young Jessie feel a strange kind of loving awe for the sick boy, betokened to me, and to his mother, that his end was not far off.

He was now too weak to sit up, excepting for a small part of the day; and I feared that he would soon become too weak to teach, even in his gentle way, and with such a gentle pupil. But the Latin exercises still held their place; the books lying on the sofa instead of on the table, and Jessie sitting by him on a stool, where he could overlook her as she read: this was all the change; unless indeed, that Jessie read aloud more than formerly, and not always out of a Latin book. Sometimes it was poetry, and sometimes it was the Bible that she read to him; and then he used to stop her, and pour forth such eloquent, such rapturous remarks on what he heard, that Jessie used to sit and watch him like a young angel holding converse with a spirit. She was beginning to love him very deeply in her innocent, girlish, unconscious way; and I used to see her bounding step grow sad and heavy as, day by day, her brother-like tutor seemed to be sinking from earth so fast.

Thus passed the winter, poor Mrs. Lawson toiling painfully at her task, and Herbert falling into death in his; but with such happiness in his heart as made his sufferings divine delights, and his weakness, the holy strength of heaven.

He could do but little at his paper-cutting now, but still he persevered; and his toil was well repaid, too, when he gave his mother the scanty payment which he received at the end of the week, and felt that he had done his best—that he had helped her forward—that he was no longer an idler supported by her sorrow—but that he had braced the burden of labor on to his own shoulders also, weak as they were, and had taken his place, though dying, among the manifold workers of the world. Jessie brought a small weekly contribution also, neatly sealed up in fair white paper; and of these crumpled scraps Herbert used to cut angels and cherubs' heads, which he would sit and look at for hours together; and then he would pray as if in a trance—so earnest and heartfelt was it—while tears of love, not grief, would stream down his face, and his lips moved in blessings on that young maiden child.

It came at last. He had fought against it long and bravely: but death is a hard adversary, and cannot be withstood, even by the strongest. It came stealing over him like an evening cloud over a star—leaving him still beautiful, while blotting out his light—softening and purifying, while slowly obliterating his place. Day by day, his weakness increased; day by day his pale hands grew paler, and his hollow cheek more wan. But the love in the boy's heart hung about his sick-bed as flowers that have an eternal fragrance from their birth.

Jessie was ever a daily visitor, though no longer now a scholar; and her presence had all the effect of religion on the boy—he was so calm, and still, and holy, while she was there. When she was gone, he was sometimes restless, though never peevish; but he would get nervous, and unable to fix his mind on anything, his sick head turning incessantly to the window, as if vainly watching for a shadowy hope, and his thin fingers plucking ceaselessly at his bed-clothes, in restless, weary, unsoothed sorrow. While she sat by him, her voice sounding like low music in his ears, and her hands wandering about him in a thousand offices of gentle comforting, he was like a child sinking softly to sleep—a soul striving upward to its home, beckoned on by the hands of the holier sister before it.

And thus he died—in the bright spring-time of the year, in the bright spring-time of his life. Love had been the cradle song of his infancy, love was the requiem of his youth. His was no romantic fable, no heroic epic; adventures, passions, fame, made up none of its incidents; it was the simple history of a boy's manifold struggling against fate—of the quiet heroism of endurance, compensated by inward satisfaction, if not by actual happiness.

True, his career was in the low-lying paths of humanity; but it was none the less beautiful and pure, for it is not deeds, it is their spirit, which makes men noble, or leaves them stained. Had Herbert Lawson been a warrior, statesman, hero, philosopher, he would have shown no other nature than that which gladdened the heart of

his widowed mother, and proved a life's instruction to Jessie Hamilton, in his small deeds of love and untaught words of faith in the solitude of that lodging house. Brave, pure, noble then, his sphere only would have been enlarged, and with his sphere the weight and power of his character; but his spirit would have been the same, and in the dying child it was as beautiful as it would have been in the renowned philosopher.

We have given this simple story—simple in all its bearings—as an instance of how much real heroism is daily enacted, how much true morality daily cherished, under the most unfavorable conditions. A widow and her young son cast on the world without sufficient means of living—a brave boy battling against poverty and sickness combined, and doing his small endeavor with manful constancy—a dying youth, whose whole soul is penetrated with love, as with a divine song: all these are elements of true human interest, and these are circumstances to be found in every street of a crowded city. And to such as these is the divine mission of brotherly charity required; for though poverty may not be relieved by reason of our inability, suffering may always be lightened by our sympathy. It takes but a word of love, a glance of pity, a gentle kiss of affection—it takes but an hour of our day, a prayer at night, and we may walk through the sick world and the sorrowful as angels dropping balm and comfort on the wounded. The cup of such human love as this poured freely out will prove in truth "twice blessed," returning back to our own hearts the peace we have shed on others. Alas! alas! how thick the harvest and how few the reapers!

We copy the following article from *The Ecclectic*, a very good family paper, which is published in Portland, and which, as we said a week or two ago, we should think better if it should see fit to give credit for the articles with which its columns are enriched.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

A certain individual whom we shall call Bullard, was one of the most cross-grained and peevish of men. It was misery to be near him. He grumbled and snarled incessantly and found fault with every one and every thing around him. Nothing seemed to please him. He seemed to exist in one perpetual foment of irascible impatience, uncomfortable himself, and sowing the seeds of anger, fretfulness and discord wherever he appeared. His home was especially unhappy. Bitter retorts and passionate invective obtained dominant sway. He constantly railed at his wife and she replied in the same unloving strain; the children quickly imbibed a like vindictive habit, until such a thing as a pleasant look or kindly word was never known among them.

One day Mr. Bullard was returning to his cheerless dwelling, more feverish in temper than was his wont, in consequence of some disappointment, ready to vent his angry spleen upon his family as soon as he arrived. If the supper was not ready to sit down to at the very moment, he would almost turn the house upside down and strike his wife to the quick with his taunting complaints. But chancing to approach a little sunny-haired girl, whose mild blue eyes and loving face were such a picture of bursting kindness as he had never seen before, an incident occurred which effected a complete revolution in his peevish frame of mind and planted a new feeling in his turbulent breast. The girl and one evidently her older brother, were playing with a small carriage; and, suddenly turning near a stone step, she accidentally struck the carriage against one corner, and broke it into atoms. In a passionate burst of anger, the boy advanced, and struck his sister a severe blow in the face, with his clenched hand, and stamped his feet in a tempest of fury upon the ground.

But, instead of returning the blow and revengeful speech, after an involuntary cry of pain, the noble girl laid her hand gently on her brother's arm, and looking sorrowfully into his flushed face, softly said, "Oh, brother Tom! I did not think you would do that." In a moment, as if stung by a hot iron, the boy shrunk back, and hung his head in shame and conscience stricken pain. Then he said, "Forgive me, dear Helen, I will never do it again." And scarce had the penitent words left his lips, when his sister's arms were thrown around his neck, and forgiveness sobbed on his breast. Here was a lesson for Bullard! At first he was quite stunned by it; he could not understand it. It was something utterly beyond his philosophy. But he felt that it had somehow done him good. Bit by bit, as he proceeded on, his own angry feelings vanished, till he felt more calm and kindly than he had done for years. Yea, he was softened to his heart's core, and he felt something very like moisture springing to his eyes.

Little noting the wonderful change which had

taken place in her husband's temper, Mrs. Bullard was dreading his arrival home, for supper was not near ready, and she had had the misfortune to burn the cakes she had baked for that meal. And the children, copying from her, were unusually cross and bad. In vain she had scolded and whipped them; they only snarled and struck each other, and almost drove her distracted with their quarreling confusion.

Mr. Bullard entered, and whatever could be the matter, Mrs. Bullard could scarcely give credit to her senses. Instead of dashing the door behind him in a pettish crash, and stamping his way forward to the kitchen, he took the crying baby from its bed, and hushed it with the softest and most endearing words he had ever used. And his face had a smile on it—a real, kind, sunshiny smile. What strange wonder was this? Mrs. Bullard was, at first, struck quite dumb with astonishment, and the children stared at their changed father as if at a loss to seek the mystery out. He spoke, and actually said, "Mary, is supper nearly ready? I'm as hungry as a hunter!" Their wonder increased more and more. The children hardly seemed assured whether it was their father or not; and Mrs. Bullard scarcely knew whether to believe in the evidence of her eyes and ears. But the change was real. Already a blessed feeling diffused through the family circle, like unto the falling of the morning dew, or the fragrant breath of summer flowers. At first, hesitatingly, Mrs. Bullard replied—"Supper will be ready directly. But I am so sorry these cakes are burned. Must Willie run to the bakery for a loaf?" "No, never mind," returned Mr. Bullard, "we can scrape off the burned part, and then they will taste as well as need be."

And taste as well they did, and better than cakes had tasted in the Bullard dwelling for a long time before. Not one jarring speech marred the pleasantness of that happy meal. Mr. Bullard's kindly speech and smiling face had descended to his wife, and from both became reflected in their children. The house looked brighter. The beautiful mantle of cheerfulness had fallen on it, and there was unutterable music in the very ticking of the old clock. Mrs. Bullard cried with delight, when she saw the baby crowing in its smiling father's lap; and he promised, if the elder ones would be good, to take them on a nice walk with him on the next Sabbath day. And she resolved never more to speak a peevish or angry word again, if constant watchfulness could prevent their utterance, but retain the peaceful happiness which only kind words and smiles can bring. A happy influence, too, was exerted on the children. They no longer saw peevishness and anger in their parents; and gradually, but surely, lost it in themselves. And Mr. Bullard, whenever he felt his old bad feelings rising up, to find an outer vent, called to mind the conduct of the blue-eyed girl, and resolutely crushed them down.

Reader, believe us, kind words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home the world can show. Use them, and especially round the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and more precious to heal the wounded heart, and make the weighed-down spirit glad, than all other blessings the earth can give.

THE APPRENTICE.

A young man, whose father was in easy circumstances, was desirous of learning the printing business; his father consented, on condition that the son should board at home and pay for his board, out of the avails of his special perquisites, during his apprenticeship. The young man thought this rather hard, but when he was of age and master of his trade, his father said, "Here, my son, is the money paid to me for board during your apprenticeship. I never intended to keep it, but have retained it for your use, and with it I give you as much more as will enable you to commence your business."

The wisdom of the old man was now apparent to the son, for while his fellows had contracted bad habits in the expenditure of similar perquisites and were now penniless and in vice, he was enabled to commence business respectably; and he now stands at the head of publishers in this country, while most of his former companions are poor, vicious and degraded.

WIT. The satirical epitaph written upon King Charles II., at his own request, by his witty favorite, the Earl of Rochester, is said to be not more severe than it is just:

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

In one of the New England States, the little church bell in Chester village rung merrily in the clear morning air of a bright summer's day. It was to call the people together, and they all obeyed its summons—for who among the aged, middle aged or the young, did not wish to witness the marriage ceremonies of their favorite—Ellen Lawton? Ere the tolling of the bell had ceased, the gray-haired man was leaning on the finger worn ball of his staff, in a corner of his antiquated pew; the robust farmer came next, followed by his rosy-cheeked boys and girls, while the dignified matron brought up the rear.

The church soon became quiet, and then all eyes were turned towards the door. Presently a tall form entered—that of a handsome man, apparently about thirty years of age, on whose arm was leaning, in sweet and child-like trust, the young and loved Ellen Lawton, who looked more beautiful in her angel loveliness than ever before, even to the eyes of the villagers, to whom she ever was 'a thing of beauty' and 'a joy forever.' If thus she looked to familiar eyes, how transcendently beautiful must she have appeared to him who this hour was to make her his own chosen bride—the wife of his heart? They stood before the altar; he cast his dark eye upon her; she raised hers, beaming in their blue depths, full of love and tenderness; and as they met his the orange blossoms trembled slightly in her auburn tresses, and the rose deepened on her cheek. The voice of the man of God was heard; and soon Frederick Gorton had promised to 'love, cherish and protect,' and Ellen Lawton was pledged to 'love, honor and obey.'

As it ever is, so it was there, an interesting occasion—one that might well cause the eye to fill with tears, the heart to hope, fearfully but earnestly, that that young girl's dreams may not too soon fade; that in him to whom she has given her heart, she may ever find a firm friend, a ready counsellor, a kind and forbearing spirit, a sympathising interest in all her thoughts and emotions. On this occasion many criticising glances were thrown upon the handsome stranger, and many whispers were circulated.

'I fear,' said a deacon's lady, 'that he is too proud and self-willed for our gentle Ellen!' and she took off her spectacles, as if she supposed they were as wearied of the long scrutiny as her own eyes.

Is there any truth in the good lady's suspicion? Look at Frederick Gorton, as he stands there in his stateliness, towering above his bride, like the oak of the forest above the flower at his foot. His eye is very dark and very piercing, but how full of tenderness as he casts it upon Ellen's upturned face! His brow is lofty, and pale, and stern, but partially covered with long, dark hair, with which lady's fingers had never toyed. His cheeks were as if chiselled from marble, so perfect had the hand of nature formed them. His mouth—another than one of Ellen's unpenetrating discernment would have been reminded of Shakspere's couplet—

'O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip.'

There was about it that compression so indicative of firmness, which, while it commands respect, as often wins love.

A perfect contrast to him was the fairy thing at his side; gentle as the floating breeze of evening, trusting, as true-hearted woman ever is, lovely, amiable and beautiful, she was just one to win a strong man's love; for there is something grateful to a proud man in having a delicate, gentle, confiding girl place all her love and trust in him, and making all her happiness derivable from his will and wish. Heaven's blessing rest upon him who fulfils faithfully that trust reposed in him; but woe be unto him who remembers not his vows to love and to cherish.

The marriage service over, the friends of Ellen pressed eagerly around her, offering many wishes for her long life and happiness. The gray-haired man, and an aged mother in Israel, laid their hands on the young bride's fair head, and fervently prayed that God would bless her; and not a few there were who gave glances upward to Frederick Gorton, and impressively said:

'Love as we have loved, the treasure God transfers to thee.'

The widowed mother of Ellen gazed upon the scene with mingled emotions. Ellen was her

eldest child, and had been her pride, her joy and delight since the death of her husband, many years before. She was giving her to a stranger, whose reputation as a man of talent, of worth and honorable position in the world, was unquestioned; but of whose private character she had no means of acquiring knowledge. Yet all might be well; and she could only hope, and trust in her heavenly Father.

For the two previous years Ellen had been to a boarding school in a neighboring State, on the anniversary days of which she had taken an active part in the examination. Frederick Gorton, who was one of the Board, was so much pleased with her that he made minute inquiries in regard to her character, which were answered in a manner entirely satisfactory, for Ellen had been a general favorite at school, as well as in her own village. Afterwards he called upon her frequently, and on her final return home, Frederick Gorton, who had ever been so confident in his eternal old bachelorship, accompanied her, and sought her from her mother as his bride.

Seldom does one so gifted seek favor of a lady in vain, and Ellen Lawton, hitherto unsought and unwon, yielded up in silent worship her whole heart, that had involuntarily bowed itself in his presence, and became as a child in reverence.

But Frederick Gorton had lived nearly thirty-five years of his life among men. His mother had died in his infancy, his father soon after, and he, an only child, had been educated under the direction of an old bachelor uncle. The influence of woman had never been exerted on his heart. In his boyhood he had formed, from reading works of fiction, an idea of women as perfection in all things; but as he grew in years and in wisdom, and learned the falsity of many youthful ideas and dreams, he discarded the opinion which he had entertained of woman, and, knowing nothing of her but her vanity and love of pleasure, he cherished for her not much respect, and regarded her as an inferior, to whom, he thought in his pride, he at least would never level himself by marriage. He smiled scornfully, on learning his appointment as trustee of the female school, and boasted to his friends that any array of female beauty would fail to captivate his affections.

But we will return to that bright morning when Ellen Lawton had returned from the village church to her childhood home as Ellen Gorton, and was to leave it for a new home. After entering the parlor, Mr. Gorton said,

'Now, Ellen, we will be ready to start in a few moments as possible.'

'Yes,' answered Ellen; 'but I wish to go over to Aunt Mary's, just to say "Good bye" to her.'

'But, my dear,' answered Frederick, 'there is not time,' looking at his watch.

'Just a moment,' persisted Ellen. 'I will hurry. I promised Aunt Mary, and she is sick and cannot leave her room.'

And as Frederick answered not, she could see the impatience expressed on his countenance, and she hastily departed. Aunt Mary had innumerable kisses to bestow upon her favorite, and many words and wishes to utter, brokenly, in a voice choked with tears; and it was many minutes ere she could tear herself away, and on her return she met several loiterers from the church, who stopped her to look at her sweet face once more, and listen to her sweet voice again. She hurried on—Mr. Gorton met her at the door, and said, sternly,

'Ellen, I wish you not to delay a moment in parting from your friends. You have already kept me waiting too long.'

There was no tenderness in his voice as he uttered this, and it felt like a weight upon Ellen's heart, already saddened at the thought of parting with her mother and friends.

When it was over, and as the carriage rolled away, Ellen grieved bitterly. Mr. Gorton, who really loved his bride, sincerely and fondly, encircled her waist with his arm, and said kindly,

'Do you feel, Ellen, that you have made too great a sacrifice in leaving home and friends for me?'

'O, no!' said Ellen. 'No sacrifice could be too great to make you; but do you not know I have left all I had to love before I saw you?—And they will miss me at home, and will think of me, how often, too, when I shall be thinking of you only. Think it not strange that I weep.'

But, nevertheless, Mr. Gorton did think it strange. He had no idea of the tender associations clustering around one's home. He had no

idea of the depth, and richness, and sweetness of a mother's love, of a sister's yearning fondness for they ever had been denied him; consequently the emotions that thrilled the heart of his bride could find no response, and met with no sympathy in his own. It was rather with wonder than with any other sensation that he regarded her sorrow. Was she not entering upon a new and higher sphere of life? Was she not to be the mistress of a splendid mansion? Was she not to be the envy of many and many a one who had feigned every attraction and exerted every effort for the station she was to assume? and should she weep with this in view?

Thus Mr. Gorton thought—as man often reasons.

After having proceeded a little distance, they came within view of an humble cottage, when Ellen said,

'I must stop here, Mr. Gorton, and see Grandma Nichols (she was an elderly member of the church to which Ellen belonged). When I last saw her she said, as she should not be able to walk to church to see me married, I must call on her, or she should think me proud. I will stop for a moment—just for a moment,' she added, after a pause, observing he did not answer.

They were just opposite the cottage at that moment, yet he gave no orders to stop. With a fresh burst of tears, Ellen exclaimed,

'Please, Mr. Gorton, let me see her. I may never see her again, and she will think I did not care to bid her a last farewell.'

But Mr. Gorton said,

'Really, Ellen, I am very much surprised at the apparent necessity of trifles to make your happiness. You went to see your aunt after I had assured you there was not time. I wish you to remember that your little wishes and whims, however important they may seem to you, cannot seem of sufficient importance to me to interfere with my arrangements. What matters it if my bride does not say farewell to an old woman whom I never heard of, and whom I never shall think of again, and who will soon probably die, and cease to remember that you slighted her?'

And he laid Ellen's head upon his shoulder, and, wiping the tears from her face, wondered of what incomprehensible nature she was.

But it did matter to her, in more respects than one, that she was not permitted to call at the cottage. A mind so sensitive as Ellen's feels the least neglect and the slightest reproof, and is equally pained by giving cause for pain, as receiving. Besides, how much was expressed in that last sentence of Mr. Gorton's accompanying the denial of her simple request. How much contained in that denial too! How plainly she read in it the future! How fully did it reveal the disposition of him by whose will she saw she was hereafter to be governed. Though her mind was full of these thoughts, there was no less of love for him—love in Ellen could never change—though she wondered, too, how he could refuse what seemed to her so easy to grant. And so they both silently pursued their way, wondering in their hearts as to the nature of each other. This, however, did not continue long, and soon Ellen's tears ceased to flow, and she listened, delighted, to the eloquent words of her gifted husband, spoken in the most musical and rich of all voices.

Woman will have love for her husband so long as she has admiration, and Ellen knew she would never cease to admire the talents and brilliant acquisitions of Frederick Gorton.

After several days' travel through a delightfully romantic country, they reached the town of M——, where was the residence of Mr. Gorton. It was an elegant mansion, the exterior planned and finished in the most tasteful and handsome style, the interior equally so, and furnished with all that a young bride of the most cultivated taste could desire. The eye of Ellen was delighted and surprised even to tears; and inaudibly, but fervently in her heart, she murmured, 'How devotedly will I love him who has provided for me so much comfort and splendor, and how cheerfully will I make sacrifices of my feelings—my wishes and my whims—for him who has loved me so much as to make me his wife;' and she gazed into her husband's face through her tears, and kissed reverently his hand.

'Why weep you, Ellen, are you not pleased?'

O, yes, but you have done too much for me. I can never repay you, only in my love, which is

o boundless I have not dared to breathe it all to you, nor could I.

Gorton looked upon her in greater astonishment than before. Tears he had ever associated with sorrow; and surely, thought he, here is no occasion for tears; and he said,

'Well, if you love me, you will hasten to wipe away those tears, and let me see you in smiles. I do not often smile myself, therefore the more need for my lady to do so. Moreover, we may expect a multitude of callers; and think, Ellen, of the effect of any one's seeing the bride in tears.'

It is unnecessary to say that Ellen was admired and loved by all the friends of her husband; and many bachelor friends who came to sympathise and console, remained to congratulate him.

Meanwhile, time passed, and though Ellen was daily called upon to yield her own particular references to Mr. Gorton's, as she had done even on her bridal day, she was comparatively happy. Had she possessed less keenness of sensibility, she might have been happier; or had Mr. Gorton possessed more, that he could have understood her, many tears would have been spared her. Oftentimes, things comparatively trifling to him would wound the sensitive nature of Ellen most painfully, and he of course would have no conception why they should thus affect her.

Occupied as he was, mostly with worldly transactions and political affairs, Ellen's mind often, in his absence, reverted to the scenes of her youth and her childhood home, her mother and the bright band of her young sisters, and longings would come up in her heart to behold them once more.

Two years having passed without her having seen one member of her family, she one day asked Mr. Gorton if it would not be convenient soon to make a visit to Chester. He answered that his engagements would not admit of it at present; and coldly and cruelly asked if she had yet heard of Grandma Nichols' decease. Ellen answered not, and bent her head over the face of the little Frederick, who was sleeping, to hide her ears. Perceiving her emotion, however, he added,

'Ellen, I assure you it is impossible for me to comply with your wish, but I will write to your mother and urge her to visit us; will not that suffice?'

Ellen's face brightened as with a beam of sunshine, and springing to her husband's side, she hid her glowing cheek upon his, and then smiled upon him so sweetly that even the cold heart of Frederick Gorton glowed with a warmth unusual. Seven years passed away, leaving their shadows the sun does. And Ellen—

'But mother care, or lurking wo,
Her thoughtless, sinless look had banished,
And from her cheek the roseate glow
Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanished;
Within her eyes, upon her brow,
Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,
As if in dreams her vision'd wo
Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper.'

Never yet since that bright bridal morn, had Ellen looked upon her native village, though scarcely three hundred miles separated her from

Now her heart beat quick and joyfully, for her husband had told her that business would call him to that vicinity in a few days, and she might accompany him. With all the wilful eagerness of a child, she set her heart on that visit, and from morning till night she would talk with her little friends of the journey to what seemed to her the lightest, most sacred spot on earth, next to her present home. And the home of one's childhood! no matter how sweet, how dear and beloved the time the heart afterwards loves, it never forgets, it never ceases most fondly to turn back to the memories, and the scenes, and the friends of its early years.

One fault, if fault it might be called, among so many excellencies to Ellen's character, was that of 'putting off till to-morrow what should be done to-day.' This had troubled Mr. Gorton exceedingly, who, prompt himself, would naturally wish others to be so also; and notwithstanding his constant complaints, and Ellen's desire to please him, she had not yet overcome her nature in that respect, though she had greatly improved. The evening preceding the intended departure, Mr. Gorton said to his wife,

'Now, Ellen, I hope you will have everything in readiness for an early departure in the morning. Have the boys and yourself all ready the moment the carriage is at the door, for you know I do not like to be obliged to wait.'

Almost before the stars had disappeared in the sky, Ellen was busy in her final preparations.—She was sure she should have everything in season, and wondered how her husband could think otherwise, on an occasion in which she had so much interest. Several minutes before the appointed time, Ellen had all in readiness for departure, the trunks all packed and locked, the children in their riding dresses and caps, and proceeding from her dressing-room to the front hall door, she was thinking that this time, certainly she should not hear the so oft-repeated complaint, 'Ellen, you are always too late!' when, to her dismay, she met Georgie, her youngest boy, dripping with mud and water from the brook, whence he had just issued, where, he said, he had ventured in chase of a goose, which had impudently hissed at him, which insult the young boy, a spirited knight of the regular order, could not brook, and in his wrath had pursued the offender to his place of retreat, much to the detriment of his dress.

Ellen was in consternation; but one thing was evident—Georgie's dress must be changed. With trembling hands she unlocked a trunk, and sought for a change of dress, while the waiting-maid proceeded to disrobe the child.

Just at that moment Mr. Gorton entered, saying the carriage was at the door. Various things had occurred that morning to perplex him, and he was in a bad humor. Seeing Ellen thus engaged with the trunk, as he thought not half packed, various articles being upon the carpet, and Georgie in no wise ready, the cloud came over his brow, and he said, harshly,

'I knew it would be thus, Ellen; I never knew you to be in readiness yet; but you know I am not to trifle with.'

And with this, not heeding the explanation she attempted to make, he seized his valise and left the room. Jumping into the carriage, he commanded the driver to proceed.

Ellen heard the carriage rolling away in astonishment. She ran to the door and watched it in the distance. But she thought it could not be possible he had gone without her—he would return; and she hastened the maid, and still kept watching at the door. She waited in vain, for he returned not.

The excitement into which Ellen was thrown by the anticipation of meeting her friends once more, may be readily imagined by those similarly constituted with her, and the reaction occasioned by her disappointment, also. Her heart had been entirely fixed upon it, and what cruelty was it in her husband to deprive her thus unreasonably of so great enjoyment—to her so exquisite a pleasure!

In the sudden rush of her feelings she recalled the last seven years of her life, and could recollect no instance in which she had failed doing all in her power to contribute to her husband's happiness. On the other hand, had he not often wounded her feelings unnecessarily? Had he ever denied himself anything for her sake? but he had required of her sacrifice of her own wishes to his.

The day wore away, and the night found Ellen in a burning fever. The servant who went for the physician in the early morning, said she had raved during the latter part of the night. As the family physician entered the room, she said, mildly,

'O, do not go and leave me! I am all ready; all ready. Do not go; it will kill me if you go.'

The doctor took her hand; it was very hot, and her brow was terribly throbbing and burning. He remained with her the greater part of the day, but the attack of fever on the brain had been so violent that no attempt for relief was of avail.

She grew worse; and about midnight, with 'O, do not go, Mr. Gorton, do not go and leave me!' her spirit took its flight.

And the morning dawned on Ellen in her death-sleep, dawned as beautifully as the bright one when the bell rung merrily for their bridal. Now the dismal death notes pealed forth the departure of her spirit to a brighter world. Would not even an angel weep to look upon one morning and then upon the other?

The birds from the cage at the window poured forth their songs; but they fell unheeded on the ears they had so often delighted. The voices of Fred and Georgie, even as music to the loving heart of the young mother, would fall thrillingly on her ears no more. She lay there, still and cold; her dreams over, her hopes all passed by, the sun of her young life set, and how?

People came in, one after another, to look on her, and wept that one so young and good should die. They closed her eyes, they laid her in her grave clothes, and folded her pale hands, and there she lay!

And now we leave the chamber of the too early dead. Mr. Gorton's feelings of anger soon subsided. In a few hours he felt oppressed with a sense of the grief Ellen would experience. His feelings prompted him to return to her. Several times he put his head out of the window to order the driver to return, but, his pride intervening, he as often desisted. Yet his mind was ill at ease. He, also, involuntarily reviewed the period of his wedded life. He recalled the goodness, and patience, and sweetness which Ellen had ever shown him, the warm love she had ever evinced for him, and his heart seemed to appreciate, for the first time, the value and character of Ellen. He felt how unjust and unkind he had often been to her; he wondered he could have been so; and resolved that, henceforth, he would show her more tenderness.

As he stopped for the night at a public house, his resolution was to return early in the morning. But his business must be attended to. It was a case of emergency. He finally resolved to entrust it with a lawyer acquaintance, who lived a half day's ride distance from the place where he then was. This he did, and about noon the following day returned homeward. He was surprised at his own uneasiness and impatience. He had never so longed to meet Ellen. He fancied his meeting with her, her joy at his return, her tears at her disappointment, his happiness in restoring her heart to happiness by an increasing tenderness of manner, and by instantly gratifying her wish to return home.

All day and all night he travelled. It was early morning when he arrived at his own door. He was surprised at the trembling emotions and quickened beating of his heart, as he descended the steps of his carriage, and ascended those to his own door. He passed on to the room of his wife. The light gleamed through a small opening over the door, and he thought he heard whispers. Softly he opened the door. O what a terrible, heart-rending scene was before him! The watchers left the room, and Mr. Gorton stood alone, in speechless agony, before the being made speechless by himself.

The sensibility so long slumbering within his worldly, hardened heart, was aroused to the very keenest of torture. And Ellen, gentle spirit that she was, how would she have grieved to have seen the heart that she loved so overwhelmed with grief, regret, remorse, despair.

'Ellen! my own Ellen!'

But she could not hear.

'I have killed thee, gentlest and best.'

But the kindness of her heart was not open now. 'I forgive thee,' could not fall from those lips so pale. 'I love thee,' could never come upon his ear again, never. And never thrilled his soul, every chord of which was strung to its intensity.

If anything could have added to the grief inconsolable of the man stricken in his sternness and pride, it was the grief of his two motherless boys, as they called on their mother's name in vain, and asked him why she slept so long.

Few knew why Ellen died so suddenly and so young; but while Mr. Gorton preserved in his heart her memory and her virtues, he remembered, and mourned in bitterness and unavailing anguish, that it was his own thoughtless, but not less cruel unkindness, that laid her in her early grave.

Never again came the smile upon his face; and never, though fond mamma's manoeuvred and insinuated, and fair daughters flattered and praised, did he wed again; for his heart was buried with his Ellen, whom he too late loved as he should have loved. His love—

'It came, a sunbeam on a blasted flower.'

Washington Irving, in his beautiful 'Affection for the Dead,' says: 'Go to the grave of buried love and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded. Console thyself if thou canst, with this simple, yet futile tribute of regret, and take warning by this, thine unavailing sorrow for the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties.'

THE WHITE ROSE OF NORMANDIE.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

THE midnight was dark, and the forest was still,
When a terrible light shone o'er valley and hill;
There were sounds dread to hear, and sights fearful
to see
That night, in a castle of fair Normandie.
Oh! sad was the scene when the darkness had fled—
Across the hall portal the Baron lay dead;
His young wife, beside him, though bloody and cold,
Her baby's torn mantle continued to hold.
The true-hearted vassals, with speed and with care,
Searched forest and glen—but no baby was there.
They sought her by land, and they sought her by sea,
But lost was the Heiress of fair Normandie.

* * * * *
In a lone woodland cottage a matron doth dwell—
She has but one daughter, she loves her full well;
She is gentle and good, she is comely to see,
And they call her the White Rose of fair Normandie.
Before that old cottage the maiden doth stand,
A soldier is holding her lily white hand;
But he turns from the damsel, with eyes brimming
o'er,
And speaks to the matron, who spins at the door.
"I have loved her thou know'st—but thou know'st
not how well—

THE STAR OF HOPE.

BY ANNIE ELIZABETH.

Lo, a star is brightly shining
Through the clouds that veil the sky.
And the light of day declining,
Seems to bring its glories nigh.
When the storms of passion raging,
Rudely shatter life's frail bark,
And the elements engaging
War among the waters dark.
When the tempest fiercely rending,
Tears away the shivering sail,
And the voyager lowly bending,
Seems to sink beneath the gale.
Oft amid the clouds upheaving,
Yond the veil of mist afar,
There, a chain of light entwining,
Shines Hope's dimly-twinkling star.
When the night of sorrow o'er us,
Plings its shade of mauling gloom;
And each cherished one before us
Fades away within the tomb.
Then earth seems so dark and lonely,
That we long to be away,
Were it not that one beam only
Greet us with a fadeless ray.
Oh, Hope ever brightly lingers,
Shining o'er the mortal strand,
Pointing on with radiant fingers
To the glorious Heavenly land.



FROM ULRIC.

BY T. S. FAY.

Thus sunk in thought, by chance he raised
His flashing eyes and upward gazed;
And paused, rebuked, awe-struck, amazed,
As glittering vast and high,
Unutterable and sublime,
Untouched by change—unworn by time,
World beyond world in myriad bright,
Evolving circles infinite,
He saw the wondrous sky.

"Thou, God!" he said, "dost walk that plain,
And o'er those fields eternal reign,
Each wheeling sphere control;
Mark each far orb, each sparkling sun,
His radiant race, each comet run,
Each system round thee roll."

Far soaring thus his dazzled gaze,
Through boundless heaven's eternal blaze,
While revelations o'er his soul,
Of holiest truth, like morning stole,
A voice he heard, or seemed to hear,
Beyond the farthest starry sphere,
Beyond where fancy ever trod—
"Tremble thou earth—for I am God."
He listened—all his sin he felt,
And prayed that God to guard from guilt.

"In Christ's name! my petition hear;
From earth—from sin my conscience clear!
Let not my steps from virtue stray!
Hold up my goings in thy way!
And where I tread be holy ground!
And may thy angels hover round!
My falling feet, if left alone,
I know may dash against a stone;
Guide me! and keep me for thy own!
I bow my forehead in the dust,
Save from hell's craft, and life's destroying lust!"

Did fancy dream? or did he hear,
Upon the silent, starry air,
A distant strain—and rushing wings—
Sounds as of angel-wanderings!
And, from aerial voices fell
The words? or came from founts that dwell
In his own breast? Oh who can tell?

"Keep thy heart, Ulric, in the strife;
From it the issues are of life.
Be strong! let never sin o'ertake thee
I will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

Miscellaneous.

ANGEL VISITS.

A happy group of children were gathered round an elm tree, in a pleasant yard near their home. Their mother sat at her work, by an open window, and listened to the joyous voices of her little flock with real delight. There was Jamie, and Kitty, and Lizzie and Ned, and Mary with the baby in her arms, and two older ones at a distance. They were all at play, some in the swing which was a grand one, one jumping a rope, and the boys flying a kite.

They were a happy well-ordered household, and who can describe the joy of such a home. Each child had its appointed place in the family, and their mother, like a queen bee, watched to see that all were well done. And when work and lessons were over then came the joyous, healthy sport of childhood, for which they were far more ready than the pampered children, who have nothing to do the livelong day but follow their own fancies.

The little girls had their alternate weeks of helping their mother tend the baby, dust the furniture, run of errands, and lay the table, for their different meals. Such a busy, happy set of girls it is rare to see. The boys too were full of business, in bringing in the winter's wood and gardening in the summer. What strawberry beds they had, and what quantities of early vegetables, and never were there happier children than when their mother allowed them to carry their full baskets of early fruit to some less favored neighbor.

On the afternoon of which I speak, our little people round the elm tree seemed suddenly to leave their play, and to be in earnest consultation on some matter of great moment. Their mother could not help listening with much interest to their different remarks.

"I know something that you do not know, Miss Annie," said William.

"And I know many things that you do not know," retorted Annie.

"Yes, but this is something very wonderful that is going to happen in the family Annie, that you would like to know about."

Upon this Kitty jumped out of the swing, and Jamie left his kite, and Lizzie, Ned and Mary, all gathered round the two speakers, to hear what was going to happen.

Now William was something of a tease, and having collected his little audience, he thought he would have no better fun than to keep them

in suspense a while.

So he told them that their father and mother had been whispering a great deal for some days, and of course there must be something remarkable about to take place.

"Father and mother whispered, indeed," said Kitty indignantly, "I don't believe it, for I have heard them say, times enough, that there are no secrets in a well ordered family."

"And ours is a well ordered family," said Jamie proudly. "Mr. Stetson told Aunt Agnes so the other day."

"Well little ones, I will tell you all I heard, and you may make what you can out of it. I heard mother say she would have the carpet taken up from the south parlor, and the chairs moved."

"Oh dear!" said Kitty, "who knows but we are going into a new house."

"I don't want to move into a new house," said Mary, "I think this is the best place, and the nicest house, and I am sure this is the very dearest baby in all the world."

"Just as if," said Kitty; "we must have a new baby, because we have a new house. That is too foolish." And upon this the children, one and all, lavished upon the baby such violent embraces, that Annie was forced to interfere, and carry him off.

"Now be quiet children, and hear me out," said William. "We are not going to move away from here, or have a new house, or any thing of the sort. You know father said he could not afford to have a new house these six years. But I heard mother say to him, that she would have the south parlor nicely fitted up.—Then father said, 'Why not the blue chamber?' and mother said because that is so near the nursery, and in the sound of all the children's noise. And father said, 'Ah yes! that's true, the south parlor is much better, and the French bedstead can easily be moved down.'"

"Why I do believe," said Lizzie, interrupting William, "that Aunt Temple must be coming to spend the winter."

"What a wise guess, Miss Lizzy," said Ned. "Great strong Aunt Temple to want the south parlor, and mother's best, low, French bedstead, and to be entirely away from the noise of us children. That is too funny."

"Well!" said William, "Aunt Temple has no thoughts of coming, so you may spare your guesses, and hear the rest. I heard father say, as he left the house, 'Shall we want any new furniture to make the room comfortable? And my mother said, 'We will give up having the new secretaty this year.—We can do very well without it, and I should like to have you get a couch and two nice easy rocking chairs. And father said it was a good thought, and he would certainly get them.'"

"There they are this minute," screamed Ned throwing up his cap and running to open the gate, for a wagon that stood there laden with the furniture.

By this time the good mother had finished her work, and she hastened out to the little group under the old elm tree, where she was greeted with eagerness, and on all sides the question "Oh, Mother what is going to happen!" She soon told them the whole truth. Their grandfather and grandmother, their father's aged parents, were coming to live in the family. The children were all silent after hearing this news. Their mother was distressed to observe the changed expression of their usual happy faces. Since Aunt Helen died, said she, the old people have been very sad and lonely, and your father and I cannot feel comfortable to have them so far from us, through another long cold winter. I shall depend on you, dear children, to help us to make their home here as peaceful as possible.

"Oh dear!" said Kitty, sadly, now we shall have to be as still as mice, I suppose."

"Not always, dear," said her mother, "not in your own part of the house, or in your play hours, when you are generally out of doors.—But I am sure, Kitty, you will be willing to be still, when you see them trying to sleep, and will be glad to have your frolics in another room when they wish to be quiet."

"And I shall have another fire to make these cold winter mornings," said Ned. "It is too bad. I can but just get to school at nine o'clock as it is."

"Suppose you were to rise a few minutes earlier, Ned," said his mother. "I am sure you would be the happier all day for the effort."

"But mother," said Annie "grandmother is so disorderly, she never looks nice and neat, and she is too old to learn new habits. What can we do about it? She will keep coming into the parlor, with her old shabby dress, and her soiled cap and apron on, no matter what company we have there."

"I should not think," said her mother, "that a girl who can sew and clear starch as nicely as my Annie, need find any difficulty about that. When you are a little older, and read 'Guy Mannering,' one of the Waverley novels, you will see how very nicely poor old Dominie Sampson was supplied with new clothes. His

friends used to put the new ones where he expected to find the old, so that he put them on without any fuss at all about it. Now grandmother is old and almost blind, dear Annie, and you could not have a better business than to supply her in the same way. This will save her the worry of thinking about these things herself."

"Now, mother," said Jamie, "I do think they would be a great deal better off where they are, Grandfather fusses and fidgets so that I am sure we children shall annoy him all the time: if we try ever so hard to be good. Sometimes he goes to the window, and wonders who the people are that go by, and calls some one to look; then he pulls there fire to pieces, and don't put it up right, and if ever one of us puts on a stick or alters it in any way, even when he appears to be asleep, he starts up and cries out, 'Stop, stop, stop child, that's no way.'"

"And then mother," said Lizzie, "No one can go out of the room or come into it without his asking what they went for, or what they came back for, and if you ever happen to say you are going to do anything at a particular time, he keeps worrying till the hour comes, comes, and then if you have changed your mind, he is as puzzled as can be."

"Oh, dear!" said Kitty, "it is just so Lizzie, and if any one is going a journey, he wonders why they go now, why they don't put it off to some other time."

"And he is so melancholy, and keeps sighing all the time," said William. "Indeed, Mother, what's the use of their sitting down here to be worried and vexed with us all the time?"

"It is time for me to leave you children," said their mother, "I am sorry to leave you feeling so. What you have just said of your grandparents is true, but these are just so many reasons for their having all the more tenderness and affection. Once their presence was welcomed everywhere, and now the same beautiful traits of character belong to them as ever, but the light of the soul, in very old people is obscured, not put out. It is like a bright lantern in a misty place. But the mists all belonged to the poor, tired, worn-out body, and when that is laid aside the soul shines even more brightly in the presence of God than in its youngest days on earth. And I am grieved that you can look coldly on their age and infirmities, and that you do not reverence them for what they have been, and what they will be, and that you do not wish to make them as happy as you can."

The tea-bell sounded, and the subject was dropped; the discontented little group all followed their mother into the house.

What a beautiful hour in a happy home, is that last hour, bed-time, on Saturday night when the children having come out of their bath their little bodies pure and fresh for the Sabbath, they are led by some guardian friend to array their souls also in the white garments of purity and truth.

These children never lacked this Saturday evening care. Their mother had a dear friend living in the family who was called Aunt Esther. She loved the children dearly, and helped their mother a great deal in the care of them. One of Aunt Esther's peculiar privileges was to spend the last hour before bedtime on Saturdays, with the little folks, to teach them hymns, and read to them a few verses from the Bible. Sometimes, too, she told them stories.

On this evening when she went to the nursery, she found them duller than usual, and she concluded to omit the hymns, till they were in a better mood, and only read to them and tell them stories. The children were not very attentive, till Jamie's attention was suddenly caught, and he cried out, "What was that, Aunt Esther?" She read the verse again,—"Many have entertained angels unawares." "Is that true! do you believe that, Aunt Esther?" said Kitty earnestly. "Yes, I do, my child," replied Aunt Esther. "What! beautiful angels, with bright shining wings?" said Lizzie. "Not exactly," said Aunt Esther, "but I think what is here meant is this: that if we are careful to be kind and loving, and hospitable to those we receive into our houses, we may, now, and then, entertain those who are like the angels, those whom God will make angels, when he takes them to himself."

"Oh, Aunt Esther!" said Annie, "how I wish here in this home, we might entertain angels."

"I have no doubt you do, my dear, and yet I knew some children once, who were very sorry when such beings came to their father's house."

"What naughty, wicked children," said Kitty. "How could they feel so?" "Tell us all about them."

"The story is this," said Aunt Esther. "Two wanderers came to the door of a pleasant house one cold winter evening, hoping for a warm welcome. They had been taking a very long journey, and were almost tired out. In the morning when they started they had beautiful white wings, that seemed to bear them above the earth, so that they could go a long distance in a

hours. They were very loving and faithful, and so kept sweet company together in their flight. They wished to give joy and sunshine to every heart they met. If they came to any old people toiling along the dusty road, forlorn and sad, they came near, and gave them staffs to lean upon, or rested their tired heads on their bosoms. They also carried little children in their arms, watched over them in sickness, provided them with many dainties and pleasures, when they were well, and prayed for them always. This was the way in which they spent the whole of the morning and noon of their journey, but at last evening came on, and they were quite exhausted with all their efforts. Some of the children they had delighted to tend, had died and left them to mourn, and others had gone to new homes far distant. They felt sad and faint, and had no longer any strength to continue their journey alone. Their white wings drooped, as Faith and Hope always droop in weary hearts. They thought of the staffs they had so joyfully parted with at morning, to give to the old people, they met in their path, and though they did not wish them back again, they longed for others like them. It almost seemed as if there were no staffs to be found in their evening. People were all so busy in driving to and fro, and collecting little bits of yellow coin, that they only jostled them out of the way, instead of stopping to help them along. At last the poor wanderers said, "We will go to the house of one of the children we parted with at noon; there are many little ones there who will give us a welcome." So as I told you they came to the door of a pleasant home, and knocked.

The children heard them coming and ran out. When they opened the door they were shocked to see such forlorn shapes standing there. They wanted to see angels and were disappointed. Then the tired travellers said, "Let us come in and sit by your warm fire, for the blood in our veins is almost frozen. Give us some of your sunshine, little children, for we are lonely and sad. Speak to us with your sweet voices, for other sounds are too harsh for us."

Then the little girl said, "We are sorry you will come here, for you look very tired, and we know you will wish us to keep very quiet, so that you may sleep. We are very busy and help our mother a great deal, but we are such merry, bustling children, that we do not love to keep still."

Then the little girl's brother said, "We are sorry you have come here, for you are so cold it will be very hard to keep you warm, and I do not love to keep building fires." And another child said, "We do not love to see you sitting in our parlor. Our mother wears such fresh and clean dresses and looks so sweet and happy that we love to see her there. But your white wings are all soiled, broken from trailing on the ground, and you have been travelling so long and are so tired, and you want wish to renew them."

Another child said, "You are come sad and nervous and would be much happier all alone by yourselves than in our busy home, where everything disturbs and annoys you." And many more things of the same kind they said, but the only answer the wanderers made was, "Give us some of your sunshine, dear children, and warm up our tired hearts with your love and care."

Aunt Esther could not go on, for one little head after another had dropped upon the table and Kitty's sobs were audible. They had quickly comprehended her meaning, and Jamie had already run to the door to call his mother. When their mother came the children all gathered round her and told her how sorry they were for what they had felt in the afternoon, that they were now glad their grand parents were coming, and they would do all they could to help her to make them happy.

Their dear mother had soon good reason to observe that Aunt Esther's story, had produced no transient impression upon them. For the next week the dear old people came to their new home. How joyfully did Jamie make their early morning fire through the long winter. And whenever grandfather said he must walk out how quickly did Lizzie bring his overcoat, and William and Ned station themselves near him ready to start, as his little walking sticks, they said. The old man would smile as he had not smiled for many a long day, to see himself the object of so much care and love. And the children learnt in time to offer their attentions, quietly and without bustle and parade, for their parents taught them that this is the only way to be acceptable to the aged. Annie was glad to follow her mother's hints, with regard to her grandmother's apparel and found it delightful to see her arrayed in her white cap and apron, in a so much easier way, than by fretting at her and teasing her to lay aside the soiled ones.

Kitty, with her clear, earnest voice, answered her grandmother's oft repeated question, with the same gentleness, the twentieth time it was asked, as the first. And she did not then look round among her little brothers and sisters as I have seen some children do, with a look that

seems to say, "You see how this foolish old lady keeps asking questions, and forgetting them as fast as I answer."

Grandmother grew weaker all the time, and would often drop asleep in her chair. Then Kitty would pick up her knitting, that had fallen on the floor, takes up the stitches she had dropped, and put it beside her. Then placing her head in an easy position, she would quietly watch her sleep, with a tenderness in her heart and on her face. Grandmother's sight too failed fast; she could no longer see the baby's sweet face distinctly, but Kitty would hold him near her, and place his little cheek to hers and say, "'Tis just as soft as velvet, grandma, and he has blue eyes just like mother's." And the dear old lady would stroke his little face and say, "Bless his little soul," in a tone that made Kitty tell her brothers and sisters that it was all a mistake that old people had no feeling, as they had always supposed.

Indeed our little folks found they had made many mistakes about old people, that they would never have known, unless their dear grandfather and grandmother lived with them, and they had loved and tried to understand them. Though they were strangely forgetful as to present times and things, yet the slightest question about their early days would give brightness to their faces and animation to their voices. How many stories did they tell of the children of old times. Our little folks were much amused at the oft repeated story of how, then, they never came into a room where their parents were, without a bow or a courtsey, and how they never should have thought of speaking in the presence of older people, except to answer a question. "But times are much changed now," said grandfather, as he noticed the familiarity of Jamie and Kitty, and perhaps it's all just as well, when the children are as good as these are."

An Angel's visit is almost always short. So the children thought, when about a year from this time their grandfather died, after a few day's illness. They would not have believed a year before that they could feel such sorrow at parting from him, but they could not look at his empty rocking chair for many months without sadly missing the beloved form that had occupied it. On the evening of his death they stood by his bedside, and, looked for the last time on his still face beautiful in death. On his pale lips rested a peaceful smile, the smile of an opening heaven, and around his high and noble forehead his white hair floated like aluminous cloud. The children could not bear to leave the spot where he lay, and when all the rest had gone Kitty remained behind. She took from the beloved head a lock of silvery hair, and as it curled round her finger, she made a resolve in her inmost heart which she never forgot. "Dear, blessed old man!" was her thought, "this shall remind me, whenever I look at it, to be loving and devoted and respectful to all old people for your dear sake." When she returned to the parlor she found the rest of the children singing their good night song, and she joined them with her sweet voice, in this verse of her favorite hymn:—

"Speak gently to the aged,
Grieve not the care-worn heart,
The sands of life are almost run,
Let such in each depart."

[Child's Friend.

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.

Obediah Lawson and Watt Dood were neighbors: that is, they live within half a mile of each other, and no person lived between their respective farms, which would have joined, had not a little strip of prairie land extended itself sufficiently to keep them separated. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers; therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people, had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly, a system of petty annoyances was commenced by him, and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, he was beset upon by men and dogs, and most savagely abused. Things progressed thus for nearly a year, and the Quaker a man of decidedly peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received from the hands of his spiteful neighbor. But matters were drawing to a crisis; for Dood, more enraged than ever at the quiet of Obediah, made oath that he would do something before long to wake up the spunk of Lawson. Chance favored his design. The Quaker had a high blooded filly, which he had been careful in raising, and which was just four years old. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her.

One evening a little after sundown, as Watt Dood was passing around his corn field, he discovered the filly feeding in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms, and he conceived the hellish design of throwing off two or three rails of the fence, that the horse might get into his corn during the night. He

did so, and the next morning bright and early, he shouldered his rifle and left the house. Not long after his absence, a hired man, whom he had recently employed, heard the echo of his gun, and in a few minutes Dood, considerably excited and out of breath, came hurrying to his house, where he stated that he had shot at and wounded a buck; that the deer attacked him, and he hardly escaped with his life.

This story was credited by all but the newly employed hand, who had taken a dislike to Watt, and from his manner, suspected that something was wrong. He therefore slipped quietly away from the house, and going through the field in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly, stretched out upon the earth, with a bullet hole through the head, from which the blood was still oozing.

The animal was warm, and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the dwelling of Dood, who met him in the yard, and demanded, somewhat roughly, where he had been.

"I've been to see if your bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's filly," was the instant retort.

Watt paled for a moment, but collecting himself, he fiercely shouted.

"Do you dare to say I killed her?"

"How do you know she is dead?" replied the man.

Dood bit his lip, hesitated a moment, and then turning, walked into the house.

A couple of days passed by, and the morning of the third one had broken, as the hired man met friend Lawson, riding in search of his filly.

A few words of explanation ensued, when with a heavy heart, the Quaker turned his horse and rode home, where he informed the people of the fate of his filly. No threat of recrimination, escaped him; he did not even go to law to recover damages; but calmly awaited his plan and hour of revenge. It came at last.

Watt Dood had a Durham heifer, for which he paid a heavy price, and upon which he counted to make great gains.

One morning just as Obediah, was sitting down, his eldest son came in with the information that neighbor Dood's heifer had broken down the fence, entered the yard, and after eating most of the cabbages, had trampled the well-made beds and the vegetables they contained, out of all shape, a mischief impossible to repair.

"And what did thee do with her Jacob?" quietly asked Obediah.

"I put her in the farm yard."

"Did thee beat her?"

"I never struck her a blow."

"Right, Jacob—right; sit down to thy breakfast, and when done eating I will attend to the heifer."

Shortly after he had finished his repast, Lawson mounted a horse, and rode over to Dood's, who was sitting under the porch in front of his house, and who, as he beheld the Quaker dismount, supposed he was coming to demand pay for his filly, and secretly swore he would have to go to law for it if he did.

"Good morning, neighbor Dood; how is thy family exclaimed Obediah, as he mounted the steps and seated himself in a chair.

"All well, I believe," was the crusty reply.

"I have a small affair to settle with you this morning, and I came rather early."

"So I suppose," growled Watt.

"This morning, my son found thy Durham heifer in my garden, where she has destroyed a good deal."

"And what did he do with her?" demanded Dood, his brow darkening.

"What would thee have done with her, had she been my heifer in thy garden? asked Obediah.

"I'd a shot her!" retorted Watt, madly, "as I suppose you have done; but we are only even now. Heifer for filly is only 'tit for tat.'"

"Neighbor Dood, thou knowest me not, if thou thinkest I would harm a hair of thy heifer's back. She is in my farm-yard, and not even a blow has been struck her, where thee can get her at any time. I know thee shot my filly; but the evil one tempted thee to do it, and I lay no evil in my heart against my neighbors. I came to tell thee where thy heifer is, and now I'll go home."

Obediah rose from his chair, and was about to descend the steps, when he was stopped by Watt who hastily asked,

"What was your filly worth?"

"A hundred dollars is what I asked for her," replied Obediah.

"Wait a moment!" and Dood rushed into the house, from whence he soon returned, holding some gold in his hand. Here's the price of your filly; and hereafter let there be a pleasantness between us."

"Willingly, heartily," answered Lawson, grasping the proffered hand of the other; "let there be peace between us."

bediah mounted his horse, and rode home
with a lighter heart, and from that day to this
there has been as good a neighbor as one could
wish to have; being completely reformed by the
TURNING GOOD FOR EVIL. [Cincinnati Colum-

The Deacon and the Lime.

A Ballad, now first published, but supposed to have
been written somewhere about the beginning of the
present century. With the exception of the nat-
ion of the skipper, the story which it relates is
a well-known tradition of the village once yeoped "V
Wesson"—and what is better yet, the leading facts he-
recorded are historically correct.—*Newark Advertiser*

Not every man of courage bold,
Fights on the bloody field;
Faith gains a nobler victory still,
Than when ten thousand yield.

Of DEACON DAVIS will I sing,
A godly man was he,
And for this reason dearly loved,
By all Christ's company.

To build a church they long had toiled,
With all their might and main,
A larger church by fewer men
Will ne'er be built again.

With their own hands they squared the stones,
And brought them to the ground.
With their own hands they felled the trees,
And hewed the timbers sound.

But now they were in evil case;
Their walls much needed lime—
And keen and fast was coming on
The dreadful winter time.

When up and spake this deacon good,
Unto his friends so true,
To-morrow we must go to town,
And see what we can do.

To lose the labor we have done
Would be a heavy blow;
But then the shame! if we begin
And finish not, also.

Next morn they take their anxious way
Down to Wacesson lane,
And in the well-known boat embark—
God bring them safe again!

Only have they within their purse
For what their journey calls;
All else has long ago been spent
To build the holy walls.

The coats upon their backs are old,
For to themselves they swear,
Until God's house is all complete,
New clothes we will not wear.

Then down the river—up the bay—
They reach Manhattan shore;
He who a prosperous voyage gives
Can prosper them still more.

Another providence they see;
They come all in good time—
Behold, in port—the only one—
A Yankee sloop with lime!

But with the skipper for to deal,
They do not much rejoice;
The gale, his temper seemed to be—
The surly waves, his voice.

"Skipper, we want your lime," said they,
"For this we came to town."
"The lime is yours, or any man's,
For fifty dollars down."

No other bargain would he make
Throughout the livelong day;
The Deacon's friend went home again—
The Deacon went to pray.

And all night long he kept his knees,
As one might beg to live;
(The good Lord taught him thus to pray
For what he meant to give.)

The lime is for the church, said he,
I feel it in my soul;
No other lime will mortar make,
To keep the building whole.

The skipper, then, next morn he tells,
At crowing of the cock,
Up the Passaic take your load,
And to Wacesson dock.

But whence the money was to come,
The Deacon could not tell;
From empty purses home he asked
Five hundred pounds as well.

Slowly and sick enough at heart
He bent his weary way,
And when the load too heavy was,
He turned aside to pray.

Now all ye christian people see,
What in the end did come,
To this good man, so sorely tried,
When he arrived at home

By chance, forsooth, as some would say,
(A chance ordained of grace.)
The Governor he, that very day,
Was passing through the place.

He stopped and went into the church,
He praised the people's skill;
His wife a Bible gave, and he
A fifty dollar bill.

The Deacon heard this story through,
Looked up to Heaven and smiled;
Then laid him down and slept all night
As sweetly as a child.

All honor to this worthy man;
To those of kindred fame;
And honor to the Governor good,
Who gave BLOOMFIELD its name!

Miscellaneous.

From the Morning Star.

The Temptation.

William Carter arose from a fitful and easy
slumber. The night had been cold and windy,
such a night as December usually brings among
the hills of New Hampshire. William's bed was
hard, and the cold wind found its way through
many a crack and crevice in his ruinous cottage,
but he might have slept, if his mind had been at
ease. His wife was a delicate woman, toil and
exposure had bro't on a lingering illness, and she
lay all night moaning with pain, and shivering
with the cold.

William arose, I said, and, having kindled a
fire, went forth into the open air. The clouds
were black and heavy, and the wind swept in gusts
thro' the naked trees. Away in the distance, the
tops of the mountains were already white with
snow. He had engaged a day's work on a neigh-
boring farm, but it was useless to go—the farmer
would not work that day; so he turned with a
heavy step, and entered his dwelling. The chil-
dren were soon stirring, and the pale suffering
mother rose from her restless couch to prepare
the morning meal. A few potatoes were boiled
for the father and children, and a cup of gruel
prepared for herself.

William Carter and his wife had seen better
days; but sickness and misfortune, the fraud of
some and the cruelty of others, had driven them
forth from their pleasant home, which he had spent
the strength of his early manhood to purchase, and
forced them to take shelter in their present miser-
able abode. They were Christians, and had hith-
erto borne up under the crushing weight of their
afflictions with a meek and quiet spirit. Looking
forward to that bright hereafter, they had suffer-
ed patiently, knowing that these afflictions are but
for a moment, and the glory which shall be re-
vealed eternal.

It had long been William Carter's practice to
assemble his family in the morning, to hear the
blessed truths of inspiration, and to bow before the
Mercy seat of Heaven. That morning the chil-
dren seated themselves as usual, and Mrs. Carter
brought forth the Bible and laid it before her hus-
band. Moving it away, he said,

"I can not read or pray. I have no faith, and
what is not faith is sin," and, rising, he seated
himself at the table. The children looked up
with astonishment.

"What is the matter, father?" said little Alice,
pressing closely to his chair. "Why don't you
ask God for our daily bread?"

A tear stole silently down the mother's cheek,
as she took her place with her family around the
scanty board.

"Why can't we have some bread and butter,"
said little James, a child six years old, pushing
away the potato which was offered him. We
used to have bread and pies, and I don't want po-
tatoes all the time."

An expression of agony passed over the father's
face. A torrent of bitter feelings was rushing
thro' his heart—murmurings against Providence—
reproaches at his lot—unbelief in God.

"Why should my children want for bread, while
others have enough and to spare?" he exclaimed.
"Have I not labored honestly? but where is the
blessing which God has promised to them that
trust in him? The man who by extortion and vi-
olence has taken away our rights, lives in plenty
and ease, while I and mine must pine with hunger
and cold."

"Do not arraign the justice and wisdom of God,"
said Mrs. Carter, wiping away her tears and look-
ing tenderly on her husband. Our Heavenly
Father will not suffer us to be tempted above what
we are able to bear."

"Bear! I would bear everything but this. I
can bear toil, humiliation and want myself; but I
can not see my children pine for bread, and you
shivering in this miserable hovel!—your sufferings
will drive me mad."

The wife arose from her place, and, approaching
her husband, she threw her arm around his neck,
and pressed her lips to his burning brow.

"William," she said, "turn not away from the
promises of God—seek not up the only fountain of

consolation which remains to us. While we have
a home and meal as good as this, let us not be
unthankful. Our master had not where to lay his
head."

"It is the memory of my wrongs—of your wrongs—
rather, for myself I do not care—which is canker-
ing my heart and maddening my brain. If there
is a God, why does he suffer the rich to oppress
the poor, and the strong to crush the weak? I
sometimes feel like taking justice into my own
hands and with my own arms avenging my cause."

"Let me not see you thus, my husband. Throw
not away faith, with its memory of past blessings
and its hopes for the future. We have received
good at the hand of the Lord; many times has
he made our cup to overflow; and shall we mur-
mur and blindly accuse His justice, if He suffer
the tempest to beat upon our heads? Oh! beware
that evil thoughts spring not up in your heart. Sin
will bring sorrows less bearable than those of pov-
erty. Think not so bitterly of our wrongs. Ven-
geance is the Lord's, and he will repay. Let us,
like our Divine Teacher, who suffered wrongs in-
finitely greater than ours, forgive and pray for our
enemies."

"I have tried hard to learn that lesson before,
and I thought, when no trials were upon me, that
I had succeeded. I know it must be wrong—this
angry and revengeful spirit—and I have tried at
times to stifle it in my heart, but it will not
die. It lingers there, poisoning and polluting all
within me. I have tried to pray, but it has risen
up like a black cloud, hiding the face of my Heav-
enly Father, and I have felt as if deserted by God
and man."

"God sometimes hides his face and suffers us
to walk in our own strength, that we may know
how weak we are, and feel the corruption of our
hearts. But he is touched with a feeling for our
infirmities; therefore, let us seek earnestly for his
presence, and for grace to help us in this time of
need."

William burst into tears. His poverty and his
wrongs were all forgotten, in the memory of his
sinful anger and murmurings. The spirit of other
days was returning: the divine was triumphing
over the human; and they bowed down before
God, with the loving confidence of little children,
casting all their cares on his mighty arm, and
committing the future to his wise direction. That
humble cottage was a holy place, sanctified by the
presence of the King of Kings: and they rose up
with peace and resignation in their hearts.

A storm was evidently coming on. Already
the snow began to fall, but there was not wood
enough to last two days, and William must go to
his neighbor and get permission to cut a few trees,
or at least to pick up the limbs that were lying
about. He buttoned up his coat and went out.
He could not forget the home of other days, and
the shed full of wood, all dry and ready for the
fire, which he had been forced to leave; but he
brushed away a tear that dimmed his sight, and
pressed on through the storm, which every min-
ute increased in violence. Already a thin white dra-
pery, purer and whiter than a maiden's bridal robes,
lay over the rough and frozen bosom of the earth,
twisted here and there, by the breezy fingers of the
wind, into graceful knots and wreaths. He step-
ped on something which moved beneath his foot
and looking down he saw a large pocket-book
half covered with the snow. A sudden flash of
joy darted thro' his heart. Seizing it, he turned
his face from the wind to examine the contents.
There was a roll of bank bills, and he carefully
unrolled and counted them—tens—twenties—fif-
ties—in all, five hundred! His first impulse was
to secure the money and throw the pocket-book
away. He saw nothing clearly but the money
before him—he thought of nothing but the bless-
ings which it would bring to his poor family.
Was it not his own?—he had found it—had not
Heaven sent it in mercy as a relief to his wants?
An answer to his prayers! How much good this
money would do! Bread and shelter for his wife
his patient, uncomplaining wife, and for his little
ones, whose cheeks were growing pale with want
whose merry smile was changing to anxious look
of care. Thus he reasoned, but conscience whis-
pered "beware! suffer not the love of gold to
make a plague spot on thy heart! This money
is not thine, and Satan may have permitted it to
be a snare to thy soul, God may have permitted it to
be a trial of thy faith."

But perhaps, he thought, I cannot find the owner,
er, then it will be mine, honestly mine; and with
the hope that it might contain no evidence of owner-

ship, he commenced examining the pocket-book again. Mortal, condemn him not too heartily for this wish, sit not in hasty judgment on the heart of thy erring brother. Thus tempted, perhaps thy own had been no better. But the examination left no room for doubt. There was the owner's name, fully inscribed—the name of a rich merchant with whom in days past William had been acquainted. What a death blow was this to all his hopes! The vision of comforts which had blessed him for a moment, as if in mockery, was snatched away, and he saw again the miserable hut, the pale wife and hungry children. Dashing the pocket-book to the ground, he stood for a moment gazing on it.

'Tempter! deceiver!' he exclaimed, 'why am I thus mocked and tantalized?' and then as if a sudden thought had struck him, he picked it up and stepped into a thicket, which afforded a partial shelter from the storm, and seated himself on a fallen tree. The elements were in commotion, but there was a fiercer conflict in his bosom. The love of gold, not for his own sake, but for the sake of the good that it might bring to him and his, was contending with the long established principles of justice, and rectitude.

'This man is rich,' the tempter whispered, 'he will never miss this sum, nor know the want of it; and Oh! the good it would do thy shivering wife and babes! Is it not a Godsend, and wilt thou put away the proffered cup of blessings?'

'It is not thine! it is not thine!' said conscience. 'Stain not thy hands with dishonest gains. Bring not upon thy soul the curse of an offended God. Better that thy children perish before thy eyes than that their father be a robber.'

He sat there more than an hour, the rushing wind and the falling snow all unheeded, but when he rose up, the conflict was passed, and the expression of his face was peaceful and resigned.

Remembering the purpose for which he started, he turned his face to his neighbor's house, where he obtained a small load of wood, and a team to haul it home.

That night, after the children were in bed, William produced the pocket book before his astonished wife, and told her how he found it, half hid beneath the snow.

'What shall you do with it?' she said.

'What shall I do with it?' was the reply.

'Return it to the owner. We can bear toil and poverty, but not the reproaches of a guilty conscience.'

'I knew it would be thus. When the dark temptation was upon me, and the evil in my heart seemed ready to triumph, I knew that you would not fail to see clearly, and approve the right.'

'But William, how will you get it to him, you have no horse, you have no money, and it will not do to risk it in a letter.'

'I have thought of that,' said William, rising and going to the window. 'The storm is over, and tomorrow I must go on foot, and carry this money to Mr. Carlton. It is but fifteen miles; I will start early and perhaps he will give me enough to pay my passage back in the stage.'

The next morning the Carters were stirring early, and long before sunrise William was on his way. It was hard walking through the new fallen snow, and the wind was cold and piercing; but he pressed resolutely on, and before noon reached the house of Mr. Carlton. He ascended the marble steps, and rang the bell. A servant appeared, and in answer to the inquiry, if Mr. Carlton was at home, informed him that the gentleman was out, and that he would not be back till dinner, which would be at two.

William cast a glance at his threadbare and rusty garments. He did not wish to enter that house, where the splendor and luxury would form a striking contrast to his own comfortless home, but he was cold and weary, and would be glad of a seat anywhere by a fire, so he said to the servant, 'I have important business with Mr. Carlton, and if you please, I will come in and wait till he returns.'

The man eyed him from head to foot, and with a slight sneer on his face, which William did not fail to mark, conducted him to the kitchen. Preparations for dinner had already commenced.—There was baking, boiling and roasting—such a dinner as would have tempted the appetite of an epicure. It was torture for a man faint with hunger, to sit there with the delicious smell of the different dishes falling on the olfactory nerve and stimulating the demands of the stomach almost beyond endurance.

The two hours passed so slowly away, but Mr. Carlton at length came in, and his visitor was summoned to the parlor. The poor man cast a bewildered and timid look around the magnificent apartment. He scarcely dared to step on the soft carpet, which gave no sound beneath his feet, and he shrunk as he caught a full length view of himself in a mirror which extended almost from the ceiling to the floor. Mr. Carlton motioned him to a chair, and he seated himself on the edge fearful lest he should soil the crimson velvet cushion.

'Have you business with me sir?' said the gentleman in an impatient tone.

'Yes, sir,' said William, producing the pocket book and handing it to him. 'I found this yesterday, and, as it bears your name, I have brought it to you.'

'Ah! then you have found my pocket book! I am glad to see it again—which I never expected to do.' He carefully examined it. 'All right,' he said, 'and I'm obliged to you for returning it, for it contains valuable papers,' and carelessly placed it in his pocket.

William had no more to say. He arose, and with no further evidence of gratitude or obligation, he was suffered to depart.

'I am sorry you did not give the poor man something, father, said a fair girl as she seated herself on an ottoman at his feet. Did you notice how pale he looked, and how he almost staggered as he rose to go away?'

'Did he? no, I did not notice it. I would have given him a fifty dollar bill if I had thought of it. But he is gone now.'

'But father you might send it to him. You know him, do you not? I fear that he is very poor.'

'Yes, I had some dealings with him years ago. When I built the Charlotte he had something to do with supplying the timber, and now I do remember that I heard he had lost his farm.'

'How far did he come this cold morning, to bring that pocket book?'

'He lives in B—, he must have come fifteen or twenty miles. I ought indeed to have paid him well for it, and I will not fail to do so yet.'

Here the dinner bell interrupted the conversation, and the father and daughter proceeded to the dining-room.

Mr. Carlton was not a selfish or cold-hearted man, but he was not observant of the wants and woes of others, and his good deeds must have been few, but for the gentle promptings of his daughter Mary. She, good girl, had a quick eye as well as a warm heart. Misery never passed her unnoticed, and many were the blessings which fell on her young head, many were the generous deeds performed by her father, of which he never would have thought, but for her suggestions.

But while the rich man was enjoying his plentiful repast, William Carter with a sinking heart and weary frame, turned his steps towards home. He had not tasted food since early dawn, and now full fifteen miles lay before him. He felt disappointed, indignant, grieved at the cold and indifferent manner in which his services had been received. He did not ask a reward for restoring what was not his own, but he might with justice have demanded recompense for his time and trouble. But even that was not offered him. He remembered the wastefulness of wealth, the extravagance of luxury, which he had witnessed, and something whispered, 'You were a fool. That man scarcely thanks you for returning what he would never have missed. It would have made you happy for months and years.'

Resolutely putting down the evil thoughts, he raised a silent prayer for help and resignation and pressed on his way. He grew weaker and fainter every step, and little more than half the distance was gained, when he sat down by the way utterly exhausted. He covered his face with his hands and wept, but for the thought of his wife and children at home, would have crept aside, and laid down upon the snow to die. Fortunately a man came along with a sleigh, and he rose and asked for a ride. The stranger took him and brought him within a mile of his own door.

It was late when he reached home, and he had scarcely strength to cross the threshold, and throw himself upon his bed. His overtaxed physical system had given way, and before morning he was raving in the delirium of violent fever. Then did the poor wife feel, that the hand of the Lord was heavy upon her, but her faith failed not. As earthly hopes faded away, brighter and brighter

after day by the sufferer's couch bathing his burning brow, and soothing his wild frenzy with her loving voice, she was able to say 'though He slay me yet will I trust in him.' Oh blessed, sustaining power of faith and hope!—faith, not in man, but God—power not of earth, but heaven. Cling to thy faith poor woman! Make thy heart strong in confidence, for God will not forsake thee! Even now he is preparing the reward. He will not break the bruised reed, nor crush the humble heart.

Did the rich man rest sweetly, as he lay down on his pillow? Were there no remorseless thoughts when he remembered the careless act of injustice of which he had been guilty! Like Ahasuerus, he could not sleep, for God troubled him, and he resolved to make ample recompense for the wrong he had done. He concluded at first to send him a letter, and a handsome present, but the thought did not satisfy him; and he resolved to go himself, and see what he could do for his poor friend, that would most benefit him, and quiet his own conscience.

It was the fifth day of William Carter's sickness, and the physician said that night would be the crisis; if he lived through it he might recover. He had then fallen into a lethargic sleep.—His pale wife sat holding his hand, and gazing anxiously on his sunken features and half shut eyes. The children, with sad faces and noiseless step, crept round the room. There was a rap at the door—it was opened, a gentleman entered. Mrs. Carter looked with surprise on her unexpected visitor. His dress and bearing, so different from those of their humble neighbors, at another time might have awed her, but that was no place to feel the paltry distinctions of human society. In the presence of that power before which the rich and the poor, the mighty and the weak alike bow, men feel that they are equals, that they are brothers. She arose and offered him a chair. He did not seem to notice her, but advanced to the bed, he gazed long and earnestly on the ashy features of the sufferer, while the tears chased one another down his cheeks; then turning away he threw himself into a chair and wept with uncontrolled emotion. This, as the reader may have guessed, was Mr. Carlton. He came into the neighborhood and inquired for Mr. Carter, and had been told of his sickness and its probable cause. The good women where he stopped had a warm heart and a voluble tongue, and little suspecting who her auditor was, she had given full scope to her eloquence in denouncing the man who suffered her poor neighbor to walk fifteen miles, and to return without even a dinner.

Mrs. Carter stood gazing with silent astonishment on her visitor, when he arose, and placing a heavy purse in her hand, said, 'Take this, and let no expense be spared for your husband's recovery. I will call again,' and before she had time to express her gratitude, or surprise, he was gone.

The next morning William was better. The crisis had passed—the fever was gone, but he lay weak and helpless as a babe, and but for the many comforts which that purse procured he might have died.

He grew stronger day by day, and at the end of a week he was sitting, supported by pillows, in a large arm-chair. Mrs. Carter approached the window and exclaimed, 'There comes the stranger who gave me the purse.'

A minute more and he entered the room. Approaching William he grasped his hand, and said earnestly—

'Thank heaven that you are alive—that you will live! If you had died I never could have forgiven myself. I have come to make you some atonement for injustice of which I was guilty; and he placed a folded paper in his hand. 'There,' he continued, 'when you are able read that. Do not thank me. It is but justice. The pocket-book was of great importance to me, and it has cost you dear.'

When the gentleman was gone, William opened the paper, and found a deed made out to himself, of his old house and farm. There was dancing and shouting among the children; and in the hearts of the father and mother a deep and holy joy, mingled with thankfulness and trust in God.

I need not pursue my story further, nor tell of the happy reinstating in their former home, nor how in after days, William Carter often gathered his grand-children around his knee, and told them of his bitter trial and temptations, and taught them, that they who put their trust in God are

Wednesday 15th May Commences with
fresh wind from S. Easterly Bark
heading East at 3.30 P.M. wore
Ship and headed S.W. at dark
Cooked the works middle part
Strong Gales at 5 A.M. began boil-
ing again. Ends with fresh Gales at
P.M. Bark under close reef tops.
sails

Thursday 16 May Lat in 30.00
Long in 74.00
Commences with Strong
Gales from the South Employed in
boiling at 6 P.M. Commenced raining
Cooked down the works middle and
Latter part Strong Gales and began to
Employed in boiling Saw nothing
Lat. 29° 30'
Long 73° 20'

Friday 17 May Commences with Strong
Gales from W. & S. at 6 P.M. finished
boiling middle part moderate
Latter part fine weather with light
winds from the South at 5.30
A.M. saw whales at 6 Land at
9.30 Got fast to one small one
at noon the whale 1 1/2 miles from
the Ship 2 boats on chase of whale

Saturday 18 May Lat. 28.48
Long. 73.00
Commences with light winds
and calm at 1 P.M. took the whale
to the Ship at 2.30 the other boats
returned with ~~out~~ no whales cut in
the whale middle part fine weather
Latter part the same Saw nothing (boiling)

Sunday 19 May all these 24 hours fine weather
excepting a squall from S. at 5 P.M.
Saw nothing then Ends at 12 night
finished boiling Lat. 29.02
Long 74.30

Continued

Monday 20 May All these 24 hours
fine weather Saw no whales Saw
a Brig Steaming S.W. thus Ends
Employed in Steaming down oil

Tuesday 21 May All these 24 hours
fine weather wind S.E.
at 8 A.M. saw Blackfish Saw
took 4 King Corollaries
Lat. in 29° 20'
Long 74° 20'

Wednesday 22 May All these 24 hours
fine weather wind S.E. Latter part Emp
loyed in hauling Blackfish Saw no
whales
Lat. in 29° 58'
Long in 75° 00'

Thursday 23 May All these 24 hours
fine weather at 10 P.M. spoke
Brig Lackloc of Augusta Me.
4 days from New York for Archi-
pelago } at 5:30 A.M. saw 1 sperm
whale Saw at 6 got fast to oil
got on board stove and one saw
which took it to ship at 8 the
boats chased till 10 but could not
fast whales going quick to E.S.E.
at 10:30 finished cutting the whale
thus Ends
Lat 30° 00'
Long 74° 40'

Friday 24 May All these 24 hours
fine weather Employed on the
first part in hauling and repair-
ing boat at 8 A.M. finished
hauling Saw one sail
Lat. 29° 32'
Long 75° 30'

Saturday 25 May

Breeze increased with fine
weather wind CSE. to East latter
part - Squally and heavy sail cut
no whales Little flowed down rail

Lat. in 30.11

Pay in 1/2000

Monday 25th May

Winds from the E. & E. S. were strong
on the part moderate. Saw one ter-
rifying & suppose whale in 30.34

Feb. in 30.37

Long n. 74° 40'

Monday 27 May 1847

May 27th 1852. Part - Right-buys
and fair over the middle part of
Latter part fine breezes from the South
Saw no whales. Lat. in 30. 37

Feb. in 30. 37

Lang n 74.00

Tuesday 28 May

First part fine weather
 latter part some squally wind coming
 from North to west Saw nothing
 employed in repairing boat

Lat. in 3400

May 24.00

Wednesday 29 May

May 29 May first part squally middle
part fine weather latter part the same
wind from the westward few clouds sail
at 10 M. M. few clouds at 11 open whales
and Linnæa at noon fast to one

Feb. in 30.09

May in 1830

Monday. 30. May

at 1.30 P.M. took the whale to the ship
got dinner & cut in the whale whales
going to the westward at 7 commenced
boiling. Later in the day fine weather

Lat. — 30.10

May - 74.00

Friday 31 May

First part fine weather at 4 P.M.
finished Coiling middle and latter part Squay
Saw nothing Lat. 29.50 Long. 73.30

Annie Harlow; OR, THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

BY MRS S. M. HUMPHREY.

'Sister Annie, the coach is coming,' shouted a little rosy cheeked urchin, as, with all the importance of a business man, he threw back the door of an humble yet neat cottage, situated in the suburbs of the city of B. The mother, an interesting looking woman, clad in deep mourning, a fair girl, delicately formed, and some three or four little ones, were within.

The merry boy's gaiety was checked the moment he saw that his mother had been weeping, and that Annie, in her neat, plain travelling dress, was seeking to comfort her, with assurances that she would write to her very often, and that she was sure she should be quite contented.

'Henry,' said Annie, as she stooped to kiss her little brother, of whom she was extravagantly fond, 'be a good boy, obey and assist your mother.'—After bestowing a kiss on each of the little ones, with tearful eye and faltering step she left the cottage, and entered the stage coach.

As the carriage rolled away, Henry brushed his hand over his eyes, and shouted,

'Don't cry, Annie, I will take good care of mother.'

Annie Harlow had not yet seen nineteen years. All through her childhood she had been tenderly reared, but wasting disease had fastened upon her father, and just eight months previous to the commencement of our story, his sorrowing family had seen the earth heaped over his loved remains. The little cottage, with its furniture, and a few hundreds, was all that was left them, and only by the strictest economy could Mrs. Harlow hope to sustain her family. As yet, Annie was the only one capable of rendering assistance, and nothing but stern necessity had induced her to yield to her father's solicitations to leave home for this purpose.

Annie possessed qualifications and accomplishments that fitted her for teaching something beyond the rudiments of a common English education; but now that misfortune was upon them, when most they needed sympathy, they were forgotten by the friends of their prosperity, and among them, not one was found sufficiently interested to assist the worthy orphan to employment better fitting one of her delicate organization. Cheerfully she had renounced one after another of the privileges which she had been accustomed, and now, without a murmur, even with a hopeful heart, she resolved on undertaking the arduous duties of teaching in a public school.

A solitary spot, indeed, was that to which Annie was called; but then she loved the country, and just as the glorious sun was ushering in a bright spring morning, she hastened forth to view the surrounding scenery. Grove, hill, and valley, lay all around her in quiet beauty, with here and there a white-washed cottage, or an old farm house. The air was laden with fragrance, and the woods were vocal with the sweet songs of birds. In her rambles she soon discovered the school house. Though rude and time-worn, she was charmed with its appearance. Even the yellow moss that had overgrown its dark unpainted walls, was an object of interest. The shining oak and maple waved their bright branches around it, and the limpid waters of a little brook, with its low, soft murmurings, soothed her ear. She gazed herself on the large flat stone step at the door. Engrossed in her own reflections, she did not chance to see old farmer Goodwell, who happened to pass that way with his cattle. 'Well, busy,' said the old man to his wife, as he entered the house, 'I s'pose I've seen our new schoolmarm. And if it isn't the greatest imposition I ever see. Why, instead of a great strapping woman, they have sent us a baby. Pretty as a pink, but be sure, but what can she do with these great eyes, so bad that big Miss Blarney, with her sour face, and great cowhide, couldn't manage 'em! Here's Job,' continued he, turning to their aged boy; 'turned out of school last winter, and I have promised his father that he shall go this term. It won't be the least use on earth though, and I shouldn't be surprised if they should put her out doors before the week's up. We shall have a broken school that's for sartin'; but mind you, Job,' said he, sternly, 'do you behave yourself.—If the schoolmarm isn't good for nothing, 'twont be no excuse for you.'

Job was a nobly-formed, dark-eyed boy, but his uncombed hair betrayed the negligence of his habits, and though his face was somewhat smutty, it was not wanting in intelligence.

'Hallo there, Bill Larkins,' cried he, 'have you seen our new schoolmarm?'

'No, I aint, have you?'

'No; but old Goodwell has, and he says she is nothing but a baby; that we shall put her out doors before the week is up, and have a broken school.'

'Is that a fact, Job?'

'Ha! 'tain't nothing else,' and off they went, swinging their hats and shouting, 'We are the boys for fun.'

Long before the school hour, every body belonging in the district had been made acquainted with what farmer Goodwell had said, and many mischievous plots had been laid by the rude urchins.

Annie's heart sank within her at the sound of their boisterous mirth, as they neared the school house; but she knew nothing of what had occurred, and it was well she did not. With all her gentleness and delicacy, she possessed a keen vision, a sound mind, and strength of resolution seldom exceeded by her sex. With the dignity of a matron she stepped to the platform, rang her little bell, and instantly the door was burst open, and Bill Larkins was pushed in with such violence as to prostrate him on the floor, and immediately some half-dozen others fell over him.

'Good morning, young gentlemen,' said Annie, in her sweetest tones, while she fixed her mild blue eyes upon them. I am glad to see you, but sorry for the accident, and hope none of you are hurt.'

At the sound of her gentle, musical voice, the noise ceased, each boy, as if instinctively, rose, took off his hat, and stood gazing at her.

'Then none of you have received injury, it appears,' she continued, in a voice which bespoke relief from great apparent anxiety, 'and you will be kind enough to leave your hats in the entry.'

The boys, without venturing a look at each other, did as they were desired, and quietly seated themselves.

'And now, young gentlemen, continued Annie, with the greatest deference, 'you are strangers to me, yet I have a favor to ask of you, which is, that you will assist me in my endeavors to maintain order in school. I did not expect the pleasure of meeting those of your ages, and I anticipated some trouble with the little ones; but with your assistance, I think we shall succeed in being very happy here, and our happiness, as well as progress, depends upon our success in maintaining order. I will pledge myself to do all that lies in my power to prevent the younger members of the school disturbing you in your studies; and I read in your intelligent faces, that you will do all you can to oblige me.'

While reading a portion of Scripture, not a sound could be heard save her own impressive voice, whose touching tones seemed to subdue all hearts. She, however, observed that the boys, ever and anon, cast uneasy glances at each other, and then in the direction of the door. She was not long in doubt as to the cause, for soon a tall spare-looking boy, whose eyes though light, bespoke both mirth and mischief, walked into the room, closely followed by a large watch-dog. On his head he wore a paper cap, with one peacock's feather towering from the top. His hair was combed straight down to his brows, the legs of his trowsers were crowded into his boots, and his hands were thrust into his pockets. The girls and younger boys could not refrain a merry laugh at his ludicrous appearance, and some even clapped their hands.

Mike Hastings—for that was his name—looked at his accomplices, but they did not greet him as he expected, but seemed trying to avoid him, while some faces were pale, and others flushed with mortification.

A pleasant smile played around Annie's mouth and when the noise had abated, she quietly said, 'Young friend!'

'Hey,' drawled Mike.

As he turned towards her, and his eye for the first time met her own, he was somewhat disconcerted, and considering the unexpected state of affairs, he would gladly have made his escape.—His eye dropped, and then his head, but Annie, apparently heedless of his humbled appearance, continued,

'I am sorry you were not in season for our first exercises, though you are quite excusable, for I presume you are not accustomed to attending

school, or you would have left that fine looking dog at home. You will, however, soon learn our regulations, and your favorite will also learn to be contented without his master during the few hours that we shall spend here. The other young gentlemen have left their hats in the entry, and you will please to do so.'

Mike hesitated but a moment, and then with a low whistle for his dog, he left the room in quite a different manner from the one with which he had entered. He rushed from the house, and without venturing one look behind him, ran swiftly down the road, passed a high stone wall, followed by his dog, seized his paper cap and violently demolished it, feather and all, brushed back his hair, drew forth from the hollow of an old oak his decent cloth cap, placed it on his head, and smoothed down his trowsers, his dog all the time looking commiseratingly into his face, with a countenance not less sorry than his master's.

'Aha!' said Bill Larkins to his companions, as they were returning from school, 'what do you think of our new schoolmarm?'

'She ain't bigger than a doll,' replied one, 'and I'll lick her yet.'

'What's that?'

'What's that?'

'By gosh! aint she pretty?'

'But there's Mike, he'll give us some for not being up to our word. I declare, I never was so ashamed in my life, and could 'nt laugh to save me.'

'Fools! cowards!' shouted Mike, angrily.—

'That's your fair play, is it? Get me in there, in that shape, and then back out, and sit there as sober as deacons, a parcel of long-faced hypocrites. You'll be sorry for it every living soul of you.'

'But look here, Mike,' said Job Brown in a conciliating tone, at the same time patting him on the shoulder, 'I hope you did 'nt feel any worse than we did, in a heap on the floor, she calling us young gentlemen, and so sorry for the accident, and so afraid we were hurt, and all the time looking so pleasant and kind.'

'Then you did 'nt back out of that too,' said Mike, somewhat appeased.

'No, but I tell you what, we wished we could as much as you did. If she had taken out her cowhide, and offered to lick us, we should have known what to have done; we could have tackled her then as we did old Miss Blarney. But I tell you what, Miss Blarney and Miss Harlow are two. Another thing, Mike, she never will know you again, you look so different now, and she will give you a seat with us young gentlemen; and he placed his thumbs in the sides of his vest, and strutted before them with mock importance.

'Did 'nt I look funny?'

'asked Mike, now quite restored to good humor, by the consideration that she might not recognize him, 'and did 'nt I act like a fool, too?'

'Fine looking hands for a young gentleman,' murmured Job to himself, as he left the boys, and walked down to the farm house. 'But what shall I tell old Goodwell? I know; I'll tell him if she is little, she is spunky, and keeps a first rate school. He will be trying to have her turned off, and if she is, I declare I won't go to school a step.'

Soap and water were in great requisition during the intermission, as, for the first time in their lives, the boys had looked with dismay on their dirty nails and hands, contrasting strongly with the little delicate ones that had guided their endeavors to correct their awkward method of holding pens. Clean faces and hands, and nicely combed hair, were all the rage in the afternoon, and each boy looked with secret surprise upon the change in his comrades, and Anna scarce recognised in the tidy, pleasant looking little fellows, the determined rowdies of the morning.

On the evening of the same day, were congregated at the grocery store of Mike's father, all the principal men in the neighborhood. Mike, Job, and not a few of the boys, were there likewise.

'Well, neighbor Goodwell, what's your opinion of our new teacher?'

'asked Mr. Hastings. 'I haint no opinion of her at all,' replied the old man, striking the floor violently with his cane.

'Nor I.' 'Nor I nother,' was heard from several voices.

'The boys seem to like her though,' remarked Mr. Hastings, as he quietly weighed half a pound of souchong.

'He! we don't do nothing else,' said Job.—'She is a first rate schoolmarm.'

'That's jest it!' exclaimed Goodwell, looking sternly at the boy. 'If she had given you a con-founded thrashing, as you deserve, you would n't like her so well.'

'True, true, neighbor,' was heard from several voices.

'If we did have a broken school last winter, that Miss Blarney was one first rate school-marm,' said Mr. Larkins, as he paced the floor with hand in pockets, and eyes bent thoughtfully downward; 'but that little Miss—what's her name—haint nothing at all. Bill, here, and all the rest of these great rascals, have been out of school these two winters, because the school-marm couldn't manage them, and if you can afford to send your boys to school summers, I can't, and what's more I won't, to such a school as that. He'll forget all he's learnt at this rate, and if we had a first rate school I should send him though. But 'taint no use now, he won't learn nothing, that's sartin.'

'My boy must go to school any how,' said Mr. Hastings, and if this teacher won't do, we must send her home and get another, and since the district are dissatisfied, we can do it, and I move that we set to work immediately before it's too late.'

The motion was heartily responded to, and before they separated, it was determined that Annie should leave as soon as they could find another teacher.

In the morning a group of anxious looking boys assembled to see what could be done.

'As to going to school to be licked,' said Job Brewer, 'I won't do it! I made up my mind to that two years ago, when the schoolmarm broke Dick Parsons' little finger, and I'll stick to it if I die.'

'But what are we to do?' asked Mike earnestly. 'Father has written a letter for a Miss Cowen, already, and Goodwell says she'll come and no mistake.'

'Miss Cowen, said Job, 'I know her, another Blarney! If she comes here I'll give her some!' and his dark eyes flashed defiance and he shook his fist menacingly.

'But what can we do?' asked Mike. Let's think; I have it. We'll declare we won't go, and stick to it.'

Thus plot after plot was formed and abandoned as soon, for its want of feasibility, till at length Mike commenced clapping his hands, and shouting gaily, 'I have it now!'

'What is it?' cried the anxious boys, as they crowded around him.

Mike deigned no reply, but pushing the boys one way and another, he vented his extravagant delight by ridiculous antics, such as standing on his head, turning somersets, &c.

'Oh! tell us Mike,' while with provoking coolness he shook the sand from his cap and brushed his trousers. This done, he proceeded to disclose his plan, which was, 'that the boys should return home at noon, with doleful faces, declaring that they never would go to school again, that Miss Harlow was so strict, and whipped so awfully.'

'But she won't do it,' said Dick Parsons, opening wide his blue eyes.

'To be sure she won't, you greeny; we must do that ourselves.'

'But who'll bear the marks?' asked boding Bill, as he was called.

'I,' said Job. 'I would be willing to have both hands blistered worse than Blarney fashion, rather than lose our pretty little schoolmarm.'

'Hurrah for Job Brewer!' shouted the boys winging their hats.

'But who'll lick you?' interposed boding Bill.

Here was a new difficulty. A dead silence ensued, which was interrupted by Dick Parsons calling out, 'Well thought of; my flippers are O. K.' And sure enough, Dick, who was not much accustomed to hard working, had held the plough till his hand was sorely blistered. Accordingly, at noon, to the great surprise of his father, Dick came home with his hand in a sling, his peppered eyes inflamed and swollen.

'What now?' inquired his father sternly

'Another old Blarney!' groaned Dick, as he extended his blistered hand.

'That is outrageous,' cried the mother, as she witnessed here and there a touch of blood, which

had been purposely applied.

'Good enough for him,' said the father, 'and I believe we've got a good schoolmarm.'

'I won't go again, indeed I won't,' roared Dick.

'Indeed you will, if I have to thrash you every step of the way.'

'But Joseph,' interposed the mother, 'we don't want our children abused, and Dick is not a very bad boy, that he should be mangled thus.'

'Silence! I say. I don't want none of your interference. I am convinced we've got a good schoolmarm.'

The tender mother turned away to hide the tears, and as Dick, with great apparent reluctance, left for school she slyly put in his pocket a large handful of sweetmeats. Dick's heart smote him, and he murmured to himself, 'Poor mother, how bad she will feel all this afternoon.'

The scene at farmer Goodwell's had the same happy effect; for Job had besmeared his nose and face with a portion of the blood that with difficulty had been obtained for Dick, and having rubbed around his eyes with dirty hands, he presented really a doleful appearance as he entered the house, exclaiming, 'I won't stand by and see any boy licked at that rate, that's what I won't! I'll come it on the old Blarney yet, that's what I will, if she breaks my head open, I will,' and he raved like a madman.

'What! do you come here, disturbing the peace of my house?' cried the old man, raising his cane over his head. 'If the schoolmarm has given you a thrashing, I am glad on it.'

'I aint going to school to be licked, now I tell you!'

'Yes you will go to school, if I have to send for your father. If she licks you, so much the better. There's some hope of her;' and poor Job was caned out of doors, and forced to go.

The story of bloody noses and blistered hands spread rapidly, and the evening found the same company, boys and all, congregated at Mr. Hastings' store.

'Well, neighbor Hastings, have you sent the letter?' asked farmer Goodman.

'No, sir, it goes to-morrow morning.'

'Well, I was going to say it was best to keep off a little. The gal has got a good education, so says the examiners, and if she is a wee bit of a thing, she's pretty good stuff. She has showed out to-day, and made them 'tote the mark,' I tell you.'

'I won't go to school to her,' muttered the boys, winking comically at each other, from under their slouched hats.

'Do you hear that?' said the farmer, looking round with an approving smile. 'That sounds like it.'

'I believe we have judged her too hastily,' said Mr. Hastings.

'How is it, Parsons, did she get the upper hand of your boy?' asked one.

'She served him just right; I believe she is a good schoolmarm.' Here he enlarged upon the importance of corporeal punishment, spoke freely of Dick's wounds, and boastfully described the manner in which he had driven him to school.

The boys nudged one another, and Dick, who had previously told his own story, 'mid laughter and shouts, produced the sweetmeats, and after shaking them comically in his hands, passed them round among the boys.

'Don't laugh,' said boding Bill, who had been detained from school the whole day,—there's danger yet.' Then, in a louder tone, he called out, 'I am glad I don't go.'

'But you will go, young man,' said his father, 'shaking his finger with great decision, 'and that, too, to-morrow morning.'

Annie, who fortunately chanced to have a retired and quiet boarding place, heard nothing of all this. Though boisterous without, peace reigned within the precincts of her domain, and she quietly tested the superior power of moral suasion. She was exerting a sacred influence over the kind, yet longed untutored hearts of her pupils, rousing their dormant faculties, stimulating and encouraging them. As Spring's welcome footsteps, her approach was ever hailed by grateful hearts, and smiling faces; and many a desert waste within, began to 'rejoice and blossom.' She possessed a natural talent for music, with one of the sweetest voices in the world. The scourge was seldom used by her, and instead of curses

and groans wrung from outraged and indignant young hearts, by the needless violence of ignorant, though well meaning ones, the glad, free songs of happy childhood, were echoed round. And why should it not be so? Why not render pleasant, instead of irksome, the very many school hours of ever restless childhood? Though prone to evil, the natural impulses of many a young heart are noble, generous and kind. Parents and teachers, in your zeal, beware of blindly crushing these best and highest teachings of nature. How often do we hear it said, 'He is a bad boy, but after all, there seems to be something good about him. He has a kind heart.' If he has a kind heart, and still is a bad boy, some unfortunate and healthy influences are at work around him. Even now, by judicious management, that kind heart may be made a blessing to mankind. Do not show yourselves discouraged in his behalf and thus drive him to despair. He needs encouragement and if haply directed in the right path, he may be saved; even then, full enough of care as trouble will be his. But if he is not thus directed ruin awaits him.

But this is rather a lengthy digression, and will return to our story.

Things were going very smoothly with Annie and her school, until Mr. Larkins, with his arm on his shoulder, not in the best humor by any means, happened to pass that way just as the children were singing their morning song. 'What! singing in school?' cried he. 'No, no! the schoolmarm is a woman of too good sense for that.' He passed on a short distance, then again. 'That's it sartin,' said he striking his spade into the ground in an excited manner. 'And 'twont never do.—An old man like me, digging and delving for this youngster, and he spending his time in such nonsense, instead of learning. If folks employ children, they must expect children's play; but I'll go right to the committee man—and I'll put a stop to it right off!'

At noon, as Annie was returning from school, with quite a number of her happy flock around her, she saw three gentlemen in the distance, apparently engaged in earnest conversation. Her curiosity was somewhat roused, as this was rather an unusual sight in that retired spot. As they advanced, she recognized in the benevolent-looking old gentleman, Mr. Green, who acted as examining committee, and whose house she had several times visited. The second was Mr. Larkins, the third a stranger in the place.

'Good morning, Mr. Larkins; good morning, doctor,' said she, her blue eyes dancing with unfeigned pleasure.

Mr. Larkins nodded his head suddenly, but the doctor cordially extended his hand, and said with fatherly kindness, 'How are you, my daughter? Well and happy, to all appearance!'

'Yes, thank you,' replied Annie.

'And this, Miss Harlow,' continued the doctor, 'is Mr. Fortescue, who is visiting me. His father and I were friends in boyhood.'

'There was something in the glance of the handsome and intelligent-looking stranger, as he greeted her, that deepened the rose on her cheek.'

'Well my daughter,' said the doctor, 'what a joyful looking group you have around you. Mr. Larkins has been telling me that you indulged them in singing during school hours; and furthermore, he says the district objects to it, as it occupies the time which should be devoted to study. As I am their chosen committee, I name it in compliance with their united requests.'

Pain and deep surprise were visible in Annie's expressive face, and she impulsively exclaimed, 'Why, the very birds welcome the morning with a song of praise!'

'That's all well enough for the birds,' said Larkins, 'but children aint birds, no how you can fix it. I don't want a bird made of my boy, any how. He's a worthless and good-for-nothing enough now, without that.'

'But, Mr. Larkins,' pleasantly interposed Mr. Fortescue, 'singing has recently been introduced into most, if not all all of our city schools, and is tho't to exert a very happy influence.'

'I don't care for that,' said Larkins, waxing warm; 'I ain't one of that sort that's for running after every new-fangled city notion—not I. If I do live here in the woods, I know something, and I want my boys to come up working men, instead of dancing, singing puppets, and if I hear any more of this folderol, my boy is coming out of school.'

Of course, interposed Annie, 'I shall consult the wishes of my employers; and if singing in school is offensive to the doctor, I suppose it must be dispensed with,' and he drooped sorrowfully till the long lashes almost covered her cheeks.

'What, Mit Harlow, are we doing to have no more music?' mournfully lisped a little cherub, whose hand she fondly clasped. Others of the children, looking sadly at each other, murmured, 'No more singing.'

'No more singing,' reiterated the unmoved Larkins, as he walked away. He had carried his point. He was satisfied.

'How difficult a thing it is to have satisfactory dealings with a man who knows just enough to think he knows everything,' remarked the doctor to his friend, as they walked towards home. 'Annie is the sweetest girl in the world, and I could scarce bear to pain her. She's right, but that is nothing to the case here. They don't appreciate her, they can't appreciate her. Why, Warren, her purity and gentleness, joined to her indomitable perseverance, have wrought the greatest change I ever witnessed, both in the morals and manners, as well as appearance of these country lads. Her influence has made a complete little gentleman of one of this same Mr. Larkins' boys—a boy once as uncouth as a mountain y. And this is the way in which they recompense her. It was with difficulty that I prevailed on some of the people to send their boys to school this summer, but I know that this place was never before blessed with such a teacher. Even now, they admit that their boys do as much work and attend school, as they formerly did, and use up all their time, and need far less coaxing or driving—for driving is the word here. By the way, Warren, speaking of singing, Annie has a sweet voice, which has been well cultivated, and as you are such a music character, I will invite her up some of these times. You, who are so accustomed to society, will feel quite dull here, and it will be a little agreeable change for you. I expect the dear child would be glad to come. She must have a lonesome time of it, though she always wears a smiling face, poor child.'

'You are very kind, doctor,' replied Fortescue. 'As to my feeling dull here, it would be quite impossible, in this rural spot, contrasting so delightfully in its sweet quietude with the turmoil of the city. Speaking of society, I am sick, heartily sick of its corrupt state in the city, and wearied with the hollow hearted form of fashionable life. I have anticipated a welcome reprieve, amidst these smiling meadows and groves; and now, with music, and the pure and artless Annie Harlow for a companion, I shall be happier than ever before in my life.'

Sad faces gathered in the school-house on the following morning. There was no music there, and even Miss Harlow seemed sorrowful. When she announced the time for recess, instead of a simultaneous movement for the door, to her surprise, all kept their seats, and Mike and Job winked impatiently, though sily, at one of the small boys, Ned Fisher.

At length Ned raised his hand. 'What do you wish, Edward?' said Annie, encouragingly.

With a blush, he stammered, 'Need we have no recess? I—I—mean I—want to—sing and not go out.'

'Need we have any recess, you mean!' repeated Annie kindly. 'Well, Edward, I don't know about that. Boys, do you think this will do? Will not some of your parents object?'

'No, no, no,' was heard from all parts of the school-house.

'Well, we will try, and if there are no objections raised, I should be as happy as any of you, to continue to do so. We shall certainly lose no time in this way, and you can run enough between schools.'

'Musit! musit!' joyfully lisped Mary Lee, the same little cherub who had expressed her sorrow so touchingly.

'Music! music!' was echoed all around.

The sunshine fairy of happiness and contentment returned, unable to resist the magical strains that softly summoned her.

'I've dut a tunning little letter for Mit Harlow,' cried Mary Lee, as she held up a neatly folded note. The doctor div it to me, and he tised me too,' and she bounded into the school house, her bonnet thrown back, and her laughing face just peeping from amidst a profusion of golden curls. Annie put back the disordered hair and kissed

her fondly. As she petted the note, her face mirrored the feelings of a gratified heart. It was a pressing, yet polite request to sup with the doctor's family. Mary, who had been gazing earnestly at her, said—

'Mit Harlow don't cry now. She has dot a good letter. Her *toss old mudder*, didn't send it.'

Annie looked with surprise at the little prattler, but instantly she recalled an occasion when the perusal of a letter from home, bringing a crowd of fond recollections, had quite overwhelmed her. In reply to the child's inquiries, she had simply informed her that the letter was from her mother. She could not repress a smile, as she explained to the innocent one the true state of the case.

'My mudder is toss,' said Mary, mournfully, 'and Ned Fisher says she drinks wine.'

Annie averted her head to hide the blinding tears, for too well she knew that sweet little Mary Lee had an intemperate mother.

Delightfully sped the evening at Dr. Green's in music and conversation. The benevolent old gentleman, whose heart had never been cheered by son or daughter, and who consequently had spent many lonely hours, looked with deep interest on Annie and Fortescue, so young, so fair, so full of hope;—and from the evident satisfaction of his guests, he derived a happiness not less than their own; while they thought him the most agreeable, the best and kindest old gentleman they had ever seen. As they concluded a sweet, and plaintive air, and the mingling melody of their voices died away, the doctor removed his glasses from his eyes, and brushing away a tear, said—

'My children, while you have been singing, a little plan for amusement, and may be benefit, has occurred to me. Never, to my knowledge, has there been a pic-nic here; but several times, in my travels in other places, I have been favored with an opportunity for attending them; and I think them the pleasantest and most natural enter-tainments in which I have ever participated. My idea is, that we get up something of the kind, say for the children, with permission to invite their parents. Like you, Annie, I believe in rendering children happy.'

'Oh, delightful!' cried Annie; 'just the thing!' and her eyes beamed pleasure.

'And what charming groves you have for the purpose!' said Warren.

'Charming, indeed,' replied the doctor. 'And how sweetly the woods will echo the music of the children's happy voices, as they sing some of those good old cold water songs, led by Warren and Annie; and then we will have some large swings suspended from the tall trees, and likewise a general repast of cakes and fruit.'

As Annie was leaving the doctor's door, attended by Fortescue, the old gentleman whispered in her ear—

'Remember, it will devolve upon you to assist me in entertaining my guest, while he remains with us; and who knows but you may find a recompense? Stranger things have happened.'

'I am confident that I shall be recompensed,' replied she, secretly rejoicing that the pale moon had not power to reveal her blushes.

And Annie did find a recompense, and effectually indeed was Mr. Fortescue entertained by her. Annie asked no other recompense than the society of so winning and intelligent a gentleman, and she never wearied of his varied, instructive and amusing conversation. Together they sought and analyzed mosses and flowers, of which were found in these parts many rare and beautiful kinds. Often from the summit of some green hill, they witnessed that most glorious of all scenes—a summer sunrise. With feelings of awe and admiration they contemplated the gorgeous hues and silvery floating clouds of the wide arching blue, as it bent to the fair horizon, while they inhaled new life and fresh beauty from the healthy morning breezes. Annie repeated to Fortescue many little incidents of interest connected with her school, and he soon learned to regard her favorites with an interest only equalled by her own.

'A party in the grove!' shouted happy voices, as the children rushed from the school house.

'A party in the grove,' reiterated Job Brewer, 'and Miss Harlow is going! That don't seem much like old Blarney, does it, Mike? Don't you remember she said we were lazy, good-for-nothings because we went to a clam-bake Saturday afternoon! She called us grown-up babies, and said we enough better be at work. I wonder what she would think of this!'

'Sure enough,' said Mike Hastings. 'And

what would she think if she was to see my wife, father, and Dr. Green, and Mr. Larkins, and worse than all, farmer Goodwell's, came go limping to a party! My father will go, I know he will; he likes Miss Harlow so well.'

'And farmer Goodwell shall go, too,' said Job, 'and his wife. Poor old folks! they don't take much comfort of life.'

The day for the pic nic arrived, and a fine day it was. The children in their clean clothes, with their clean, bright, laughing faces, were assembled at an early hour. Annie, dressed in pure white, with a single moss rosebud peeping from her wavy brown hair, reminded one of purity and love embodied.

'Aint our schoolmarm pretty! asked Job Brewer, for the hundredth time; and 'aint she!' was repeated with strong emphasis by the boys.

'She is coming this way,' said they, for she had not yet recognized them, altho' they had done their best to attract her attention.

Then such a brushing of hair and elevating of heads were seldom seen, plainly proving that no common character was near. And they, as she kindly took them by the hand and greeted them cordially, well knew that they were objects of interest to her. Kindly she smiled on all, both old and young. Job's dark eyes beamed his gratification, as she seated herself between the rough old farmer and his wife, and commenced conversing in gay and pleasant tones, as if resolved that they should be led to feel the joys of the occasion. And he knew that the old man's heart grew tender while listening to her, and he was glad; for often had Job spoken her praises at home, in glowing terms. Sometimes, too they looked at him, and he knew they were speaking of him. His heart beat, but not with mortification or fear.

My mudder has tum, Mit Harlow, said Mary Lee, joyfully, as she presented a pale, haggard-looking woman, though in earlier days she must have been strikingly handsome, for each feature was faultless. 'Mudder, here's my pretty, doodle!' the children, with permission to invite their parents, continued Mary; and Annie extended her hand, a bright blush crimsoning her cheek called forth by the child's artless praise.

'I am glad to see you here, Mrs. Lee, said Annie. 'But you look tired and warm. Go with me, and sit 'neath that shady oak, and rest and refresh yourself.'

'How kind! how innocent, how beautiful, tho' Mrs. Lee, as Annie led the way, and the poor neglected woman, so little used to the voice of kindness, wiped away a tear with her coarse handkerchief.

Mary Lee's mother had seen other, and far better days. Once she was as innocent, and fair and happy, too, as Annie Harlow. But he to whom she had given her young heart became a drunkard. Poverty had followed, friends had deserted, and the hapless one, instead of seeking for comfort from the right source, had turned, in the wildness of her despair, to the intoxicating cup. Now slept her husband in a drunkard's grave, and only Mary was left, and though she loved the child, the force of long-continued habits clung tenaciously to her. There were no temperance societies there, and the case of the confirmed inebriate was viewed as hopeless.

But Mrs. Lee's heart was not at all hard, and as Annie talked so respectfully, even tenderly, to her, and spoke in glowing terms of Mary's loveliness, a feeling slightly akin to hope and pride, crept through her desolate heart, and she wished (oh! how vainly) that she could forget her own degradation. And then, when Annie's swan like notes floated out upon the air in words that breathed of new life and hope for the poor inebriate, she wept, yes, and her's were repentant tears!

Mr. Larkins, too, who, when it had first been announced that Annie would sing, had turned suddenly away, declaring that he would not hear any of that nonsense, not he, indeed, as the soft sweet sounds fell upon his ear, had been drawn near, and still nearer, as though under the influence of a powerful psychologist, and now he stood close to the spot from whence the sounds proceeded, bending forward with breathless anxiety one ear upturned, as if fearful of losing a single note. Not till recently had he learned of the new arrangement for singing during recess, and not till then had he requested the 'committee man to put a stop to such nonsense.' It seems needless to say that the request was never repeated; and that Mr. Larkins did not say it publicly, he acknowledged to himself, that of all the good and pleasant things of that day, the singing was the best.

Just as Dr. Green, Mr. Fortescue and Annie were discussing, in an under tone, the power of moral evasion, in the midst of the happy assembly, Ned Parsons' father, who had not before had an opportunity of greeting Annie, advanced, and grasped her hand with such warmth, that with difficulty she suppressed an exclamation of pain.

'How dy'e do, schoolmarm,' said he? 'I have been trying to get a chance to see you all day. I wanted to tell you what a good boy you have made of my Dick. I am so much obliged to you for that thrashing you gin him. To be sure his mother felt considerable bad when she saw the blood, but I told her that you had sarved him right, jest right.'

Annie retreated a few steps, and looked him in the face with bewildered astonishment, while Dick, poor Dick, groaned aloud.

The doctor and his friend, noticing her embarrassment, though greatly surprised, endeavored to change the subject by a proposition to swing.—But Mr. Parsons was in earnest, and would not be interrupted. 'Dick,' continued he, 'roared, I tell you, and declared he would never go to your school again. I didn't know but I should have to gin him another basting, to make him come. A better boy I never see than he is now, and I lay it to that, for you know Solomon says, 'spare the rod and spare the child.' I'm his way of thinking, and I don't believe in playing with boys nother.'

'True, Neighbor Larkins,' remarked farmer Goodwell, 'and right glad was I to see my Job come home with a bloody nose. You did jest right, schoolmarm; he'd no business interfering when you undertook to give a bad boy a decent thrashing, and it done um good, every soul of um. If they had got the upper hand on you then, we should have had a broken school, that's for sartin.'

'But I don't understand you,' said Annie, recovering somewhat.

'Ah, you've forgot it, then, but the boys ain't. I'll warrant you,' said farmer Goodwell, looking at her with a patronizing smile.

'What shall we do?' said boding Bill.

'It's all out now, and we must do the best we can,' replied Mike. 'Own up.'

'Boys,' asked Annie, turning to them with a look of perplexity, 'what does this mean?' The moment she saw their pale and anxious countenances, she was convinced that they well understood the mystery, and she resolved not to press an investigation, for she felt unwilling that a day opening under such bright auspices, should terminate sorrowfully.

But the bold and far-seeing Mike knew very well that an explanation must come, and believing this to be the most favorable opportunity, related the whole story, in his usual witty and comical style, only interrupted by the irrepressible laughter of his amused auditors. It was all new to the doctor and his friend, as well as to Annie, and at each fresh disclosure they looked at each other with merriment that knew no bounds. The doctor ever and anon exclaimed, Capital! bright boys, brave boys! well thought of! 'I'll risk them any where!' When Mike had finished his story, and the peals of laughter which had almost rocked the 'rees had died away, farmer Goodwell struck his cane good-naturedly into the ground, and cried, 'Ha, ha, ha, that's a good one for sartin.'

'All of that, and no mistake,' said Parsons, as he wiped away the tears which his violent laughter had produced.

'And now,' said the doctor, smiling, as he laid a hand on a shoulder of each. 'I shall never again expect to hear you advocating the 'cowhide'; and I pray you don't send off Miss Harlow, because of the great truth that something besides blistered hands and broken noses has made your boys what they are—ornaments to the place.'

'No danger of that,' they replied; 'she's one first rate schoolmarm, and we want to keep her here always.'

'Fine boys, fine boys,' said Dr. Green, as he asked round upon them, laying a hand affectionately upon the head of Mike and Job.

The boys returned from the pic-nic, rejoicing at the unexpected result of their roguish plot, a result which had only increased the merriment of the occasion.

Annie, who had become deeply interested in Mrs. Lee, visited her often, and by respecting her, taught the poor woman to respect herself. She drew from her the particulars of her sad history, only probing the wounds that she might administer healing balm. Her efforts were crowned with success, and Mrs. Lee renounced forever the in-

toxicating cup, and contentment visited her humble home.

'My mudder is sick,' said Mary Lee, sorrowfully, 'and she is doing to die.'

With an anxious heart, Annie hastened to her.

Mrs. Lee was stretched upon her coarse yet clean bed, pale and emaciated. 'Angel of light!' she exclaimed, extending to Annie her thin hand, 'I knew you would come. I am sick, very sick, I cannot live but a little while; yet do not weep—rather rejoice. My sins are forgiven; I shall soon be at rest.'

From that time, Annie devoted her every leisure moment to the sick woman. She ministered to her temporal necessities with ready skill. She smoothed her pillow, and cooled her burning brow, with her own soft hand. She read to her, prayed with her, and the same gentle voice, whose sweet songs had called her from a fearful lethargy, soothed and cheered her passage to the grave. The benevolent Dr. Green, too, was constant in his attentions, and Mr. Fortescue, who, now that Annie was so deeply engaged, felt quite lonely, visited the sick woman often.

'Ah,' said Mrs. Lee to him, on one of these occasions, 'she is an angel, and though I may not hope to reward her, Heaven surely will. Night after night has she hung over me, refusing one moment's rest, for well she knows that no one can deal so tenderly with this wasted frame as her own. Others are kind, but ah! there is none like Annie Harlow, with her patient, loving face, never weary of doing good.'

Mr. Fortescue, who had long felt, with Mrs. Lee that there were none like Annie Harlow, was never so happy as when hearing her praises; and though he had never named the subject, his imagination delighted to picture a future, blessed with her constant companionship, altho' he scarce dared hope that he should ever realize such happiness. Both were young; business would soon call him from the place, to visit foreign climes, and he was one who felt the uncertainty of earthly hopes. He knew that Annie was not indifferent to him, for the eye has a language that speaks to the heart, and Warren and Annie, who had communed much, well understood each other.

Mrs. Lee was dying. The moonbeams streamed with full radiance through the low windows, and seemed to look mournfully upon the scene. The doctor, aided by Mr. Fortescue, supported her in an upright position, and the tearful Annie waved a snow-white fan, to aid her difficult respiration. The little prattling Mary was now quite silent, gazing with childish grief and awe upon the strange scene.

'Fear not,' whispered the doctor kindly; 'while I live, little Mary shall have a home with me, and I will be a father to her.'

'And should I outlive you,' said Mr. Fortescue, 'I will see that she has a home and friends.'

A smile of gratitude played over the face of the dying woman, and without a struggle or a groan, her worn and weary spirit found an eternal rest. When the last sad rites were performed, Mary was removed from her humble home to the delightful residence of Dr. Green. As his wife was too far advanced in years to take charge of the little favorite, he gave Annie a home under the same roof, as governess for his adopted daughter. The arrangement was extremely gratifying to Annie, for besides affording her, next to her own, the pleasantest house in the world, it enabled her to increase considerably, the quarterly remittance which it had been her habit and pleasure to bestow upon her mother, and which, added to Mrs. Harlow's efforts, had rendered them quite easy and comfortable, and enabled her to give the children the benefit of an excellent school at a short distance from the cottage.

Late in September, one fine moonlight evening, Fortescue and Annie wandered forth together.—The eyes of the former were sad and downcast, and for a time he was silent.

At length he started from his reverie, and producing a letter, said, 'this summons me from all these delightful scenes—the purest and fairest of my life—and early to-morrow I must go.'

'What! so soon!' cried Annie, impulsively, and a cold shudder crept over her, and Fortescue felt the hand which rested on his arm tremble violently.

'Yes, Annie, to-morrow. Already have I lingered too long. I have foreign business to settle which demands my earliest attention, and which is intimately connected with my true interests.

Time and distance must separate us, but only assure me once that change of sentiments never came, and I will ask no more. Say, Annie, can I hope that when months—years perchance—have flown that you will greet my return with a glad heart filled with sentiments as kind as those you now entertain towards me.'

Annie's head drooped upon his shoulder, and those sweet, yet bitter tears replied.

He had gone. Her cheek was a shade paler and her voice more touching in its sadness. Quietly, perseveringly and contentedly she filled her allotted station.

As month after month rolled on, improvement and progress were visible, even to her own eyes among the members of her interesting school, and she had the satisfaction of feeling that hers was the path of usefulness. Beneath her watchful care little Mary grew in every grace of mind, and the doctor's home was never before so joyful; youth and childhood were there, and the merriment and ringing laugh echoed through the quiet halls. Twice in each year Annie visited the home of her mother; and oh! with what delight were the seasons welcomed by the grateful family! How the once little Henry had grown and improved, and how pretty and pleasant looked the younger ones!

Thus, three years have rolled away. Fortescue, having adjusted his business satisfactorily, has returned to gladden the hearts of his old friends, and refresh his own amidst those dear familiar scenes. And he has come, too, to claim his lovely Annie. 'Tis the pic-nic anniversary. The same company (with but few exceptions) are gathered, that attended their first pic-nic. The same bright sun diffuses as bright beams as before. The same green trees are bending their shady branches above them. The swings are there, the repast and music. But they are changed. They are far less joyful than before; why is it! She who had been to them as some ministering spirit of peace, is to depart on the morrow, and they are assembled to breathe the unwilling adieu. They have gathered in the school house, under her gentle and faithful teachings for the last time, and vain are all their efforts to appear cheerful.

'My father,' said Mike Hastings, (now quite a young man) 'says that Miss Harlow is going home to be married; and that is what I thought when Mr. Fortescue first came back here. If she must be married, he is the only one in the world good enough for her; but what would the district do without her?'

'All I can say,' said Job, 'is, that I wish he had staid at home, and attended to his own business; for I am sure she can do more good here than any where, and though I do not expect to go to school much more myself, I should feel really bad to have the younger ones subjected to the severe treatment that embittered our former days, making us brutes instead of men.'

I really think Mr. Fortescue is the only happy one here,' said Bill Larkins, 'I never saw him look so smiling in my life, and his eye follows Miss Harlow constantly. I know that she wishes he would leave her, and give her a chance to weep—for oh! how sad she feels.'

'Well, Bill,' said Mike, 'I rather think you would look happy too, if you were on the eve of marriage to such a good and beautiful little woman as Miss Harlow. Wouldn't I like to be in his place. But she is coming. She has run away from Fortescue.'

Annie advanced, and as she gave her parting advice, tears coursed over their cheeks, and the noble resolutions then formed were remembered, even in the sternest years of manhood. With undeviating step they pursued the virtuous path marked out by her, attributing and justly, their success and happiness to the influence of Annie Harlow's gentle teachings.

'She has come! she has come!' cried Henry Harlow to his mother, who, with the children, was seated in the parlor, awaiting her arrival.

'Yes,' said little Edith, and she has brought some one with her! I wonder who it is!'

Cordial, indeed, was the greeting, and the happy Edith danced around the room, exclaiming, 'Annie will never go away, again.'

But it might not be so. She was to stay but a little while, and then her presence was to make glad another home. Yet the tears that shone in that mother's eye on the bridal eve were not tears of sorrow; no, they were tears of gratitude and

admiration. She yielded her beloved child to Warren Fortescue without a pang; for firm and just was the belief that he was worthy of her. Not even the prospect of separation marred their happiness. Warren had chosen a beautiful home in the city, close to the spot where they had dwelt in the season of their early prosperity. He had purchased and refitted the house, formerly owned by Mr. Harlow, and presented it to the widow and her children.

Once in each year they visited the still loved spot where Annie had labored, and where they had first met.

On these occasions, a joyful party assembled in the pleasant grove to greet her, for still Annie had a place in the hearts of the people, and still was she interested in their welfare.

Mary Lee was still a favorite, and often visited them, and when good Dr. Green had finished his labors, and gone to his reward, Mr. Fortescue gladly fulfilled his promise and gave her a home in his happy family.

FOR THE PURITAN RECORDER.

THE LEEVEE.

"Where have you been this afternoon, Mother?" said Mary Greenwood. "I was so sorry that you were not at the meeting. Effie Gossamer, and Elsie Barnum have been here, and wished to see you very much."

"I have been to the Maternal Meeting," said Mrs. Greenwood; "I thought you knew. But why were they anxious to see me?"

"Oh, about the Levee, Mother. They are trying to get the people interested in it, and they said they knew you would enter right into the spirit of it. It is to be a splendid affair. The company is to be very select; as no tickets will be sold to common people. They are having some elegant silk dresses made for it; and their head-dresses are coming from New York. The Episcopal minister, Mr. Strong and his family are going, and the Greys, and the Randolphs, and the Richmonds, and Col. Mercer's son and daughters from New York. Only think! I must have a new silk; they said I must; and a zephyr head-dress, and satin slippers, and"—

"O dear, Mary, you will make me crazy! I should think you was, already. I should like to ask, when, where, and what this splendid affair is to be?"

"It is to be at Lyceum Hall. The time has not been decided upon; but the object is a good one, and one that I know you will like. It is to raise money to help poor aged females. They hope to raise enough to give old Mrs. Gooch twenty or thirty dollars."

"You are quite mistaken, Mary, in thinking I should approve of the plan. Although I should be gratified to have such worthy people as Mrs. Gooch the object of benevolent sympathy, I am very far from approving the method of carrying such benevolence into execution."

"I am astonished, Mother, that you should have such scruples when other good people see no hurt in it. They said that our minister, Mr. Bangs, and Dea. Cragie, thought they should go."

"It seems that almost every person between here and New York has been consulted, or invited, and we have never heard of it before. Did they not wish me to make something, that they were so anxious to see me to-day?"

"Well, they said they should like to have you make some needle-books, or pin-cushions, to sell, if you would. Lizzie Gossamer is to put a papier mache work-table into the sale, which will bring ten dollars; and her mother has sent to Mrs. Mercer, to know what articles sold best, when they raised such a sum for the children of the 'Old Brewery.' They are to have tableau's, which I suppose you will say is no better than a theatre. Father is coming, I will ask him, what he thinks of it—"

"They are expecting to have a grand Levee to raise money for the poor. May I go, Father?"

"What does Mother think," said Mr. Greenwood, "does she think it best?"

"Perhaps she will, if you do."

"What is the object; to give to any one in particular?"

"They mentioned old Mrs. Gooch, and Sally Barber, the lame girl."

"Then, I am going," said her Father, "if the Gossamers are getting up a fair, for the benefit of those people."

"Then you do not think it so foolish, as mother does, do you Father?"

"I have not said; but I shall go, and shall make a speech too."

"I shall need a new dress, Father, a nice silk; every body is having one made, that has not a handsome one already."

"A new what?"

"A new silk dress, and some other new clothes."

"No, you must wear the same that you would to meeting, Sunday. Why not have a new purse to carry your money in, and new kid gloves on your hand, to drop a penny into a contribution box?"

Here the conversation ended; for well did Mary know how unavailing would be any efforts to dissuade her father from his purpose, or to persuade him to comply with her request.

It was a chilly, cheerless night, in the dwellings of the lowly, when the fashionable and the gay, adorned with gold and pearls and costly array, assembled in the festive hall to remember the wants of the suffering poor. How unsuitable, how inappropriate were such costly garments, such extravagant outlays for the occasion, to remind one of the hunger, the famishing, the destitution of the children of poverty!

Here was feasting, to remind one of famine; a "hundred lights were glancing," to make the darkness more visible in the habitations of the poor. So unsuitable and unscriptural did this extravagance and parade appear, in the eyes of Mr. Greenwood, to the occasion for which they had nominally assembled, that it would have been impossible for him to have so far restrained his feelings as to have kept silence. With much feeling he addressed the following remarks to the people assembled:—

Friends and Fellow Citizens:—

I have long been wishing to say a few words to you, in regard to a certain class of poor people in this village; and, as this seems a proper occasion, I beg the indulgence of your attention a few moments. It has ever been a source of regret to myself that I chose the legal profession. For in that, as in all other employments, "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and cannot live without it; so that I have often had conscientious scruples about taking my fee, coming, as it so often does, from them who can so ill afford to pay it. It is hard, after a poor debtor has "given up his coat" to a creditor, to "to take away his cloak also."

The physician, if well paid by the rich, can well afford to cross out his accounts against those unable to pay. The clergyman need have no misgivings, when his salary is obtained by voluntary contribution, or by a tax justly assessed on property. But it is not so when the poor lawyer receives his part of the costs which the miserable criminal is doomed to pay, or his friends, while he is shut out from the light of day in a convict's cell. Frequently, when receiving it from those who have mortgaged their estates and have no power to redeem them, when the entreaties of wives and children to stay a little longer cannot be granted, does he feel as though to take his just due would be deemed little better than extortion. But when these estates have been bartered away for Rum, then does he scarcely fail to appropriate to himself that denunciation of our Saviour: "Wo unto you lawyers, for ye devour widow's houses," &c.

As you well know, many of you, all the money I received for the first ten years of my residence among you, was the avails of law-suits, where whole estates were squandered for that fiery liquid. Yes, some of the poor females, whom it is your object to relieve this night, were once with prospects bright as yours. Their farms were their husbands', and their husbands were sober, industrious men. Their "children were like olive plants around their tables." But the rum-seller came among them. He was as affable as the arch destroyer, when he transforms himself into an "angel of light." He offered to loan them money, if they would, just for the sake of security, give him a right to their farms. He would find them paint to improve their houses; he would sell them second-hand furniture from the city, and let it all remain unpaid; he treated them with wine and cordials, and old Jamaica, until fathers and sons fell into the drunkard's grave. And my friends, it is for those broken-hearted, widowed orphans we have here met. But could we fill this house with gold, and bid them welcome, it could not begin to pay the debt due them. It might remunerate them for their worse than stolen property; but it would be powerless to heal the broken heart, or compensate for broken vows.

But it is not to fill this house with gold for their relief that we have met. It is mockery to say we have. This splendid array, these trappings, this gaudy finery, is wholly at variance with such an object. It is base

any poverty to decoy people, honest people, under such a cloak as benevolence, when pride is the occasion, the end, the aim. It is like sending a vessel of wheat to a starving population, and carrying passengers sufficient to eat the flour, leaving the bran alone to the hungry recipients of their benevolence. I know these remarks will not meet an approval from some; but I hope they will lead many, when they have gifts to bestow, to do it in the silent manner which the Gospel approves, where it says, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

The assembly closed, and many went away wiser than they came. The sorrow which these remarks of her father caused Mary Greenwood to feel, was soothed when her mother related to her the story of the pre-

tending and hypocritical Gossamers—how their grandfather had gained his possessions which were great, by his artifice and his ruse; and led her to understand this man attempt to rifle or soothe conscience, by raising money to help one who had been left penniless, and one who had been made a cripple, by a drunken father, (made so at Gossamer's store)—while they would receive an equivalent for their trouble in a show of wealth, and of benevolence to the unfortunate. MAYFLOWER.

In life we shall find many men that are great, and some men that are good, but very few men that are both great and good.—*Colton.*
Foppery is never cured; it is the bad stamina of the mind which, like those of the body, are never rectified; once a coxcomb, and always a coxcomb.—*Johnson.*
Gravity is of the very essence of imposture; it does no only mistake other things, but is apt perpetually almost to mistake itself.—*Lord Shaftesbury.*
True joy is a serene and sober emotion; and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing; the seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolutions of a brave man.—*Seneca.*
Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul; the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant. While its opponent, ingratitude, is a deadly weed; not only poisonous in itself, but impregnating the very atmosphere in which it grows with fatal vapors.—*Hosae Ballou.*

FRANKLIN says: "A poor man must work to find meat for his stomach, a rich one to find stomach for his meat."

NEVER attempt duty but in God's strength!

BY PHILA EARLE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

BETWEEN me and the sunny past
Is lying a fair stream,
And buds of hope in drooping sprays
Along its banks are seen:
And though its waves are fair and smooth,
And with sweet music glide,
I ne'er can cross or linger more
Upon the other side;
Or lie among the sweet-breathed flowers
And hear them whisper low,
Or linger by the smiling waves
Which dimple over so.

The flowers bloom, and zephyrs float
The sweetest fragrance by,
And richer blossoms on my path
This side the streamlet lie;
Yet to those other timid ones
With half-closed, dewy eyes,
I backward turn, and see them yet
Blue as the Summer skies.
I crossed an arching bridge of flowers
Which had the rainbow's gleam
The bridge is gone—the gleam is left—
And I'm this side the stream.

Beyond the stream my girl-life lies
So beautiful and bright,
With all its rosy-tinted hopes,
And all its sunny light;
Where fancy wove, with fingers fair,
A garland fresh and sweet,

And op'ning buds like shining pearls
Were scattered at my feet;
And girlhood's glorious dreamings seemed
As if an angel's eyes
Had looked upon them with a smile
From out the sunlit skies.

I've passed to early womanhood,
From girlhood's dreamy days;
And now on active, useful life
I've fixed my earnest gaze,
A dearer, holier love is mine
Than any of my dreams;
An earnestness there is in life
Which ne'er in fancy seems,
And well I know a purer light
Is lingering 'round me now
And falls with holy radiance
Upon my upturned brow.

I look not backward, with regret,
The future lies before
With all its wealth of hope and love,
A misty dream no more.
I pine not for those golden dreams
Of sunny days ago,
Or that my feet, from those bright paths,
So gently are withdrawn.
My pathway is a pleasant one,
And Heav'n smiles bright above;
For perfect trust and faith are mine,
And never changing love.

"NEVER COURT BUT ONE."

BY S. W. HAZELTINE.

I HAVE finished it, the letter,
That will tell him he is free;
From this hour, and forever,
He is nothing more to me!
And my heart feels lighter, gayer,
Since the deed at last is done—
It will teach him that when courting,
He should never court but one!

Everybody in the village
Knows he's been a wooing me;
And this morning he was riding
With that saucy Anna Lee!
They say he smiled upon her,
As he cantered by her side;
And I'll warrant you he's promised
To make her soon his bride!

But I've finished it, the letter,
From this moment he is free—
He may have her, if he wants her,
If he loves her more than me!
He may go—it will not kill me—
I would say the same, so there,
If I knew it would, for flirting,
It is more than I can bear.

It is twilight, and the evening
That he said he'd visit me;
But no doubt he's now with Anna,
He may stay there, too, for me!
And as true as I'm a living,
If he ever comes here more,
I'll act as if we never,
Never, never met before!

It is time he should be coming,
And I wonder if he will;
If he does, I'll look so coldly—
What's that shadow on the hill?
I declare, out in the twilight,
There is some one coming near—
Can it be? yes—'tis his figure,
Just as true as I am here!

Now I almost wish I'd written
Not to him that he was free;
For perhaps 'twas but a story
That he rode with Anna Lee.
There! he's coming through the gate-way,
I will meet him at the door,
And I'll tell him still I love him,
If he'll court Miss Lee no more!

THE CARELESS WORD.

BY ANNA SHIPTON.

Oh, never say a careless Word
Hath not the power to pain;
The shaft may ope some hidden wound,
That closes not again.
Veigh well those light-winged messengers;
God marked your heedless Word,
And with it, too, the falling tear,
The heart-pang that it stirred.

Words! What are Words? A simple Word
Hath spells to call the tears,
That long have lain a sealed fount,
Unclosed thro' mournful years.
Back from the unseen sepulchre,
A Word hath summoned forth
Forth—that hath its place no more
Among the things of earth.

Words—heed them well; some whispered one
Hath yet a power to fling
Shadow on the brow; the soul
In agony to wring;

A name—forbidden, or forgot,
That sometimes, unawares,
Murmurs upon our wak'ning lips;
And mingles in our prayers.

Oh, Words—sweet Words! A blessing comes
Softly from kindly lips;
Tender, endearing tones, that break
The spirit's drear eclipse.
Oh! are there not some cherished tones
In the deep heart enshrined,
Uttered but once—they pass'd—and left
A track of light behind?

Words! What are words? Ah! know'st thou not
The household names of love?
The thousand tender memories,
That float their graves above?
Long buried by the world's cold tread,
Yet 'mid the crowd they rise,
And smile, as angel-guests would smile,
With gentle, earnest eyes.

"MAY I go on the common to play? I've been a good girl to-day," warbled the dear little pet, Isabel Lee, in a voice that was sweet as the song of a bird at sunset; and up and down the stairs she went, singing her childish ditty, and searching eagerly for her mother that she might obtain the desired permission.

"Say yes, do now, that's a dear, good mother," she exclaimed, when at length she found herself in the arms of the loved one. "Miss Jane says I've been a very good girl, indeed; and she says, too, that air and play will do me much good. And there's no place in all the world where I love so well to play as on that dear old common of ours. I call it our little country, mother, 'cause there aint no houses there, nothing but grass and trees and water."

"And birdlings from human nests," said the mother, as she lovingly kissed the darling. "Yes, you may go, but mind and not play too hard—and be sure, Bell, to get home ere the dinner is ready."

Merrily then pattered the slippered feet after bonnet and cape and hoop—and merrily sang the happy voice:

"I may go on the common to play,
I guess I'll be good then every day."

Very demurely did the little girl pace the crowded and fashionable thoroughfare; but O, how lightly and joyously she bounded down the stone steps. And once on the gravelled path, with God's green grass beside her—his noble trees arching above her—his free, glad sunshine quivering on their tops, dancing through their interlacing boughs. Here mottling the soft turf, and there bathing it in a golden tide. Once beside the mimic lake, with its leaping, laughing, musical fountain,—once out in that "little country," and Isabel, happiest of the happy, flitted through the long walks, with a step that seemed almost winged, so fleet, so airy was its tread; while her voice rang now in childish glee, and again in birdlike songs; and her pulses beating with quickened life, sent fresh, bright hues to the delicate cheek, gave an added lustre to the brilliant eye, a warm, glad gush to the panting heart, and a thrill of joy to the imprisoned soul. Out on the common she might be what God meant she should be while her years were young. A child, a romping, wild, frolicsome child; and gather in her buoyant sports that strength so needed in the life to come; that vigor which shields the heart from muffled notes. She rolled her hoop; she tossed her velvet ball; she "hipped and hopped to the barber's shop;" she made friends with the little girls who romped beside her, and lent them her hoop while she jumped their rope; she watched the little boys launch their boats, smiled with them when they bore a gallant sail, and spoke a comforting word when they met with a saddening wreck; she played with the babies—gladdened the hearts of the weary nurses with a kind and a loving word; and then, fairly tired out, wandered away from the noisy group.

"I want go home quite yet," said she. "I'll get rested first. Yes, I'll find me a nice, cool, shady place, and sit down there, and think awhile. Mother says it does little girls good to think," and so she tripped away in search of a musing spot.

But suddenly her steps were arrested; the light faded from her joyous eye; the song died on her lip. There, on the green turf beside her, the midsummer sun pouring its torrid rays upon his upturned face, buried in what seemed deathlike slumber, lay a man in the prime of life. Tattered and torn were his garments, a battered hat beside him, a broken bottle clenched in the right hand, a blotted paper in his hand.

"The poor, sick man," said the wondering child, "out here in the hot sun asleep. It's too bad, too bad. How sorry his folks would be if they only knew where he was. He must have been going to the doctor's, for he has a bottle and a paper, and I guess he was so weak he couldn't get there, and fell down. The poor, sick man—how I wish I could make him well."

She looked awhile and then hesitatingly approached him, and sat down beside him. She took out her handkerchief and wiped away the great drops that had gathered on his brow, and then fanned him with that soft, delicate motion which we give to the dying friend. And all the time tears were streaming down her cheeks, and she was wailing with a hushed voice but sobbing heart over his lonely lot. She was wondering if he had a wife and little children—and if they knew how sick he was; and she wished he would wake up and tell her where they lived that she might bring them there.

A long while she sat there, a patient, thoughtful watcher. Only once she ceased the cooling breeze—it was to fold her little hands as she had been taught, and breathe over him a childish prayer. That prayer! The angels hushed their harps to listen, and "there was joy in heaven."

At length the sick man turned and tossed as though his sleep was mostly over. "Poor man," said his little nurse, "poor man, you'll be sore and stiff I'm afraid, sleeping so long on the ground when it rained only last night. Poor man, how sorry I am for you." But now her little cheek is laid close to his bloated face, for his lips murmur and she would hear his words. Broken, indistinct ones they are at first, but then audible and pleading.

"Just one glass more—one, one, only one. I'm dying for it—give, give, one more—only one!"

"He's begging for water," sobbed she as she raised her damp face. "He's dreaming—and thinks they won't give it to him. O, if I only had some; it's so hard to want a drink of water and not

med to his host—but was

work is done with silver and gold. It is estimated that the value of the work done in the month of January is about £100,000.

All these 24 hours
clo from the P.W. and
then at 6 A.M. Saw sperm
and at 7 at noon took
the Bark thus ends this
Log. in 31.00
Log in 75.15

100 then 90, saw five
each in the whales and
2 each saw nothing
was in being
July 1st. in 5100
July 1st. in 7300

Commenced with fine
weather & later part squally
down 41 lbs. P.B. Paid
it thus Ends this day
Sat. at 30.54
Sun at 73.00

Commenced with
weather at 1 P.M. Saw
to Lewis at 2:30 with
Hearsey Squall at 3 Saw
again 2 miles to wind
ward of Lewis at Sunset
to the Bar
to same Squalling cut in
Saw one Bird

Lat. 31.10
Long 73.50

Commenced with fire
 Commenced boiling with
 from the Eastward
 Saw several fish
 Put in 31.02
 Saw in 13.07

Saturday 13th July Commences with fair
moderate winds Employed in loading
at 11 P.M. finished latter part fresh
winds with a heavy swell from
S.E. Lat. 31.02
Long. 73.28

Sunday 14th July all these 24 hours
fresh winds with a heavy
swell from S.E. Lat. 30.38
Long. 73.10

Monday 15 July Commences with the
wind Southerly & Squally
at 6 A.M. wind S.E. and blow-
ing heavy got down topmast
ends with heavy gales from the
S.E. Barke under Main spencer &
fore topmast staysail heavy sea
running No Obs Lat. 31.20
Long. 73.00

Tuesday 16th July Commences with
a severe gale from S.E. Barke heading
S.E. under Main spencer & topmast
staysail at 30 minutes past meridian
the wind changed to S.W. and
blew very strong the same time
at 2 P.M. carried away fore topmast
flying jib boom & Main Mast
middle part wind W. S.W. Barke head-
ing S.W. under Main spencer blowing
heavy with a bad sea running latter
part rather more moderate wind
S.W. still blowing heavy Thus End.
No Obs Lat. 31.30
Long. 72.00

Continued

Wednesday 17 July All these 24 hours
Strong Gale from S.E. heading
S.W. Employed in fetching
Fore topmast. Lat. 31.10
Long 73.20

Thursday 18th July All these 24 hours
Squally wind from S.E. to S.W.
First part got up the fore top
must be doing nothing &c Lat. 31.45
Long 72.50

Friday 19th July All these Squally
weather. Late part got up fore
top & Lt. mast and stowed down
24 Lt. Pail. Saw no whales
Lat. 31.50
Long 72.40

Saturday 20 July Strong wind from
S.E. and rainy at 4 P.M.
Saw a Brig steering N.E.
Later part saw nothing
Lat. 31.55
Long 72.40

Sunday 21 July All these 24 hours
Squally wind from S.P.E. to S.W.
first part got up top of clouds
saw 2 sail these ends
Lat by alt. 31.45
Long 72.30

Monday 22 July All these 24 hours
Squally with rain wind South
first part saw a Schooner
heading S.E. under short sail
Lat. 31.55
Long by alt. 73.10

Tuesday
Wednesday 23 July All these 24 hours
moderate winds with rain in squally
saw no whales wind South
Lat. in 32.00
Long in 73.40

Thursday 24 July Commenced with
fair weather the weather employed in
repairing Spanker at 8.30 P.M.
Spoke the Brig Charles Henry of
Richmond from St. Domingo for
Boston latter part fine weather
wind S.P.E. one sail in sight
Lat. in 31.44
Long in 73.20

Friday 25 July All these 24 hours fine
weather wind South saw 2 sail
latter part employed in repairing
fore topsail
Lat 31.38
Long 73.35

Saturday 26 July All these 24 hours light
winds from the South to West
South heading South Easterly
saw 2 sail
Lat 31.25
Long 73.11

Continued

Saturday 27 July 1850

All these 24 hours light
winds from the west and
fine, weather Employed in
repairing the topsail &c Saw
no whales

Lat. in 31.04
Long. 73.00

Sunday 28 July

All these 24 hours
light air and calm Later part
saw Blackfish and sawed up
took none Saw one Sail

Lat in 30.58
Long. 72.56

Monday 29 July

All these 24 hours
light air and calm Saw
2 Sail but no whales

Lat. in 30.54
Long. 72.50

Tuesday 30 July

All these 24 hours
very light air from S. Westward
& calm Saw nothing

Lat. 31.20

Long. 73.05

Wednesday 31 July

All these 24 hours
light air and calm Saw no
whales

Lat. 31.40

Long. 72.55

Thursday 1 August

All these 24 hours
light winds and calm Saw 2
Sail but no whales

Lat. 31.50

Long. 72.40

Friday 2 Augt. 1850

All these 24 hours light wind
from the South Saw 2 Sail

Lat in 32.10
Long in 72.35

Saturday 3 Augt.

All these 24 hours
light winds from the S.W.
Bark heading to the Eastward
Saw 2 Sail

Lat 32.00
Long 71.30

Sunday 4 August

All these 24 hours
moderate winds from the S.W. and
pleasant weather. Bark heading to
the Eastward Saw one sail

Lat. 31.50
Long 69.55

Monday 5 August

All these 24 hours light winds
from the South Bark heading E.S.E.
at 3 P.M. Spoke the Ship Thomas
Wright of and from New York for
New Orleans got papers heard of the
loss of Pilot Boat Hornet also the
death of President Taylor. Lat just
light winds and very warm Saw
2 Sail

Lat. 31.30
Long 69.00

Tuesday 6 August

All these 24 hours fine
weather light air from South to West
at 4 P.M. Spoke Brig Groom from
New York for Chicago. at 6 Bark
of Portsmouth for Cuba. Lat
Saw nothing

Lat 31.20
Long 68.20

Continued

Wednesday 7 augt.

All these 24 hours light winds
and calm Bark heading to the
S.E. wind South sighted a
number of sail

Lat in 31.10
Long in 68.00

Thursday 8 August

Light part light breezes
from the S.E. Later part
breeze winds from S.E. Saw
a number of sail but no whels.

Friday 9 August

Lat in 31.03
Long in 66.00

Commences with fresh winds
from the S.E. to west and Squ-
ally Bark heading E.S.E. Middle
part the same later part do. do.
Saw Blackfish sawed took none

Lat. 30.28
Long 63.30

Saturday 10 August

Commences with fresh
winds and Squally wind
to the westward Bark heading
to the Eastward Saw nothing
on the first part later
part fine weather Saw
Blackfish sawed took none

Lat in 30.50
Long in 61.50

Sunday 11 August

All these 24 hours wind
South westerly and Squally
with thunder &c. Saw one sail
Bark heading to the Eastward

Lat 31.31 S
Long 69.00 W

Monday 12 August

All these 24 hours
fresh winds from the S. West and
Squally Bark heading East
Saw no Seal

Lat. = 31.50

Long = 57.40

Tuesday 13 August

All these 24 hours
moderate breezes from S. to West
and Squally, at 8 A.M. Saw 1
whale 3 miles to windward
in pursuit at noon. Chasing the
Conchudog

Lat 32.09

Long 56.45

Wednesday 14 the augs

All these 24 hours moderate breeze
from the S. W. to West at 2 P.M.
The boats returned on board with
no whale at 5 P.M. Saw another
large whale 2 miles off Land
but it was too late. Later part
Saw nothing

Lat. 32.00

Long 56.49

Thursday 15 augs

Commence with moderate
winds from the S. W. S. W. -
just fresh breeze from S. W. Saw
nothing

Lat. 32.24

Long 56.54

Friday 16 August

All these 24 hours
fresh winds from the S. W. Bark
heading to the Eastward Saw nothing
but some sail heading to the westward

Lat. = 32.21

Long = 55.30

Saturday 17 augs

All these 24 hours light wind
and fair weather Saw no whale
Bark heading to the Eastward

Lat. 32.50 Long 55.30

Continued
Sunday 18 August 1850 Commenced
with moderate breezes from the
South Bark heading E. by S. at
7 P.M. backed and headed S.W.
at 8 A.M. backed and headed
S.E. by E. Latter part wind South
Saw one Sail heading Easterly

Lat. in 32° 35'

Long. in 53° 55'

Monday 19 August All these 24 hours
breeze South Bark heading to the
Eastward Latter part Squally
at 3 P.M. spoke with and
English Bark bound to Phil-
delphia Saw no whales

Lat. 32° 47'

Long 52° 30'

Tuesday 20 August All these 24 hours
strong winds from the South
and Squally Saw no whales

Lat. 32° 45'

Long 51° 50'

Wednesday 21 August All these 24 hours
strong winds from the South
Bark heading to the Eastward
till 10 A.M. remainder to the West
Saw a Steamer heading to the
S.E.

Lat 32° 43'

Long 51° 15'

Thursday 22 August These 24 hours
fresh winds from the South
Bark heading to the Eastward
Saw nothing

Lat in 32° 40'

Long in 50° 00'

Friday 23 August

All these 24 hours
fresh winds from the South at 4
P.M. saw a steamer heading to the west
under sail apparently no steam up.
Latter part sighted nothing

Lat. in 33.00
Long. in 48.15

Saturday 24 August

All these 24 hours
fine weather wind S.W. by W. Bark
heading E.S.E. by compass saw nothing

Lat. 33.10

Long. 46.15

Sunday 25 August

All these 24 hours
fine breezes from the S.W. Bark
heading E.S.E. saw nothing

Lat. 33.15

Long. 44.20

Monday 26 August

All these 24 hours
breeze breezes from the S.W. Bark
heading E.S.E. saw no whales

Lat. in 33.27

Long. in 42.00

Tuesday 27 August

All these 24 hours fresh
breezes and fine weather wind
S.W. Bark heading East by compass
at 8.30 A.M. saw white sun for the
same but saw nothing more

Lat. 34.10

Long. 40.00

Wednesday 28 August

F. Dist. port light
winds from the S.W. Bark heading
East latter part moderate winds
at west saw nothing

Lat. in 34.50

Long. in 38.25

Continued

Thursday 29 August All these 24 hours
moderate breezes from ~~the~~ west-
to N.W.E. Bark heading to the
E, by N. Saw nothing
Lat. 35.25
Long 36.25

Friday 30 August All these 24 hours
Light winds and variables
Saw nothing
Lat 35.53
Long 35.13

Saturday 31 August All these 24 hours
fine weather Bark heading to
the E.N.E. Saw a Seal a Seal
heading supposed whale at 9
P.M. heard gunshots left by but
saw nothing in the morning
Lat 36.20
Long 35.30

Sunday 1 Sept. 1850 All these 24 hours
fine weather wind to the west
at 8 A.M. saw 2 sperm whales
lowered at noon chasing
Lat 36.54
Long 34.25

Monday 2 Sept. & First part Light
winds from the westward at
4 P.M. the boats returned on
board with no whale at 5.30
Saw 2 whales lowered got fast
and killed the whale at 8 took
it to the ship latter part fresh
breezes and squally cutting the whale
Saw 2 Seal
Lat 37.00
Long 34.00

Tuesday 3 Sept. Trial part fresh
breezes from the North at
2 P.M. finished cutting at
4 Commenced Coiling. Latter
part fresh winds from the
westward. Bark heading E.S.E.
Employed in Coiling
Lat. 37.22
Long 33.00

Wednesday 4 Sept. All these 24 hours
fresh breezes from the westward
Bark heading to the E.S.E. Saw
no whales at 11 A.M. finished
Coiling
Lat. 38.20
Long 31.00

Thursday 5 Sept. All these 24 hours
fresh winds from the westward
Saw 2 Sail Lagrange heading N.W.
E. at 7 A.M. Saw the Island
of Flores at Noon Dist. 12 miles
bearing N.N.E. & Compass.

Friday 6 Sept. All these 24 hours
squally at 3 P.M. Spoke ship
Alpha of Nantucket for whaling
also ship Minerva of New Bedford
13 day out no sail at 8 A.M. went
on shore landed a passenger
thus concludes.

Saturday 7 Sept. at 8.30 P.M. got
on board 75 bushels Potatoes
10000 various merchises fowl &c.
took 1 man and one boy from
the Island to go the voyage
at 8 kept off for Traged at 10 A.M.
lighted the Island bearing S.E. by S.
Ends with fresh winds and squally
Lat. 15 miles dist.

Continued

Sunday 8 Sept.

All these 24 hours squally
Lying off the Island Fayal
Saw 5 Ships and 1 Bark at
noon N.W. point bearing N.E.
Dist 16 miles

Monday 9 Sept

First part light
winds from all points of compass
and calm latter part fine breezes
from the westward at 7 A.M. went
on shore at Fayal at 11 came to
anchor Ship Mr. Francis master at
anchor 800 bl. I.O. Per. Russell 800 d.
-d. Several Ships lying off recreating
thus ends this day

Tuesday 10 Sept

All these 24 hours
fine weather landing oil to be
shipped home

Wednesday 11 Sept

These 24 hours fine
weather Employed in and finished land-
ing oil landed in all 235 bl. I. oil
to be shipped the first chance

Thursday Sept 12

Squally one watch
on shore on liberty the watch
on board Employed in various
jobs

Friday 13 Sept

fine weather one
watch on liberty the other
Employed on board thus concludes

Saturday 14 Sept

at 1 P.M. took the anchor
and ran out the harbor at
6 P.M. left by South Side of Pico
at daylight ran in for Francis
the boatman which went home
by permission from Fayal at 8 A.M.
The Ship Francis came on board with
a nephew wishing much to go in
Bark Lay accordingly took him (Francis)
ends with light winds from west B. T. wind

Sunday 15th Sept all these 24 hours
fine weather at 5 P.M. spoke
Ship Gov. Troup of New Bedford 30
days out had landed 70 bls. Oil
the part employed in company
with Gov. Troup saw no whales
Lat. 35.34 Long 29.00

Monday 16th Sept. all these 24 hours
fine weather the part employed
in making a topmast from a jib
boom bought of Minerva of N. B.
saw at noon found the Spar
rotten thus ends Lat. 34.53
Long 26.20

Tuesday 17th Sept all these 24 hours fine
weather at 1 P.M. set the colours
for Gov. Troup at 3 P.M. went
on board and purchased a Topmast
for 30 dollars at 8 P.M. spoke
Bry Gem of Beverly 360 bls. Oil
17 months out at 7 A.M. saw 3
whales soon saw one get fast to a
large whale it took him along side
and prepared for cutting Gov. Troup
in sight chasing thus ends
Lat. in 34.15
Long in 26.00

Wednesday 18 Sept All these 24 hours
fine weather 30 minutes past Noon
commenced cutting at dark stopped
cutting and commenced coiling
at sunrise hook on the whale at
cutting thus ends N.B. -
N.B. - Long -

Thursday 19th Sept at 4 P.M. finished
cutting and went to coiling middle
& the part fine weather employed
in coiling Lat. 33.25
Long 25.30

Friday 20 all these 24 hours fine weather
employed in coiling & stowing Oil
saw nothing Bark heading South
Lat. 31.50 Long 25.00

Continued

Saturday 21 Sept.

All these 24 hours
fine weather Employed in bailing
& stowing away oil Saw nothing
thus concludes Lat. 30.43
Finished bailing at 2 A.M. Long. 24.30

Sunday 22 Sept.

All these 24 hours
fine weather at 2 P.M. Bark heading
South wind light and variables
Saw one Sail Steamer S.W. thus
concludes Lat 29.57
Long 24.04

Monday 23 Sept.

All these 24 hours
very fine weather with light wind
from the Eastward Saw several
Sail Steamer S.W. Bark heading
South latter part Employed in
stowing clear the remainder of oil
Saw no whales Lat. 28.49
Long. 23.39

Tuesday 24 Sept.

All these 24 hours
Light winds from the Eastward
Saw several Sail but no whales
Employed in making fore top-
mast thus concludes Lat. in 28.00
Long - 23.00

Wednesday 25 Sept.

All these 24 hours
bark heading from the Eastward
Bark heading South & East
Saw 2 Sail but no whales
Employed in making fore top-
mast &c Lat G.D.R. 26.50
Long - 22.20

Thursday 26 Sept.

All these 24 hours
fresh trades from the Eastward Bark
heading S by E. Saw nothing thus
concludes Lat. in 24.50
Long. in 21.12

Continued

Friday 27 Sept. All these 24 hours fresh winds from E. by S. Bark heading S.E. E. to S.S. W. Saw nothing Employed in various jobs Lat. in 22.24 Long in 21.08

Saturday 28 Sept All these 24 hours fresh trades and regged Bark heading South 1/2 west Saw nothing Employed in various jobs Lat. in 19.52 Long in 20.35

Sunday 29 Sept. All these 24 hours fresh trades and regged Bark heading S.E. E. by the wind Saw nothing Lat. in 19.12 Long in 19.38

Monday 30 Sept. First part fresh trades and regged latter part moderate Saw nothing Employed in sending down and getting up a new G. topmast. Lat. 19.00 Long 19.00

Tuesday 1st October First and middle part Light winds latter part fresh winds from the S.E. Bark heading to the South Employed getting up 1st top G. 1st mast getting up rigging &c. Lat. in 18.10 Long in 18.52

Wednesday 2 Oct. All these 24 hours fresh trades and regged Saw Blackbird did not lower Employed in jobs about rigging Lat. in 18.37 Long in 19.20

Thursday 3 Oct. all these 24 hours fresh winds and regged Saw one Sail Employed in various jobs got out flying jib boom Lat. 18.15 Long 18.50

Continued

Friday 4 Oct. All these 24 hours
rec'd Saw Blackfish but
no whales Employed in setting
roppo &c
Lat in 17.40
Long in 19.30

Saturday 5 Oct. All these 24 hours
Still rec'd Saw Blackfish
did not lower latter part
cut a new Sparthun & fore
- topsail
Lat in 17.25
Long - 19.30

Sunday 6 Oct. All these 24 moderate
cut thick & haze Saw 2 sail on
the first part but no whales.
Lat in 16.48
Long in 20.00

Monday 7 Oct. All these 24 hours
moderate breezes and haze
Saw nothing
Lat in 17.00
Long in 21.15

Tuesday 8 Oct. All fresh winds from
the S.E. at 6 A.M. saw the
Isle of Sal bearing W by S by Com-
pass Bark moving in for the
the Island then concluded at
noon the Island bearing S.W. Dist.
10 miles

Wednesday 9 Oct. All these 24 hours
fine weather Bark heading
to the North at 2 A.M. wore
Ship and headed to the S.E.
at daylight saw the Land also
a Bark heading in for the
Island at 10 A.M. lowered and
went in on a fishing excursion
at noon returned with a fine
fat. Thus concluded

Continued

Thursday 10 Oct. All these 24 hours
fine weather at 1 P.M. Lawrence
and boat went in a fishing
at 4 returned on board and
made sail and stood to the
North at 2 A.M. water and head
to the Eastward at noon Lat.
Clearing west P.W. Dist 25 miles
Lat 17.00 N.

Friday 11 Oct. All these 24 hours fine
weather light winds from N.E. to N.
& W.S.W. Saw a ship steering South
thus concludes Cent a new file
Lat. 17.12
Long 21.35

Saturday 12 Oct. All these 24 hours
fine weather with a light breeze
from the N.W. Saw one ship steering
S.W. Saw no whales Employed in
coopering board Lat. 17.00
Long 20.45

Sunday 13 Oct. All these 24 hours
Light breezes from the North Back
heading to the South Saw nothing
Lat. 16.26
Long 20.25

Monday 14 Oct. These 24 hours fine
weather wind N.E. Back heading
S. Easterly Saw nothing
Lat in 15.39
Long in 19.20

Tuesday 15 Oct. First part fine weather
wind N.E. Latter part Squally wind
S.E. to S.W. at Noon Saw Blackfish
Lawrence got fast to one whale in
its flurrying irons came out and the
fish sunk thus concludes
Lat. 9 Oct 16.00
Long. - 18.30

Continued

Wednesday 16 Oct. all these 24 hours
fine weather wind from N.W.
to S.E. Latter part Saw Black
fish Covered took 3 Saw a
merchant Brig waiting South
Lat. ≈ 16.40
Long 18.30

Thursday 17 Oct. all these 24 hours
fine weather Saw finback
wind South to N.E. E.
Lat. 16.46
Long 19.20

Friday 18 Oct. all these 24 hours
light breezes from North and
fine weather Saw one sail
at noon saw Blackfish and
Sawed ~~5~~ took 5
Lat. 16.27
Long 20.20

Saturday 19 all these 24 hours
light air and fine weather
Saw nothing Latter part Coiling
Blackfish
Lat. ≈ 16.06
Long ≈ 20.53

Sunday 20 Oct. all these 24 hours fine
weather Saw Blackfish did not
Lower the Boats
Lat. 15.57
Long 20.40

Monday 21 Oct. Irish part fine
weather Latter part some squa-
lly Saw Blackfish Sawed took
one These Concludes
Lat by D 15.00
Long ≈ 19.50

Tuesday 22 Oct. all these 24 hours fresh
breezes from the N.E. Saw nothing
Lat. ≈ 15.35
Long 20.58

Wednesday 23 Oct. all these 24 hours
fresh breezes from the N.E. at
10 A.M. Spoke Bark Odd Fellow
of Sag Harbour 3 months out 220
- S. oil landed at Sagat ~~there~~ ends
Lat - 15.55
Long - 20.30

Thursday 24 Oct. all these 24 hours
fresh breezes from N.E. ~~later~~ part
Saw 2 merchant ships steering
S.E. W. Saw no whales
Lat - 18.03
Long 20.20

Friday 25 Oct. all these 24 hours
fresh breezes from the N.E. Saw
2 sail steering S.E. W.
Employed in repairing boat Lat. in 16.24
Long in 20.50

Saturday 26 Oct. all these 24 hours
fine weather wind N.E. at 3 P.M.
Spoke English Bark Lady Worthing
steering S.E. W. Later part Saw a
ship steering S.E. W.
Lat. in 16.40
Long in 21.15

Sunday 27 Oct. all these 24 hours fine
weather wind N.E. Bark heading
N.E. W. Saw several sail heading S.E.
But no whales Lat. in 17.38
Long in 22.10

Monday 28 Oct. all these 24 hours
moderate breezes and fair weather
first part Saw 2 sail at 10.30
Saw the Island of St. John's S.E.
by compass Saw blue fish toward
stake none Lat. 17.22
Long - 22.25

Tuesday 29 Oct all these 24 hours fresh
winds from N.E. Cruising at North
from Isle St. Lat. 17.20
Long 23.00

Continued

Wednesday 30 Oct. all these 24 hours
fresh winds from the N.E. and
suggested running in for the
Thursday 31 Oct. at 3 P.M. Landed
all these 24 hours went in and got some fish
Latter part suggested at clearing
nothing in sight
Cut the Island
at clearing S.E. Dist 25 miles
X X X X X X X X X X X X

Thursday 31 Oct. all these 24 hours
Friday 1 Nov. fresh breezes from the N.E. to
East at 3 P.M. Spoke Brig
Governor Hopkins of Dart-
mouth 60 Sail Latter part
heading west for St Antonio
Brig in sight.

Saturday 2 Nov. all these 24 hours
fresh breezes and suggested Back
steering west at 4 P.M. sighted
St. Vincent's at 5.30. Spoke
British Bark Hambleton of
Bristol last from St. Vincent's
for Isle of Pal for Salt.
Latter part spoke H. Brig
Poilstone of Montserrat 60
days out Clear at Noon
St. Antonio bearing S.E. dist
5 miles

Sunday 3 Nov. all these 24 hours
fresh winds from the East.
Cruising of N.W. St. Antonio
Spoke Brig Gov. Hopkins saw
a whale ship steering South
thus ends this day

Monday 4 Nov. all these 24 hours
strong breezes from the Eastward
Bark Cruising of N.W. of St.
Antonio. Saw nothing but
one Brig Gov Hopkins

Tuesday 5 Nov. all these 24 hours
fine weather first part strong
breezes Latter part light winds
saw a number of Sail 2 Brigs
whaling and 2 merchantmen at
Noon Antonio bearing S.E. Dist 30 miles

Wednesday 6 Nov all these 24 hours
fine weather Saw Blackfish Land
took one Saw the Brig Gov.
Hopkins and the Brig Piloton
St. Antone bearing South Dist 30
thus Ends

Thursday 7 Nov all these 24 hours
fine weather Saw the 2 Brigs
and St. Antone bearing South
Dist 30 miles

Friday 8 Nov all these 24 hours
fine weather Latter part Saw
Blackfish Land took 3 thus
Ends Lat by Act. 17.50
Long 25.10

Saturday 9 Nov all these 24 hours
fine weather Employed on the
latter part in Coiling Blackfish
Saw 3 Sail Lat. in 18.22
Long in 24.48

Sunday 10 Nov all these 24 hours
fine weather wind E.N.E. Bark
heading S.E. by the wind Saw
the Brig Piloton thus Concludes
this day Lat. in 17.28
Long in 23.55

Monday 11 Nov All these 24 hours Brist
Cruises from E.N.E. Bark heading to
the East till 10 P.M. tacked and headed
North till 2 A.M. then tacked to the
S.E. at 8 A.M. Saw the Isle de
bearing S.E. Dist 20 miles at noon
bearing the N.W. part South by Compass
Saw Blackfish did not fasten
Lat in 17.07

~~Wednesday~~ Tuesday 12 Nov all these 24 hours fine
weather at 9 A.M. spoke Bark Samuel Thomas
with 100 bbls Oil Received letter from home
for which I trust was some what thankful
~~Nothing~~ took place Change Lat. 16.44
Long 22.00

Continued

Wednesday 13 Nov

All these 24 hours fine weather wind
N.E. in company with J. Thomas
at 6 spoke Brig Osceola of New Bedford
2 months out Clear Latter part
no sail in sight Lat. 16.35
Long 21.10

Thursday 14 Nov all these 24 hours
fine weather Saw no whales Bark
heading to the Eastward Lat. in 16.28
Long " 20.00

Friday 15 Nov all these 24 hours
moderate breezes from the N.E. Bark
heading to the Eastward till sunset
then tacked and headed to N.W.
Latter part heading to the Eastward
Saw Blackfish and took one
Lat 16.36
Long 19.28

Saturday 16 Nov all these 24 hours
fresh breezes from N.E. & N Saw
nothing Lat. in 16.47
Long in 19.00

Sunday 17 Nov all these 24 hours
strong trades from E.N.E. Bark
heading to the North Saw nothing
Lat 17.26
Long 20.00

Monday 18 Nov all these 24 hours
strong winds from E.N.E. First
part Bark heading to the North
Latter part to the west
Lat 17.53
Long 21.00

Tuesday 19 Nov all these 24
hours fresh trades and
breezes Saw nothing first
and Latter part Bark heading
to the westward Latter part
to the North under short
sail Lat. 17.15 Long 21.45

Wednesday 20 Nov. all these 24
hours fresh trades and rigged
Bark heading to the S.W. till
dark then kept by heading
North, under short sail at
daylight. Kept off S.W. at
11 A.M. Saw Isle of Pal. bearing
S.W. by W. Dist 8 miles thus
Concluded Lat 17.00 by Obs.
Long of the Isle

Thursday 21 Nov. all these 24
hours strong trades at 9 A.M.
sighted St. Nicolas at noon the
middle of the Island bearing
W. & W. Dist 12 miles

Friday 22 Nov. all these 24 hours
fresh winds and rigged
Saw one Brig steering South
at noon Brought Isle bearing
N.E. Dist 4 miles thus ended
this day

Saturday 23 Nov. all these 24 hours
strong winds and rigged
Saw no S. whales at noon
west End of St. Vincents
bearing W. & W. Dist. 5 miles

Sunday 24 all these 24 hours strong
winds working up the passage
between S.V. & St. Antonio at
dark bore up and run under
the lee of St. Vincents
Latter part was fairing up towards
harbour of St. Vincents
thus ended this day sea act.

Continued

Monday 25 Nov Irish put
fresh winds at 4 P.M. Came
to anchor at St Vincent's harbor
with both anchors } Ships lying
in port } Bark Samuel Thomas
100 T.O. Brig Leonidas 80 T.O.
Brig Beota Cleared latter put
on watch on shore
found letter from (Pues) home
thus concludes this day.

Tuesday 26 Nov all these 24 hours
Employed in painting and other
jobs (the watch on shore
Brig Beota left)

Wednesday 27 Nov all these 24 hours
weather and wind the same
Employed &c as the day
before

Thursday 28 Nov all these 24 hours
fine weather but strong wind
nothing took place strong.
Employed as before &c.

Friday 29 Nov this day wind
and weather the same
Bark Samuel Thomas got
under way

Saturday 30 Nov all these 24
Employed in various jobs
the watch on shore

Sunday 1 Dec all these 24 hours
fine weather the watch on shore

Monday 2 Dec all the 24 hours fine
weather at 4 P.M. Schooner Charles
-alston of Providence Cleared Medford
(of Providence do 160 T.O. Latter part steamer from
England arrived) Employed in getting

Tuesday 3 Dec. all these 24 hours fine
weather employed in taking on board
supplies & getting in new crews for sea.

Wednesday 4 Dec. at 2 P.M. weighed anchor
in company with Brig. Leonidas
and Madrone Michel & latter part
light winds Bark working to
windward at noon East point St.
Antone bearing S.W. Dist 10 miles

Thursday 5 Dec. all these 24 hours light
winds from N.E. & E. Bark working
to windward. At noon spoke
Brig Leonidas, St. Antone bearing
South Dist 48 miles Lat. 18.02

Friday 6 Dec. all these 24 hours light
winds saw Brig Leonidas but no
whales Thus concludes
St. Antone bearing S.W. Lat. 17.48

²
Wednesday 12 Dec. all these 24 hours
Thursday Fresh breezes from the S.E. Bark
heaving to the S.E. by E. at dark
Shortened sail at daylight made
sail at 9 A.M. Saw sperm whales
lanced at noon the boats fast to 3
Brig Leonidas boats fast also.
the sick rather better Lat. 17° 00
Long 20° 00

³
Friday 13 Dec. all these 24 hours
Friday Strong winds and veered at 2.30
P.M. the boat came on board with
whales got dinner and prepared for
cutting at dark cut in 2 of the body
Latter part finished cutting thus end
this day Brig Leonidas got 2 whales
Lat. in 17° 05
Long in 20° 30

⁴
Friday 14 Dec. all these 24 hours Strong
Saturday winds & veered Employed in coaling
Brig L. in sight the sick still better
Lat. in 17° 44
Long in 21° 11

⁵
Saturday 15 Dec. all these 24 hours
Sunday Strong winds and veered Employed
in coaling &c Brig Leonidas in sight
thus concludes saw a Bark
Lat. 17° 30
Long 20° 30

Monday 16 Dec. all these 24 hours Strong
winds and veered at 8 P.M. finished
Coaling at 11.30 A.M. Spoke the Bark
Peri 860 bls. S.B. Brig L. in sight
Lat 17° 03 N
Long 20° 00 W.

⁶
Tuesday 17 Dec. all these 24 hours Strong
gales and veered Latter part steamed
down 22 bls S.B. Saw 2 sail thus
concludes
Lat. in 18° 00
Long in 20° 50

Continued

Wednesday 18 Dec. all these 24 hours
fresh winds and regged Barth
sunder. Close reef M. topsail &
foresail Saw 2 Sail the Sick
getting better Thus Concludes
Lat. in 17.36
Long - 20.40

Thursday 19 Dec. all these 24 hours fresh
winds from the E.N.E. and regged
Saw no whales Saw 2 Merchantmen
and 2 whalers Thus Concludes
Lat in 17.25
Long - 20.40

Friday 20 Dec. all these 24 hours fresh
winds but rather on the decrease
Saw no whales latter part Stained
down 22 lbs. L. oil Lard in
light -
Lat. in 17.00
Long - 19.55

Saturday 21 Dec. all these 24 hours
strong winds and regged Saw
no whales Brig Lardier in light
Lat. in 17.18
Long - 20.30

Sunday 22 Dec. all these 24 hours
fresh winds from N.E. and regged
Saw no whales one whaler in light
on the first part latter part Saw no
Lat in 17.18
Long - 20.00

Monday 23 Dec. all these 24 hours fresh
winds from the N.E. and regged
Saw no whales Saw one Sail Steer
Southwesterly
Lat. 17.07
Long 16.38

Tuesday 24 Dec. all these 24 hours
strong winds and regged Saw
3 Merchantmen Steering South
East no whales Lat in 16.50
Stained down 6 lbs. L. oil
Long - 19.50

Continued

Wednesday 25 Dec. all these 24 hours
Strong Gales from the N.E. Saw
nothing. Letter from Bark heading
S.E. by E. Lat. in 18.34
Long in 19.30

Thursday 26 Dec. all these 24 hours
Strong Gales from the N.E. & veered
Bark heading to the North Letter
from saw a Ho. Brig steering South
Lat in 17.10
Long in 20.00

Friday 27 Dec. all these 24 hours
Strong Gales and veered at 2 P.M.
Spoke Samuel Thomas¹⁴⁰ & Zeph of
Fairhaven 130. Soil. Letter from S.I.
in sight heard by the Zeph of the
death of Capt. Otis Smith & Mr Melan-
tick Mayhew ~~Letter from~~ Lat in 17.45
Long in 20.40

Saturday 28 Dec. all these 24 hours
Strong winds and veered. Saw no
whales; Several sail in sight thus
Concludes Lat. in 17.35
Long in 20.40

Sunday 29 Dec. all these 24 hours
Strong winds and veered. Saw
Several sail but no whales thus
Concludes Lat in 17.15
Long in 20.10

Monday 30 Dec. all these 24 hours
Strong Gales. Bark under close reef
topsails & courses. Saw one Bark
but no whales thus Concludes
Lat 17.18
Long 20.17

Tuesday 31 Dec. all these 24 hours fresh
Gales and veered. Saw nothing thus
Concludes Lat in 18.30
Long in 20.43

Continued

Wednesday 1 - January 1851 all these 24 hours fresh winds from the Eastward but moderating latter part - Saw one sail looking for whales like ourselves.

Lat in 17.30
Long in 20.15.

Thursday 2 Jan. all these 24 hours strong winds at 5 P.M. Spoke Bark Willis of Mattapoisett 80th S. 61° at 4 A.M. Spoke Bark President of Westport Clear

Saw no whales Lat 17.11

Long 19.48

Friday 3 Jan. all these 24 hours strong winds and unceasing at sunset spoke the Willis latter part Bark heading S. E. by S

Lat in 16.40

Long in 19.30

Saturday 4 Jan. all these 24 hours fresh winds from the Eastward Bark heading S. E. by S. Saw nothing

Lat. in 15.23

Long in 18.30

Sunday 5 Jan. these 24 hours fresh winds from the E. S. E. Saw no whales

Lat. in 14.25

Long in 18.35

Monday 6 Jan. these 24 hours moderate at 4 P.M. Saw a sail latter part spoke Bark President Westport Clear

Saw no whales Lat. 13.35

Long 18.30

Tuesday 7 Jan. all these 24 hours fresh breezes and pleasant Saw no whales President in sight

Lat 13.42

Long 19.15

Wednesday 8 Jan. all these 24 hours fresh winds from the N. E. Carried away outer Celestials Saw no fish President in sight

Lat in 13.35 Long 18.45

Thursday 9 Jan. First part fresh
gusts from E.S.E. latter part
light winds from E.S.E. saw no
whales. Employed in letting
riggum fore and aft. Saw the
President but no whales then
Concluded one man of duty.
Lat in 13.20
Long - 18.40

Friday 10 Jan. All these 24 hours
light winds and fair weather
Employed in letting riggum &c.
President in sight Lat in 13.27
Long - 18.45

Saturday 11 Jan. First & middle part
light winds from the N.E. &
to E.S.E. at 5 P.M. spoke the
President latter part no whales nor
sails in sight Lat. in 14.08
Long in 18.55

Sunday 12 Jan. all these 24 hours fresh
winds from the N.E. & Easterly Breeze
heading on the Northern tack saw
nothing Lat in 15.30
Long 19.55

Monday 13 Jan. all these 24 hours fresh
winds from N.E. & E. Breeze heading
N.E. & W. Saw Humpbacks
Lat. in 16.49
Long - 20.50

Tuesday 14 Jan. All these 24 hours fresh
winds from N.E. Saw a sail but
no whales Lat. in 17.07
Long in 20.20

Wednesday 15 Jan. All these 24 hours fresh
winds from the N.E. at 2.30 P.M.
spoke the Ship Sylph of Fairhaven
200 All Sails at 10.30 A.M. spoke the Bark
Matla of Holmes Hole 160 Sails
Saw no whales Lat. in 17.00 Long 20.10

Continued

Thursday 16 Jan all these 24 hours
fresh winds from the N.E. Saw
Several Sails but no whales

Lat in 17.10
Long in 20.20

Friday 17 Jan these 24 hours more
moderate at 1 P.M. Spoke Bark
Cornelia 50 Days from New Bedford
all well no oil Received letter
from Sweet Home stating my
Dear family to be well (what
cause for Gratitude I am no
no whales, Cornelia in sight

Lat 17.20
Long 20.00

Saturday 18 all these 24 hours fair
weather in company with Cornelia
on the first part At 6.30 A.M.
Saw a sperm whale $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to
windward Sailed 2 Boats in
pursuit but saw nothing more
of the whale from ship nor boats
at 11.30 Boats returned one sail
in sight

Lat in 17.22
Long in 20.00

Sunday
~~Saturday~~ 19 Jan all these 24 hours fresh
winds from the N.E. Saw no whales
Several Sails in sight

Lat in 17.27
Long in 20.10

Monday 20 Jan all these 24 hours fresh
winds at 5 P.M. Spoke President
of Westport Clear Latter part 2 Sails
in sight

Lat in 17.17
Long in 20.05

Tuesday 21 Jan all these 24 hours fresh
winds and muggy at 5 P.M. Spoke
Bark Willis Mattapaia 80 Sails
Latter part one Sail in sight

Lat 17.35
Long 20.05

Wednesday 22 Jan. All these 24 hours
fresh winds and ruggid Saw
2 Sail but no whales
Lat. in 17.24
Long 19.45

Thursday 23 Jan. All these 24 hours
fresh winds and ruggid Spoke
President Allen Willis in company
Stearns W.S.W. Latter part Saw
no whales nor Sails
Lat in 17.05
Long 19.50

Friday 24 Jan. All these 24 hours
fresh Gale and ruggid Saw 2
Sail Saw Blackfish but it
being rough did not lower
Lat 17.28
Long 20.25

Saturday 25 Jan. All these 24 hours
fresh winds and rough at 10.30
A.M. Spoke Brig March one
small whale then concluded.
Lat. 17.17
Long 20.30

Sunday 26 Jan. All these 24 hours
Strong winds from E. S.E. Saw
nothing Latter part Bark heading
S.W.
Lat. in 15.46
Long in 20.45

Monday 27 Jan. All these 24 hours
fresh breezes from the N.E. Bark
heading to the S.W. Saw nothing
Lat. in 13.29
Long in 22.10

Tuesday 28 Jan. All these 24 hours
fresh winds and cloudy Saw
nothing Bark heading west by Compass
Lat. in 12.30.
Long in 24.00

1851

Continued

Wednesday 29 Jan. All these 24 hours
 Fresh winds and fine weather
 Bark heading N.W. by W. by Compass
 Little port saw one Bark heading
 Southwesterly
 Lat. in 13.05
 Long. 26.40

Thursday 30 Jan. All these 24 hours
 Fresh breezes from N.E. and fine
 weather Bark heading N.W. by W. by
 by Compass saw nothing
 Lat. in 13.30
 Long. 29.12

Friday 31 Jan. All these 24 hours
 Fresh breezes from N.E. Bark
 heading W. N. W. by Compass
 Saw Finbacks and Porpoises
 Lat. in 13.42
 Long. 31.45

Saturday 1 Feb. 1851 All these 24
 hours fresh winds from the N.E.
 Bark heading W. by S. by Compass
 Saw nothing
 Lat. in 13.38
 Long. 34.15

Sunday 2 Feb. all these 24 hours.
 fine weather Little port saw
 Blackfish lowered took none
 Little port saw nothing
 Lat. 13.30.00
 Long. 36.35.

Monday 3 Feb. All these 24 hours
 fine weather but could not
 see any vessels Employed in
 fitting rigging
 Lat. in 13.06
 Long. 38.45

Tuesday 4 Feb. All these 24 hours.
 fresh breezes from N.E. Saw Finbacks
 porpoises but no S. Whales
 Lat. in 12.09
 Long. 35.40

Continued

Wednesday 5 Feb. All these 24 hours
fresh winds from the S.E. Saw
white water tucked but saw no
more of it Lat. in 12.04
Long ~ 40.00.

Thursday 6 Feb. All these 24 hours
Gentle breezes from the S.E.
and fine weather Saw nothing
Lat. in 12.10
Long ~ 39.50

Friday 7 Feb. All these 24 hours fresh
winds from E.S.E. Saw nothing
Lat. in 13.36
Long ~ 40.20

Saturday 8 Feb. All these 24 hours fresh
winds from E.S.E. Saw no whales
nor nothing took like them
Lat. in 13.57
Long ~ 40.45

Sunday 9 Feb. All these 24 hours
fresh winds and squally on the
middle part. Saw a Brig heading
S.E. by the wind Saw Blackfish
did not lower
Lat. in 12.33
Long ~ 42.00

Monday 10 Feb. All these 24 hours
weather but strong winds from
the E.S.E. Bark heading to the
west Saw nothing Lat. 19.45
Long 43.40

Tuesday 11 Feb. All these 24 hours fresh
breezes from the E.S.E. Bark heading
W by Compass Saw nothing
Lat. in 12.00
Long ~ 43.30.

1851 Continued

Wednesday 12 Feb. All these 24 hours
fresh trades and rigged Saw
Blackfish at Sunset did not
Bark heading W.G.N.

Lat. in 12.22

Long 49.20

Thursday 13 Feb. All these 24 hours
fresh winds with passing showers
of rain Saw no whales
Bark heading W.G.N.

Lat. in 12.42

Long 51.50

Friday 14 Feb. all these 24 hours
fresh winds in Squalls of rain
other times moderate Saw a Bark
heading to the North by the wind
winds E.S.E. Lighter heading
west, & W.G.N.

Lat. in 12.35

Long 54.30

Saturday 15 Feb. all these 24 hours
Light winds from E.S.E. Bark
heading W.G.N. Saw Fairbairns

Lat. in 12.55

Long 56.00

Sunday 16 Feb. All these 24 hours
Light winds from the Eastward
Bark heading W.G.N. & west, Saw
Fairbairns

Lat. in 13.03

Long 57.50

Monday 17 Feb. All these 24 hours Squally
with passing showers of rain at
Sunset Shortened Sail at Sunrise
made Sail & Steered W.S.W. Saw
nothing

Lat. in 13.16

Long 58.30

Tuesday 18 Feb. all these 24 hours
fresh trades and rigged at
Sunset Shortened Sail at daybreak
made Sail at 7 Saw the Island
Barbadoes at Noon Bridgeport
bearing W.S.W. dist. 4 miles

Continued

Wednesday 19 Sea account at 3 P.M.
Came to Anchor at Bridgetown
Barbadoes in 9 fathoms water
Whaling Brig Solon in port with 220
lbs. Soil Latta Paul Employed
in getting Cash for water &c.

Thursday 20 Got of 80 barrels water
Latta Paul one watch on Shore
nothing took place Strange

Friday 21 Employed in various jobs
one watch on Shore nothing
occured Strange thus Ends the
day.

Saturday 22 Employed on the junk
put in taking on board
Supplies &c at 10 A.M. Got
under way and Steered N.W.
thus Concludes

Sunday 23 Feb. all these 24 hours light
winds and fine weather Bark
heading N.W. Saw 2 Sail at noon
St. Lucia bearing West Dist 15 miles

Monday 24 Feb. all these 24 hours
light breezes and fine weather
Saw one Sail Bark heading N.W.
at noon Martinica bearing E.N.E.
Dist 25 miles

Tuesday 25 Feb. all these 24 hours
very light winds and fine
weather Saw nothing Left in 15.40
Bark heading E.N.E. Day in 62.45

Wednesday 26 Feb. all these 24 hours
light winds and fine weather at
dark left by heading to the S.E. at day
light made all Sail and Steered for Ave.
or Bird Island 10 miles the same as
about came of with one small Turtle on
Saine Eggs Got the same Island 4 miles

Continued in 1851

Thursday 27 Feb. First part light winds
from the N. E. Bark heading N. W.
one Schooner in sight middle part
wind the same at 8 A.M. wind
N. by W. tacked and headed to the East
ward. Saw several Sail but no whales
thus concludes Lat. 18. 30 N.
Long 64. 40 W.

Friday 28 Feb. First part fresh winds
from North Bark heading E. by N.
at sunset tacked ship and headed
N. W. latter part squally at 11 A.M.
Saw the Island St. Croix or St. John
bearing N. E. Lat. in 17. 10
Long in 65. 10

Saturday 1st March all these 24 hours
fresh winds and fair weather
middle part light by at day-
-light. Saw Crabe Island & also
Porto Rico latter part Bark heading
W. by S. one Bark in sight steering
west at noon made the dead
man Chest. a head dist 15 miles

Sunday 2d March See account all these
24 hours fresh winds and fair weather
at 4 P.M. lowered and went on shore
at the Dead man Chest and got a load
of wood latter part saw 2 Ships
steering west one a Spanish the
other French also on the first
part spoke French Bark Louisa
from Bordeaux did not understand
where bound at noon of the
before mentioned Island saw no whales

Monday 3 March all these 24 hours
fresh breezes at 7 A.M. came
to anchor under the dead man
Chest in 9 fathoms water latter
part employed in getting wood &c
thus concludes

Tuesday 4 March

All these 24 hours
fresh winds at 8 P.M. 2 fish
boats came a long side from
Ponce employed in wooding &
thus concludes

Wednesday 5 March all these 24 hours
fresh winds at 5 P.M. got our
supply of wood at 6:30 A Brig
15 days from Halifax came to anchor
bound into Ponce at 11 boats came
from Ponce with 500 lbs. Yams paid
\$6.87½ for them \$370 oranges \$2.30 (5 bunches
Banannas \$1.75 7½ lbs Coffee 94 cents
one day. Pumpkins paid in bulk & paid
at 6 A.M. weighed anchor & steamed
west thus ends Saw several Sail
Feb in 17.48

Thursday 6th All these 24 hours fresh winds
from N.E. Bark heading west at 2
P.M. spoke Schooner Louise of Provin-
-town 2 months out Clear latter
Saw nothing Feb. 17.42

Friday 7 March all these 24 hours
Strong winds from East Bark
heading W by S at 10 P.M. left Bay
at daylight made Sail and steamed
west at 11 A.M. Saw Atavella
Bark thus ends Feb 17.27
Saw in

Saturday 8 March all these 24 hours
Clear weather fresh Strong winds
latter part moderate at 2 P.M.
saw Atavella and hauled up 8 G
to. at 6:30 went on board Schooner
Charles Alston of Provincetown 10½
months out Clear She with N.E. G.
of do. 2 months out Clear. Karsit Mel of do.
Clear H. Brig Filston of Nantucket
20 bbls Spun oil latter part working
down the bay while cliffs at noon
bearing N.E. Dist 12 miles

1851

Continued

Sunday March 9th all these 24 hours
Changeable weather some times Calm
at others strong breezes Saw nothing
but 1 Whalman Boat Cruising
in San bay

Monday 10 March all these 24 hours
the same as the day previous Saw
Blackfish & Chubbs took nothing
3 sail in sight Cruising as before
started

Tuesday 11 March all these 24 hours light
winds & Calm and very warm
Flr. Brig Medford came into the bay
with 170 L. Oil Saw Blackfish
took none Cruising in the Bay

Wednesday 12 March all these 24 hours
moderate and very warm Saw
Blackfish and 4 whales but
no whales Cruising in the Bay.

Thursday 13 March all these 24 hours fine
weather greater part Calm Saw
Blackfish took none Cruising as
before

Friday 14th March all these 24 hours fine
weather at 8 P.M. came to anchor
of the watering place in 8 fathoms
water at daylight took the anchor
and moved in anchored in 6 1/2 ft
and commenced taking water
Ends with a calm Employed in taking
water on board.

Saturday 15th March all these 24 hours fine
weather Saw a strange sail at
Sunset took our last water on board
at 7 took the anchor and rounded
the Bay at 10 spoke Brig Medford
Saw 4 whales in sight Saw
Blackfish Chubbs but took nothing
this Ends

~~Sunday~~
~~Saturday~~ 16 March all these 24 hours
wind varying sometimes calm & then
strong breezes saw nothing but
whalemen. Cruising off White Cliffs
then Ends Spoke French Brig from
Liverpool for Jaccamell thus ended

Monday 17 March first part light wind
and variable at 5 P.M. Steered S.W. by
W. Middle part Steered E.S.W. Latter
part W.S.W. at 7 A.M. saw Blackfish
saw & took 4 small ones then Ends
the Island Vacca bearing N.W. Dist 20 miles

Tuesday 18 March all these 24 hours light
winds & calm at 4 P.M. saw Blackfish
saw & took two. Latter part employed
in boiling saw & sail the Island
Vacca bearing North Dist 15 miles

Wednesday 19 March all these 24 hours light
winds and calm saw several small
vessels the Vacca bearing North Dist 15 miles
then Ends

Thursday 20 March all these 24
hours light winds and calm with
strong current setting E.S.E. saw
several sail Cape Siberoon bearing
North Dist 20 miles

Friday 21 March all these 24 hours light
winds and calm saw several sail
but no whales Cape Siberoon bearing
N.E. dist. 12 miles current setting
E.S.E.

Saturday 22nd March all these 24 hours
light breezes and calm first part
saw a H. Brig took her to be the Silston
of Nantucket at 4 P.M. spoke North
Barclay of Westport 25 bells P.M. Latter
part saw a full rigged ship & a whaleman
the other vessels in sight Cape Don Maria
bearing N.E. Dist 20 miles then Ends

1851

Continued

Sunday 23 March all these 24 hours
light winds and variable sea
Saw several sail Cape Horn Maria
bearing East Dist 15 miles
Thus concludes several sail in
sight

Monday 24 March all a chip of
these 24 hours Calm Saw several
sail but no whales Cape bearing
E by S Dist 12 miles Current
Setting S, W.

Tuesday 25 March all these 24 hours light
winds and variable at 8 A.M.
Spoke Brig Franklin of Provincetown
3 months out to the Humboldt Black
fish oil Ends in company with
the above Brig Cruising of Jerme

Wednesday 26 March all these 24 hours
fine weather Brig Franklin in
sight Saw no whales Cruising
of Petet Comore Thus Ends

Thursday 27 March all these 24 hours
fresh winds from N.E. Saw no
whales Cruising of above named
Islands Thus Ends

Friday 28 March all these 24 hours
strong winds from the N.E. Both
Cruising of Great Comore Island
Saw nothing Thus Ends

Saturday 29 March all these 24 hours
light breezes and fine weather Saw
Brig Franklin Cruising of Jerme

Sunday 30 March all these 24 hours
fine weather Saw no whales
In company with Brig Franklin
Thus Ends This Day Cruising
of Jerme

Monday 31 March all these 24 hours
fine weather Saw no whales
but several sail Cruising at
Cape mentioned

Tuesday 1st April all these 24 hours
fine weather at 5 P.M. Boarded
Brig Franklin took 30 lbs Coffee
paid \$3.00 three dollars at H. H. H.
Cruising Saw several sail

Wednesday 2 April all these 24 hours
fine weather at 11 A.M. Boarded
Brig Silvestre of Stockholm 21, 1841
Sail Saw several sail this End

Thursday 3 April Slight part fine weather
at 5 P.M. Spoke Dutch Brig
Martha from Napier's Father
part strong winds from N.E. & E.
at noon Cape Nicolas mole being
East dist 6 miles

Friday 4 April all these 24 hours Strong
winds from the E. & S.E. at 4 P.M.
tacked and headed North of Stockholm
at 7 A.M. sighted great Heron
at 8 Saw a wreck on the South
side of S.D. Island the wreckers Employ
her mast being cut away could not
ascertain what she was at noon
the S. S. faint bearing P.E. dist 4 miles
thus concluded

Saturday 5 April all these 24 hours light
breezes from East to S.E. & E. Bore
heading N.W. & S for Castle Island
at 5 A.M. Saw the same 3 sail in
sight at 8 past Castle Isle at 10
fell in with part of Pop deck head
of vessel and Tiller attached with Iron
rail Saw the above named articles
at noon Castle Isle bearing S.E.
dist 10 miles

1851

Continued

Sunday April 6th all these 24 hours
 fine weather at 4 P.M. Spoke
 the Schooner James H. Braine
 St. John's Newfoundland from St. Jagoes
 Cuba for St. John's also ^{Braine} British Tar
 of London from Kingston Jamaica
 for London at 10 P.M. Past Track
 Island Bark heading S.N.E. latter
 part saw 3 sail also at 12 miles
 saw Wallings Island bearing west-
 Lat. 24.10.
 Long 74.00

Monday 7 April all these 24 hours
 fine weather saw a St. Brig
 took it to be the Schooner of Man-
 tucket saw no whales at noon
 Wallings Island bearing S.E. W. Dist
 10 miles Lat. 24.18
 Long 74.22

Tuesday 8 April all these 24 hours
 fine weather at 8 P.M. Spoke
 Brig Gov. Hopkins of Dartmouth
 latter part saw nothing Lat. 24.38
 Long 74.24

Wednesday 9 April all these 24 hours
 fine weather first part saw
 Wallings Island latter part saw
 nothing Bark heading North
 Lat. in 25.32
 Long 74.30

Thursday 10 April all these 24 hours
 Light winds from the S.E. Bark
 heading S.E. W. latter part saw
 2 sail but no whales Lat. 26.46
 Long 75.20

Friday 11 April all these 24 hours
 fine weather first part North
 heading to the North latter part East
 saw Blackfish at 7 A.M. saw 1
 took nothing saw 3 sail thus end
 Lat in 26.30
 Long 75.11

Thursday 12 April all these 24 hours
fresh winds from N.E. at 3.30 P.M.
Saw a bark to windward at 4 Saw
white weather and hauled 2 boats
and pulled to windward at 5 Saw
a bark 4 miles to windward at
6 The boats returned on board saw
nothing from the barks Latter part
Saw 1 Sail Lat. 26.30
Long 75.00

Friday 13 April all these 24 hours fresh
winds from the N.E. Saw several
Sail but no whales Lat. 27.00
Long 74.50

Saturday 14 April all these 24 hours fresh
winds from East to S.W. Saw a
number of sail but no whales
Lat. in 26.40
Long. in 74.55

Sunday 15 April all these 24 hours. Heavy
Gales from S.W. to W. N.W. Saw nothing
Bark under close reef Top sails etc.
Lat. in 26.32
Long in 74.40

Monday 16 April First part - Strong
winds from West Latter part light
winds from N.W. Saw one Bark
heaving S.W. Lat. in 26.45
Long in 74.30

Tuesday 17 April all these 24 hours
fresh winds from the westward
and Squally Saw no whales
Lat. in 26.36
Long in 74.50

Wednesday 18 April all these 24 hours fresh
winds from the west - moderate but
Squally Latter part moderate wind
from N.W. Saw 5 sail but no whale
Lat in 26.09
Long in 75.00

Continued

Saturday 19 April all these 24 hours
wind from N.W. to S.W. Saw
several birds but no whales

Lat. in 26.42
Long in 75.30

Sunday 20 April all the first part
fine weather wind west
middle and latter part fresh winds
at S.W. latter part B.A. heading
N.E. Saw nothing

Lat. in 27.35
Long in 75.15

Monday 21 April part of these 24
hours fresh winds from S.W. &
the other light saw one ship
heading to Southward

Lat. in 28.37
Long in 74.10

Tuesday 22 April first part fresh winds
from W. & S.W. middle part from
S.W. by W. latter part light air & calm
saw nothing

Lat. 28.57
Long 73.34

Wednesday 23 April first part Calm
middle and latter part light
air & calm saw nothing No Obs.
by account

Lat. in 29.00
Long in 73.20

Thursday 24 April first Calm
middle part light winds
from the Eastward latter part
wind S.E. and cloudy saw
nothing

Lat by D.R. 29.35
Long 73.50

Friday 25 April all these
24 hours squally weather with much
thunder & lightning and rain saw
nothing

Lat. in 30.00
Long in 74.00

Monday 26 April First part Squally
wind all round the Cape with
thunder &c. Latter part fresh wind
from S.P.W. Saw one Seal

Lat in 30.28

Long 74.20

Tuesday 27 April First & middle part
thunder Gale from S.W. to W.P.W.
Bark under Main-top sail & Spence
at 4 P.M. took in waist Coat
Latter part strong winds from N.W.
Bark heading W.G.P. Lat. 30.05
Long 74.50

Wednesday 28 April First part
strong winds from the N.W.
Latter part fine weather Saw one
Seal

Lat 30.22

Long 74.30

Thursday 29 April all these 24 hours
fine weather, first wind west
at 7 P.M. Spoke Schooner Charles
Atkinson of Provincetown 12 m
out & again Latter part wind
E.P.E. saw no whale

Lat 29.58

Long 75.15

Wednesday 30 April All these 24 hours
pleasant weather wind from P.E.
to S.W. Saw nothing

Lat. in 30.18

Long 75.55

Thursday 1 May 1841 First part fine
weather Latter part fresh winds
from South Bark heading to the
East Saw several seal Lat. 30.42

Long 74.30

Friday 2nd May First part strong
winds from the South middle
the same with rain Latter
part winds N.W. Saw several
Seal Bark heading to Eastward
Lat. in 30.50 Long 73.57

1857 Continued

Saturday 3 day May First part
Fresh winds from N.W. to North
 Latter part N.E. Saw nothing

Lat. in 30.45

Long in 43.30

Sunday 4 May First part wind
N.E. Saw nothing Latter part
wind S.E. Saw several sail
but no whales Lat in 31.02
Long in 43.09

Monday 5 May First part fine
weather Latter part fresh winds
Saw no whales Lat. 30.30
Long 73.00

Tuesday 6 May all these 24 hours fresh
winds from the South with
rain and Thunder & lightning
Saw one Bark heading S.E. by E.

No O.B.P. 30.00

Long by act 73.30

Wednesday 7 May First part Squalls
wind varying all round the Compass
Saw a large Steamer heading N.
Middle part wind N.E. Latter part
the same Saw 2 sail Barks heading
S.W. by P

Lat in 28.54

Long in 73.30

Thursday 8 May all these 24 hours fresh
winds from N.E. Bark heading
Easterly Saw one sail

Lat. in 27.28

Long in 75.25

Friday 9 May all these 24 hours
fresh breezes from N.E. Bark
heading West Saw nothing

Lat. in 27.37

Long in 76.25

Saturday 10 May All these 24 hours
fine weather Irish part & Bark
heading S.W. at dark shortened
sail at 7.30 A.M. Saw 3 sperm
whales 4 miles to windward
at 8 lowered whales going to lead
at 9.30 got past to one last part-
ed line at noon the boats
came on board the whales 3-
miles to windward, Lat. 28.28
Long. 77.00

Sunday 11 May All these 24 hours
moderate breezes from the N.E.
at 3 P.M. lowered for the whales again
but did not get past at sunset
boats returned on board at day-
light raised whales at got break
fast and lowered at 10.30 took
3 whales to Bark and commenced
cutting thus concludes Lat. 28.30
Long. 77.00

Monday 12 Irish and middle
part Squally at 3 P.M.
finished cutting the whales middle
part rainy latter part Squally
Commenced caulking thus ends
No Lat. 28.24
Long 77.10

Tuesday 13 May all these 24 hours Squally
with passing showers at rain at
dark coaled down at daylight
kindled the fires at noon caulking
M 660 28.40
Long 77.15

Wednesday 14 May Irish part Squally
at dark coaled the works at
daylight commenced again at
noon fine weather Employed in
caulking one sail in light
Lat. 28.47
Long 77.08

1851

Continued

Thursday 15 May all these 24 hours light winds and fine weather at 5 P.M. finished sailing at 7 spoke with Schooner Chanticleer of Provincetown 6 week out clear Letter part stood down the side 41 barrels Schooner in sight

Lat in 28.58
Long in 74.50

Friday 16 May all these 24 hours light winds and fine weather saw nothing employed in various fables

Lat. in 28.22
Long in 74.25

Saturday 17 May Irish part light winds from E. & S. Middle part the same Letter part light winds from N.E. & S. saw one sail Lat. in 28.23
Long in 74.20

Sunday 18 May all these 24 hours fine weather saw no whales wind light and calm Lat. in 28.40
Long in 74.15

Monday 19 May all these 24 hours light winds from the Eastward & Calm saw no whales the weather looking good for whales Lat. in 28.50
Long in 74.07

Tuesday 20 May all these 24 hours light winds and calm saw several sail but no whales Lat. in 29.00
Long in 76.40

Wednesday 21 May all these 24 hours light winds and calm at 10 A.M. spoke with Bark Concordia 6 months out 50 sail saw several sail thus concludes Lat. in 29.12 Long 76.00

Thursday 22 May all these 24 hours light winds & calm saw several sail Concordia in company Lat. 29.07 Long 76.00

Friday 23 May all these 24 hours very
light winds & calm. Saw Blue
-fish. Saw took some. Latter part
Spoke Schooner Fannie of Philadelphia
for New Orleans. Saw no whales. Comelia
in sight. Lat. in 29.10
Long. 75.50

Saturday 24 all these 24 hours light-
air & calm. Saw no whales
but several sail. Comelia in
sight. Lat. in 29.12 Long. in 75.22

Sunday 25 all these 24 hours calm
or nearly so. Saw no whales
Comelia in sight & several
Merchant vessels. - Lat. in 29.43
Long. 75.00

Monday 26 May first part of
these 24 hours light winds
& calm. Latter part wind N.E.
Saw several sail. Lat. in 29.42
Long. in 74.40

Tuesday 27 May all these 24 hours
fresh winds from N.E. & E. Saw
several sail but no whales
Latter part, past a Boston
Ship. Bearing S.E. & E. Lat. in 29.40
Bark under close reef. Top sails &
spencers.

Wednesday 28 May all these 24 hours
fresh winds from N.E. & E. and
reared Bark heading to the
S.E. under close reef. Top sails &
spencers. Saw nothing.
Lat. in 28.55
Long. in 75.00

Thursday 29 May all these 24 hours
fresh winds from N.E. & E. and reared
Saw nothing. Lat. in 28.36
Long. in 75.40

1851

Continued

Friday 30 May First part fresh breezes from the N.E. Bark heading N.E. by N. Latter part light winds from N.E. Saw nothing Bark heading N.W. Lat. in 29.34
Long in 76.20

Saturday 31 May First part light winds from N.E. Bark heading North Latter part Calm One sail in sight Lat in 29.40
Long in 76.30

Sunday 1 June Commences with light winds from N.E. & Calm at 7 P.M. spoke whaling Schooner Ann. Alexander of Provincetown 2 months out no oil Middle & latter part strong winds & squally from E. N.E. Schooner in sight Lat. in 30.00
Long in 76.40

Monday 2 June First part fresh winds from E. N.E. Bark heading to the North spoke the Brig Allston of Bangor Latter part light air from N.E. 3 sail in sight Saw no whales Lat. in 30.50
Long in 77.00

Tuesday 3 June all the 24 hours fresh breezes from the South and fair weather Saw several sail but no whales Lat in 31.09
Long in 76.00

Wednesday 4 June Commences with fine weather wind S.W. at 3 P.M. spoke the Bark Barely of Provincetown 70 sail at 6.30 Schooner Harriet Seal of Provincetown Clear some time Sun & Breeze at 10. Calm Latter part squally wind S.W. Saw no sail

Thursday 5 June Irish part fresh breezes
from W.S.W. Bark heading N.W. &
latter part equally wind from W.S.W.
to North & to East Saw no whales
Lat. in 32.32
Long by acct. 75.50

Friday 6 June all these 24 hours fresh winds
from the westward Bark heading to the
Eastward Saw no whales Lat. 33.00
Long 74.00

Saturday 7 June all these 24 hours wind
to the westward Bark heading to ~~East~~
the Eastward at 7.30 A.M. spoke Schooner
Harriet Seal of Brunswick clearing
East Saw no whales Lat. in 32.33
Long in 71.50

Sunday 8 June all the Irish part fresh
winds from westward Bark heading
E.N.E. Latter part light winds from
the North Saw nothing Lat. in 33.07
Long in 69.40

Monday 9 June Irish part light winds
from the North East Bark heading
to the Eastward at 7 P.M. wind East
tacked & headed N.N.E. middle part
wind S.E. Latter part S.W. Saw ani
Sail Bark heading E.N.E. Lat. in 33.40
Long in 68.20

Tuesday 10 June all these 24 hours fresh
breezes from S.W. Bark heading
E.S. till 5.30 A.M. then East & E.S.
till noon Saw 4 Sail thus concluding
Lat. in 34.18
Long in 75.20

Wednesday 11 June Irish part fresh breezes from
S.W. Bark heading S.E. & E. middle
part the same Latter part light winds
from the westward picked up a part of
a Lamm mark tacked on board for wood
Saw no whales Lat. 33.33
Long - 63.00

1851

Continued

Thursday 12th June all these 24 hours
light winds from the S.W. Bark
heading S.E. by E. till 7 P.M. then
saw 1 sperm whales saw 1 but took
no whale Middle part Bark heading
west latter part S.E. saw nothing
on the latter part Lat. 33.13
Long 62.20

Friday 13 June all these 24 hours fresh
breezes from the S.W. Bark heading
S.E. by E. & E. Spoke a Dutch Brig from
Domenica bound to Hamburg saw
no whales Lat. in 32.40
Long in 60.45

Saturday 14 June all these 24 hours fresh
breezes from S.W. Bark heading S.E. by E.
& E. saw one sail but no whales
Lat. 32.14
Long 58.15

Sunday 15 June all these 24 hours fresh
breezes and fair weather first part
Bark heading to the Eastward latter
part to the North saw no whales
saw 2 sails Lat. in 32.19
Long in 57.00

Monday 16 June Fresh part fresh winds
from the S.W. Bark heading S.E.
middle part squally latter part
wind North Bark heading E.S.E.
saw 2 sails Lat. in 31.50
Long in 55.40

Tuesday 17 June Fresh part light winds
from the N.Easterly Bark heading
South Easterly latter part strong
breezes from S.S.W. & squally saw
one sail Lat. in 31.50
Long in 54.30

Wednesday 18 June all these 24 hours
moderate breezes from S.S.W. to N.W.
& squally saw nothing Bark heading
S.E. by E. & E. Lat. in 31.53
Long in 52.30

Thursday 19 June all these 24 hours moderate breezes from S.W. at 2 P.M. Saw a wreck 8 miles to windward left the Bark to the wind at sunset Dist. 8 miles at 8 P.M. Bounded the above wreck it proved to be the Brig Emblem at Halifax Cargo lumber & Pickled Flaming Mainmasts & gear and abandoned full of water & took fore top g't. mast & fore top mast & some wood. at noon left the Foremast standing - thus concludes Lat. in 31.50 Long 52.10

Friday 20 June first part fresh breezes from S.W. Bark heading S.E. by South, middle part squally latter part wind N.E.W. Saw nothing thus concludes Lat. in 31.10 Long 51.05

Saturday 21 June all these 24 hours light winds from the North Bark heading to the Eastward at 1.30 P.M. Saw Blackfish several took one latter part looted it and it made 2 barrels thus concludes this day Lat. in 31.24 Long 50.30

Sunday 22 June all these 24 hours light breezes from the North & fine weather Saw no whales. Lat. in 31.25 Long 50.50

Monday 23 June all these 24 hours light airs and calm Saw no whales Lat. in 31.27 Long 50.50

Tuesday 24 June all these 24 hours light winds from the westward and fine weather latter part Saw one North whaler & Schooner do. Saw no whales Lat. in 32.00 Long 51.00

Wednesday 25 all these 24 hours moderate breezes from the westward with light show of rain Saw a Schooner bound to the Eastward & 2 whalers coming thus ends Lat. 32.53 Long 51.00

Continued

Thursday 26 June all these 24 hours moderate breezes from the N.W. to South & fair weather Bark heading to the South at noon Saw 1 open whale 2 1/2 miles thus Ends this day going for the whales

Lat. 30.54

Long. 51.00

Friday 27 June all these 24 hours fair light winds from the North to N.E. at 2.30 P.M. took a whale to the ship at 3. commenced cutting at Sunset head off and body in and commenced boiling in the morning cut in the head &c. thus Ends

Lat in 30.44

Long in 51.10

Saturday 28 June all these 24 hours light air from the E.N.E. employed in boiling Saw a Bark at noon finished boiling

Lat in 30.47

Long - 51.30

Sunday 29 all these 24 hours light air and calm first part Stowed down 20 bls S. oil spoke Bark Dunn - Barton of New Bedford 18 months with 150 bls S. oil Saw no whales

Lat in 30.54

Long 50.30

Monday 30 June first light winds from west to N.W. latter part wind west and fair weather Stowed down 37 bls S. oil. Saw nothing

Lat in 30.18

Long - 50.30

Tuesday 1 July all these 24 hours fresh breezes and squally Saw one Bark took it to be a merchantman steering S.E. Saw no whales

Lat in 30.40

Long - 50.40

Wednesday 2 July all these 24 hours squally wind westerly Saw nothing

Lat in 30.20

Long in 50.40

Thursday 3 July First part Squally wind West
Middle part wind N.W. Latter part
Calm Saw nothing Lat. in 30.20
Long in 50.30

Friday 4 July all these 24 hours light
winds from the East to S.E. Bark
Heading N.E. Saw no whales
Lat. in 30.52
Long in 50.50

Saturday 5 July all these 24 hours fine
weather with a light breeze from
the Eastward at 11 A.M. Spoke
Bark Cornelia 115 Sail Saw no
whales Lat. in 31.34
Long in 51.00

Sunday 6 July all these 24 hours fine
weather latter part Saw 3 Sail
but no whales Lat. in 31.18
Long in 51.40

Monday July 7 all these 24 hours light
winds from the Eastward Saw
one Ship & 2 Barks whales
Latter part Saw nothing Lat 31.07
Long 51.50

Tuesday 8 July all these 24 hours fine
weather wind N.E. to E.S.E. Bark
sailing to the North Saw no
whales Saw Sail at noon
Lat in 32.00
Long 51.40

Wednesday 9 July all these 24 hours light
winds from the Eastward and fine
weather Saw 2 Sail but no whales
Lat in 32.12
Long in 51.30

Thursday 10 July all these 24 hours fine
weather at 1 P.M. Spoke Bark
See Fox of Westport 2 months 45
Sail at 9 P.M. Schaner Cadmus
of Provincetown 3 months out (Saw)
Latter part Saw the 2 Sail & Black
fish Sawd took none Lat 31.42
Long 51.10

Continued

Friday 11 July all these 24 hours
fine weather Saw no whales
saw a Ship a Boiling Lat. 31.22
Long 51.20

Saturday 12 July all these 24 hours
light winds and fine weather
Saw several Sail at 7 P.M.
were and headed S.E. 31.18
(at 10 P.M. Saw Spin wheels say 51.10
and soon sawed.)

Sunday 13 July ~~First~~ part of them
24 hours light winds from
the North at 1 P.M. took one whale
to the Ship the other 2 boats in
Chase at 6.30 took 2 more
to Ship at the same time spoke
N.L. Barstow 20 days Clear at
8 P.M. Capt. Spooner of Bark Sea
Fox came on board latter part
Squally with passing of rain cut
in the whales &c. 3 Sail in sight
Lat. = 31.04
Long = 51.20

Monday 14 July all these 24 hours fresh
breezes and fair weather at 7
P.M. spoke N.L. Barstow no this
near) Employed in Boiling
Saw 2 Sail on the first part
Lat. 31.15
Long 50.55

Tuesday 15 July all these 24 hours fresh
breezes and fair weather at 1 P.M.
Mr. Saw Spin wheels and saw
sawed the whales 3 miles to win-
-dward at 3 P.M. got fast with
Coat with one Iron parted short
warp and lost the whale latter
part Saw nothing at 3 P.M.
finished Boiling Lat. = 31.01
Long = 51.10

Wednesday 16 July First part fresh breezes
from the South middle part
the same latter part fine weather
Stowed down 38 ~~off~~ Sail Saw
nothing Lat 31.22 Long 50.30

Thursday 17 July all these 24 hours
light winds from the South saw
no whales and sail in light
thus concludes Lat. in 31.20
Long in 50.50

Friday the 18 July all these 24 hours
light winds and calm at
7 A.M. saw 2 sperm whales Dist
3 1/2 miles to ~~the~~ the S. E.
at 8 Land at 10 Got fast &
soon had the whale dead at
noon the whale 1/2 mile from the
Ship thus concludes Lat. in 31.35
Long in 51.00

Saturday the 19 July Light just light
winds from the Eastward at 30 m
past meridian took whale to ship
the boats while in chase spoke
of Humer seals boats with 30 cts. S.
at 11.30 commenced cutting at 4
P.M. got head off & body in soon
commenced coiling whale head
lying along side latter part fine
weather Employed in coiling and cutting
in the Head 2 Whaling Schooners
in sight. Lat. in 31.40
Long in 51.10

Sunday 20 July all these 24 hours fine
weather middle & latter part Bark
heading to the South saw no whales
and sail in light Lat. 31.02
(Employed in coiling) Long 51.00

Monday 21 July all these 24 hours just light
winds from the Eastward & fair
weather at 7 P.M. finished coiling
middle part & equally latter part
fine weather at 9 P.M. spoke Ann
Eliya of St Johns for Barbadoes
also 1 whaling Schooner all
hands Employed in stowing down
oil Stowed down 54 cts. oil
to remaining on deck Lat in 31.12
Long 51.10

1451

Continued

Tuesday 22 July all these 24 hours
light winds from the Eastward
and fine weather Saw no whales
one whaling Schooner in sight
Lat. ≈ 31.34
Long 51.15

Wednesday 23 July all these 24 hours
fine weather First part Saw
3 sail at 7 P.M. spoke with
Barth R L Barstow of Mattapoisett
1 month out Clear all well
Saw no whales Lat. ≈ 31.25
Long ≈ 51.15

Thursday 24 July all these 24 hours
breezes from the ENE and fair
weather Saw no whales in hope
to soon R L Barstow in sight
and one other sail Lat. ≈ 31.19
Long ≈ 51.00

Friday 25 July all these 24 hours fine
weather wind to the Eastward
Saw several sail but no whales
thus concludes this day Lat. 31.03
Long 51.25

Saturday 26 July all these 24 hours light
winds and calm spoke Brig Mexico
of Westport 90 bbls sail Saw no whales
Employed in painting 2 sail in sight
(Stowed down 13 bbls sail) Lat. ≈ 31.16 Long 51.30

Sunday 27 July all these 24 hours light
airs and calm Saw no whales
spoke Mexico & R L Barstow
thus concludes 3 sail in sight

Saw the Coronator 1st degree W Lat. ≈ 31.31
Long ≈ 50.30

Monday 28 July all these 24 hours
weather first part light winds
blowing to the westward latter part
breezes Barth heading to the Eastward
Saw several sail Lat. 31.48
Long 50.28

Tuesday 29 July all these 24 hours brisk
breezes and fair weather Bark
heading S Easterly first part saw
2 Sails latter part the same
at 4 P.M. saw whales & landed
at 11.30 A.M. took 3 small ones
to the Bark thus cords were
L. S. 100
Lat 31.28
Long 49.30

Wednesday 30 July all these 24 hours
fine weather first part cut
in the whales middle & latter
employed in coiling saw on
sail a H. Brig Merchantman
Lat in 31.20
Long in 49.35

Thursday 31 July all these 24 hours light
winds and fair weather at 4 P.M.
Spoke Schooner Harvest Seal of Prov.
-meters 35 bl. Sails at 12 finished
coiling saw 3 Sails thus concluded
Employed in repairing Boat
Lat in 31.22
Long in 50.00

Friday 1 August 1851 all these 24 hours
light winds from the S.E. Bark
heading W. by N. at 5 P.M. Spoke
Brig Mexico of Westport 90 Sails
latter part stowed down 28 bl. Sails
latter part 3 Sails in sight Lat 31.20
Long 50.20

Saturday 2 Augt. all these 24 hours light
airs from S.E. Bark heading W. by N.
at 11 A.M. Spoke Schooner Gallinas
70 Sails saw no whales Lat. 31.25
Long 50.50

Sunday 3 August all these 24 hours light
airs & calm at 1 P.M. Spoke Seal of
of Westport 60 Sails Lat part 1st
in sight cut no whales Lat. 31.24
Long 51.00

Continued

Monday August 4 1857 First part
 Light airs from the Eastward &
 Calm at 8 P.M. Saw a sperm
 whale & soon landed at the Port
 getting got fast but lost line
 of whales the boats got on board
 at 8 at 10 saw whales at
 11 landed at noon one boat
 lost whale about dead this
 concludes an H Brig whaling to
 windward

Lat. in 31° 22'

Long in 51° 30'

Tuesday 5 August First part fine weather
 wind N.E. at 12 30 in part of H.
 took a small whale to the Boat
 at 2 P.M. one boat came on
 board the other 2 chasing to the
 leeward at 5 left by 2 cut in the
 whale at sunset the boats came
 on board did not take any whale
 Latter part Employed in sailing
 Saw the H Brig to windward

Lat in 31° 20'

Long in 51° 30'

Wednesday 6 Augt. all these 24 hours
 light fresh winds from the
 N.E. and some part squally
 at midnight finished sailing
 Latter part Boat heading to the
 westward Saw one Brig heading
 South

Lat in 31° 05'

Long 52° 00'

Thursday 7 August all these 24 hours
 light winds & squally Boat
 heading to the westward Saw
 no whales Latter part Stowed down
 14 bls S. oil

Lat in 31° 19'

Long in 53° 30'

Friday 8 August all these 24 hours fine
 weather wind S.E. to S.W. Boat
 heading to by N or W.N.W. at 3 P.M.
 fell in with Brig Embury of H.M.
 -ifax the same as noted the 19th June
 Latter part Employed in setting rigging &c
 Lat in 31° 35' Long 55° 20'

Saturday 9 August Irish part fine weather
with a gentle breeze from the S. S. W.
Boat heading to the W. N. W. mid-
dle part Squally with heavy thunder
and sharp lightning. Latter part fine
weather wind to S. W. Boat heading
N. W. Saw nothing Lat in 31.58
Long - 56.50

Sunday 10 August Irish part light wind
from the westward middle part
Squally wind varying from W. N. W.
to N. E. W. Saw nothing tacked
& headed to the S. W. Lat in 31.40
Long - 57.30

Monday 11 August - all these 24 hours
light winds from W. S. W. to N. W.
tacked as the wind favored
Saw a piece of mush land.
Caught some fish Lat. in 31.21
Long - 58.00

Tuesday 12 Augt all these 24 hours fresh
winds from the westward and
Squally Boat heading to the N. W.
the most part saw 2 sail heading
to the eastward - Lat in 32.12
(Employee in pilot regum) Long - 58.15

Wednesday 13 August Irish part of these
24 hours fresh breezes from west Boat
heading N. W. at 4 P. M. tacked and
headed S. W. by W. at midnight tacked
and headed N. W. at 7.30 P. M. Saw
a large sperm whale 2 miles off soon
saw in pursuit at 11.30 2 boats
came on board whale perceived the
boats on boat chasing thus ends
with moderate breeze from the west
Lat. 32.44
Long 58.30

Continued

Thursday 14 August First part light breezes from the west Bark heading E by S in chase of the whale at 3 P.M. Landed on board in chase the whale 3 miles ahead of ship at 6.30 last came on board did not get up to the whale middle part Squalls of rain latter part moderate wind from N.E. Bark heading N by E $\frac{1}{2}$ W. Saw nothing Lat. in 33.00 Long. 58.40

Friday 15 August All these 24 hours fresh breezes from East to S.E. Bark heading N.W. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. latter part sighted 2 sail? Employed in fitting rigging & taring down Lat. in 33.40 Long. 61.00

Saturday 16 August All these 24 hours fresh winds from the W.S.W. & Squally Employed on the fore part tarring rigging latter in washing ship Saw nothing Lat. in 34.00 Long. 62.00

Sunday 17 August All these 24 hours light winds from W.S.W. to S.W. Bark heading S.W. to N by W. the most part saw an American ship heading N.W. westward Lat. 35.00 Long. 63.00

Monday 18 August All these 24 hours wind from W.S.W. to west Bark heading to North west latter part fresh wind at noon saw a sail Lat. 35.50 Long. 64.00

Tuesday 19 August all these 24 hours fresh winds from the W.S.W. to west and Squally saw a sail on the fore part latter part saw nothing Lat. 36.50 Long. 65.00

Wednesday 20 Augt First part Strong
winds from N.E. middle part
from E.N.E. latter part Gentle
breezes from E by S Bark heading
to Gt. N. N. & W. N. W. Employed in
painting bent fore top Gt. Sail

Lat. in 37.00

Long - 66.40

Thursday 21 August all these 24 hours
fresh winds from the S.E. to west
and very Squally Saw nothing

Lat. 37.40

Long 67.40

Friday 22 August First & middle
part wind N.W. Bark heading
North latter part pleasant
breezes from west to S. S. W. Bark
heading W. N. W. Lat. in 38.00

Long - 67.50

Saturday 23 Augt all these 24 hours
bisk breezes from S. S. W. to S. W.
Bark heading N. W. & W. N. W. middle
part very Squally latter the weather
changed Saw a Sail on the first part

Lat. in 39.34

Long - 69.58





Day	Month	Day	Time	Equation
Day	Month	Day	Time	Equation
Sun	16	8.58	14.24	
Mon	17	9.20	14.36	
Tue	18	9.42	14.48	
Wed	19	10.03	14.59	
Th	20	10.25	15.09	
Fri	21	10.46	15.19	
Sat	22	11.08	15.28	
Sun	23	11.29	15.37	
Mo	24	11.49	15.44	
Tu	25	12.10	15.51	
Wed	26	12.31	15.57	
Th	27	12.51	16.03	
Fri	28	13.12	16.07	
Sat	29	13.32	16.11	
Sun	30	13.51	16.14	
Mon	31	14.11	16.16	

Day of week	Day of Mo.	Ap. - Dec	Sum. - Sun.	Equation - Time	Moons - Sun	Moons - Mid.	Paradox - N. M.	November - Noon	111 hours
Tu.	1	14.30	16.40	16.15	16.35	16.38	60.46	60.55	
We.	2	14.49	" "	16.14	16.39	16.39	60.59	61.00	
Th.	3	15.08	" "	16.19	16.38	16.36	60.55	60.47	29.51.56 31.36.10
Fri.	4	15.27	" "	16.18	16.32	16.28	60.34	60.19	43.42.37 45.25.38
Sat.	5	15.45	" "	16.16	16.23	16.18	60.01	59.41	57.19.35 59.00.26
Sun.	6	16.03	" "	16.13	16.12	16.06	59.19	58.56	70.37.26 72.15.42
Mo.	7	16.21	" "	16.10	15.59	15.53	58.33	58.10	83.33.51 85.09.23
Tu.	8	16.39	" "	16.06	15.47	15.41	57.48	57.25	96.08.48 97.41.43
We.	9	16.56	" "	16.01	15.35	15.29	57.04	56.43	108.23.45 109.54.19
Th.	10	17.13	" "	15.55	15.24	15.19	56.24	56.06	120.20.56 121.49.28
Fri.	11	17.30	" "	15.48	15.14	15.10	55.50	55.34	
Sat.	12	17.46	" "	15.41	15.06	15.02	55.19	55.06	
Sun.	13	18.02	" "	15.32	14.59	14.46	55.54	54.43	
Mon.	14	18.18	" "	15.23	14.54	14.51	54.33	54.25	
Tu.	15	18.33	16.13	15.13	14.49	14.48	54.17	54.11	
We.	16	18.48	" "	15.02	14.46	14.45	54.06	54.02	
Th.	17	19.03	" "	14.57	14.44	14.44	53.59	53.59	
Fri.	18	19.18	" "	14.38	14.44	14.45	53.59	54.01	
Sat.	19	19.32	" "	14.24	14.46	14.47	54.05	54.10	
Sun.	20	19.45	" "	14.10	14.49	14.52	54.18	54.27	128.32.46 127.11.01
Mo.	21	19.59	" "	13.55	14.55	14.59	54.39	54.33	117.35.33.116 12.46
Tu.	22	20.11	" "	13.39	15.03	15.08	55.09	55.27	106.28.15 105.03.55
We.	23	20.24	" "	13.23	15.14	15.20	55.48	56.10	95.06.24 93.39.55
Th.	24	20.37	" "	13.05	15.27	15.34	56.35	57.02	83.25.22 81.56.09
Fri.	25	20.49	" "	12.47	15.42	15.50	57.30	57.58	71.20.45 69.48.20
Sat.	26	21.00	" "	12.28	15.58	16.06	58.28	58.57	58.49.07 57.13.09
Sun.	27	21.11	" "	12.08	16.14	16.21	59.26	59.53	45.48.40 44.09.06
Mon.	28	21.22	" "	11.48	16.28	16.34	60.18	60.40	32.20.13 30.37.20
Tu.	29	21.32	" "	11.26	16.39	16.43	60.58	61.12	
We.	30	21.42	16.16	11.05	16.45	16.47	61.22	61.27	

1853 Lunar Distances Mean Time

6 h. 9 H Midnight 15 H 18 H 21 H

33.20.24 35.04.31 36.48.29 38.32.18 40.15.56 41.59.23
 47.08.25 48.50.58 50.33.15 52.15.15 53.56.59 55.38.26
 50.40.58 62.21.12 64.01.06 65.40.41 67.19.56 68.58.51
 73.53.35 75.31.09 77.08.22 78.45.15 80.21.48 81.58.00
 86.44.34 88.19.25 89.53.57 91.28.09 93.02.01 94.35.34
 99.14.20 100.46.39 102.18.39 103.50.21 105.21.46 106.52.54
 11.24.36 112.54.38 114.24.24 115.53.55 117.23.10 118.52.10
 123.17.46 124.45.50 126.13.41 127.41.18 129.08.43 130.35.56

25.49.10 124.27.13 123.05.09 121.42.57 120.20.37 118.58.10
 14.49.50 113.26.43 112.03.26 110.39.57 109.16.16 107.52.22
 13.39.20 102.14.31 100.49.26 99.24.06 97.58.29 96.32.35
 92.13.08 90.46.01 88.18.34 87.50.48 86.22.40 84.54.12
 80.26.34 78.56.36 77.26.15 75.55.29 74.24.20 72.52.45
 68.15.29 66.42.12 65.08.28 63.34.18 61.59.41 60.24.38
 57.36.43 55.59.51 54.22.31 52.44.44 51.06.29 49.27.48
 47.29.05 45.48.38 44.07.46 42.26.29 40.44.47 39.02.42
 37.54.06 36.10.31 34.26.35 32.42.19 31.57.44 30.12.52

		December 1853									
		At apparent Noon									
Day of Week	Day of the Month	The Sun's declination	Suns	Sine distance	Equation Sub add	Moons Sun	Moons Lun	Moons Lun	Moons IP		
									Noon	Mid.	Noon
		South	Sub.								
Th.	1	21.51	16.16	10.42	16.46	16.45	61.26	61.21	24.09	54	
Fri.	2	22.00	" "	10.19	16.42	16.38	61.10	60.55	32.07	57	
Sat.	3	22.09	" "	9.55	16.33	16.27	60.36	60.14	58.44	20	
Sun.	4	22.17	" "	9.31	16.20	16.13	59.49	59.23	64.54	41	
Mon.	5	22.25	" "	9.06	16.05	15.57	58.55	58.27	77.37	45	
Tue.	6	22.32	" "	8.40	15.50	15.42	57.59	57.32	89.54	46	
We.	7	22.39	" "	8.14	15.35	15.28	57.05	56.41	101.48	37	
Th.	8	22.46	" "	7.48	15.22	15.16	56.17	55.56	113.23	03	
Fri.	9	22.52	" "	7.21	15.11	15.06	55.36	55.18	124.42	04	
Sat.	10	22.57	" "	6.54	15.02	14.58	55.02	54.48			
Sun.	11	23.02	" "	6.26	14.55	14.52	54.36	54.26			
Mon.	12	23.07	" "	5.58	14.49	14.47	54.17	54.10			
Tue.	13	23.11	" "	5.30	14.46	14.45	54.05	54.01			
We.	14	23.15	" "	5.01	14.44	14.44	53.58	53.57			
Th.	15	23.18	16.18	4.52	14.44	14.44	53.57	53.58			
Fri.	16	23.21	" "	4.03	14.45	14.46	54.01	54.05			
Sat.	17	23.23	" "	3.33	14.47	14.49	54.10	54.17			
Sun.	18	23.25	" "	3.04	14.51	14.54	54.24	54.34			
Mon.	19	23.26	" "	2.34	14.57	15.00	54.45	54.58			
Tue.	20	23.27	" "	2.04	15.04	15.09	55.12	55.29	125.41	38	
We.	21	23.28	" "	1.34	15.14	15.19	55.47	56.03	114.18	35	
Th.	22	23.27	" "	1.04	15.25	15.31	56.27	56.50	102.39	55	
Fri.	23	23.27	" "	0.34	15.38	15.45	57.15	57.41	90.48	54	
Sat.	24	23.26	" "	" 04	15.52	15.59	58.07	58.34	78.21	03	
Sun.	25	23.24	" "	" 26	16.07	16.14	59.01	59.27	65.34	48	
Mon.	26	23.23	" "	" 56	16.21	16.27	59.53	60.17	52.22	21	
Tue.	27	23.20	" "	1.25	16.33	16.38	60.38	60.55	38.45	28	
We.	28	23.17	" "	1.55	16.42	16.44	61.09	61.18			
Th.	29	23.14	" "	2.25	16.45	16.45	61.23	61.22			
Fri.	30	23.10	" "	2.54	16.44	16.41	61.17	61.06			
Sat.	31	23.06	16.18	3.23	16.37	16.32	60.51	60.32			

December 1853
Lunar Distances Meridian

III H VI H IX H Mid Night 15 H 18 H 21 H

25.53.37 27.41.05 29.26.17 31.11.14 32.55.52 34.40.13 36.24.15
39.51.18 41.34.18 43.16.56 44.59.12 46.41.05 48.22.34 50.03.39
53.24.37 55.04.28 56.43.54 58.22.55 60.11.30 61.39.39 63.17.23
66.31.34 68.08.00 69.44.01 71.19.36 72.54.46 74.29.31 76.03.50
79.11.15 80.44.21 82.17.03 83.49.22 85.21.17 86.52.49 88.23.59
91.25.12 92.55.16 94.24.59 95.54.22 97.23.25 98.52.08 100.20.32
103.16.24 104.43.53 106.11.05 107.38.01 109.04.40 110.31.03 111.57.11
114.48.42 116.14.06 117.39.17 119.04.15 120.29.00 121.53.33 123.17.54
126.06.03 127.29.52 128.53.31 130.17.00 131.40.19 133.03.30 134.26.33

124.16.59 122.52.08 121.27.45 120.01.50 118.36.22 117.10.40 115.44.45
112.52.11 111.25.32 109.58.37 108.31.27 107.04.06 105.36.16 104.08.14
101.11.18 99.42.23 98.13.08 96.43.34 95.13.39 93.43.25 92.12.50
89.10.36 87.38.57 86.06.55 84.34.31 83.01.44 81.28.34 79.55.00
76.46.42 75.11.56 73.36.46 72.01.12 70.25.13 68.48.50 67.12.01
63.57.10 62.19.08 60.40.40 59.01.49 57.22.33 55.42.52 54.02.48
50.41.30 49.00.16 47.18.40 45.36.43 43.54.24 42.11.45 40.28.46
37.01.52 35.17.58 33.33.48 31.49.24 30.04.45 28.19.54 26.34.52

Open
oil taken

Apr 10 Melrose 395 1.65
do. Sugar 504 3.00

P.C. H

160 104

144 107

114 188

115 174

174 218

220 228

234 245

223 105

203

185

141

148

220

240

238

225

140

28

20

Oil Steam

on base

Barth

Lagrange

P.C. H

208

Oil Steam in

Barth Lagrange

in Sept. 1850

H B

173 173

173 196

173 117

223 150

221 166

180 145

233 151

242 300

156 180

40

Old Dartmouth



Historical Society

NBW 1357

